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Collier's

NOVEMBER 15, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

IS YOUR PERSONALITY KILLING YOU?

Football's Toughest Tackle

Rosemary Clooney
(See Page 30)

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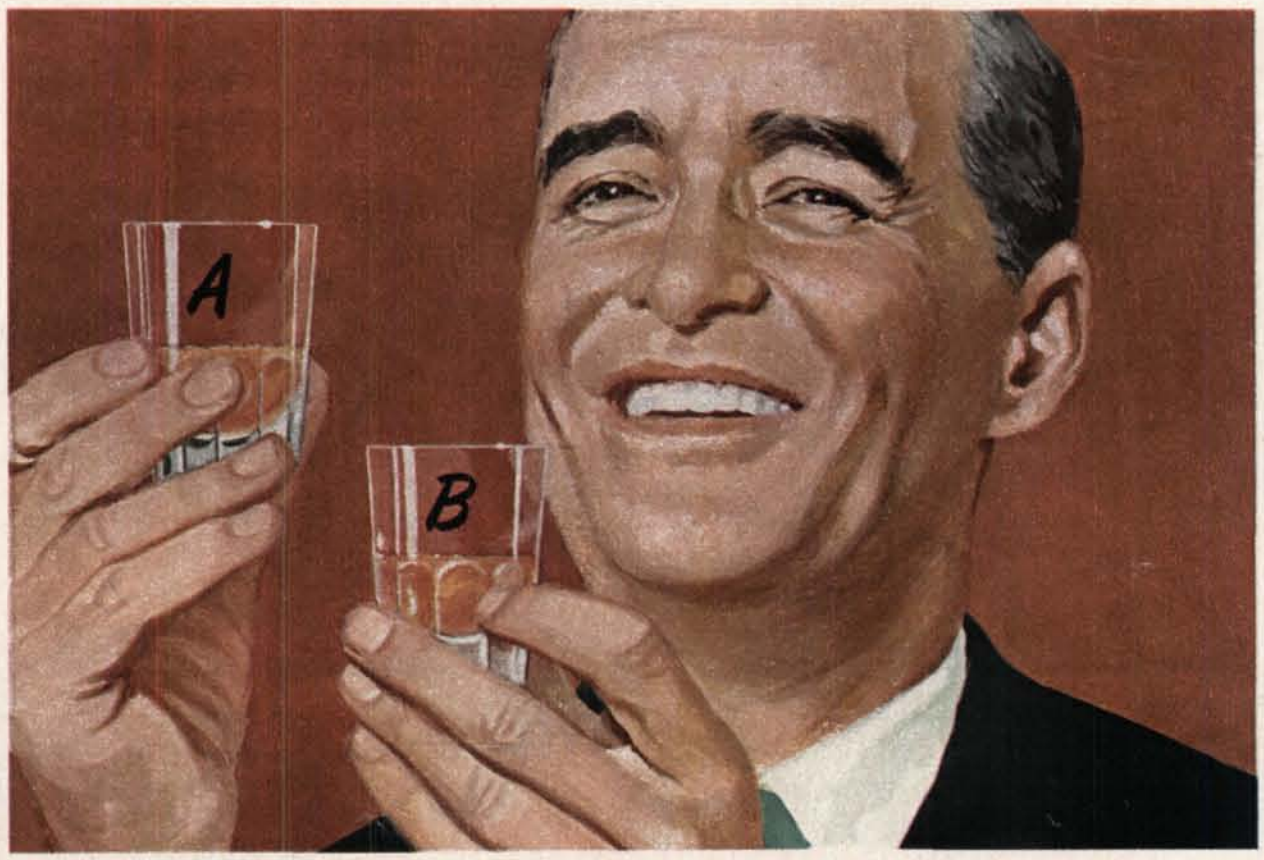
A man from K.C., Warren Huff *
Likes a whiskey that's smooth, never rough
"Compare Calvert," says he,
"And I think you'll agree
On the whiskey that's best. Fair enough?"

* WARREN A. HUFF, personnel director, Kansas City, Mo.

Let your taste tell you your best whiskey buy!

1. SNIFF samples of Calvert and any other whiskey you choose (about ¼ oz. of each). Study the difference in bouquet without knowing which is which.



2. TASTE each whiskey critically to compare *smoothness* and *mellowness*. Then swallow carefully and judge each brand's freedom from bite, burn or sting.

3. CHOOSE the whiskey your taste says is the better buy. Chances are you will pick Calvert, because its finer flavor is determined by scientific taste tests made by thousands of people like you. But—after testing—if you still prefer another brand, stick with it. *Fair enough?*

Compare... and you'll switch to Calvert

CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

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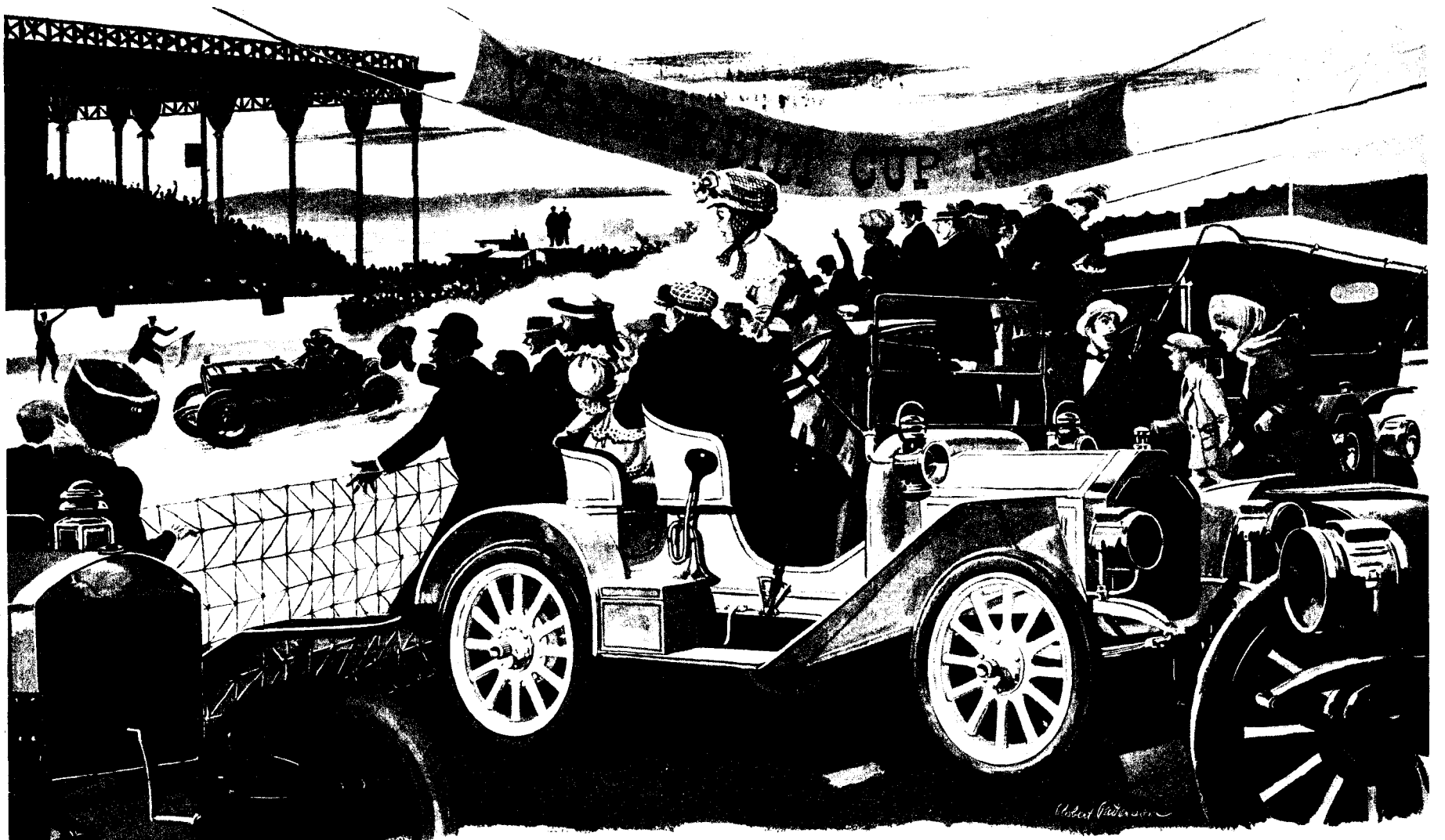
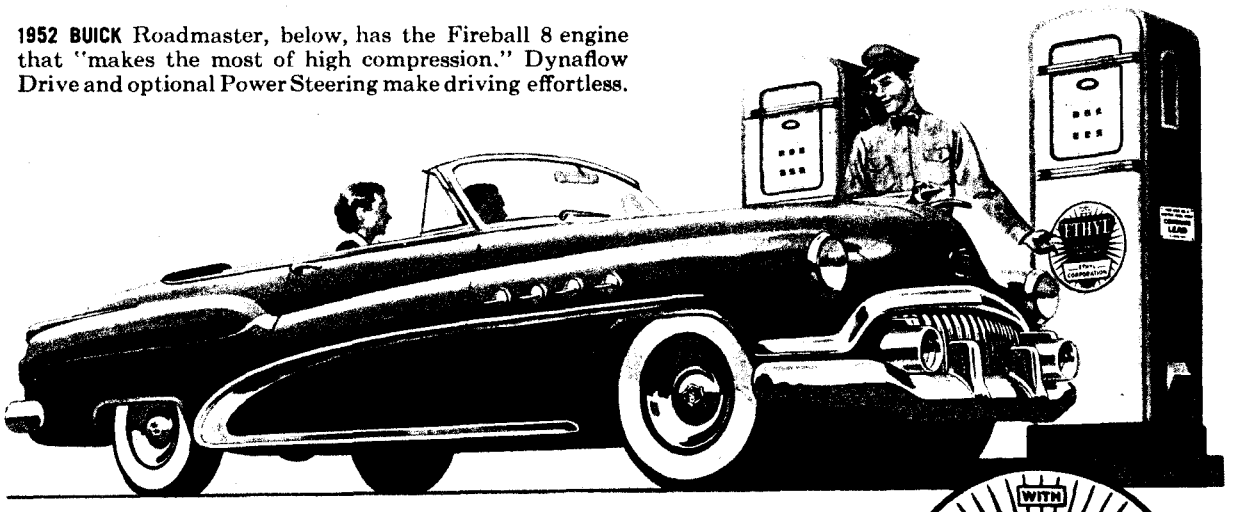


1908 BUICK, Model 10, was a fancy car that sold for around $900. It had a four-cylinder, eighteen-horsepower engine. A popular feature was the "mother-in-law seat."

TODAY AS YESTERDAY
CARS RUN THEIR BEST ON THE BEST GASOLINE

1952 BUICK Roadmaster, below, has the Fireball 8 engine that "makes the most of high compression." Dynaflow Drive and optional Power Steering make driving effortless.



With their polished leather seats and bright brass trim, yesterday's automobiles looked mighty good to their owners. But Grandpa will tell you they did not have enough power under the hood. That's one thing today's car owner isn't likely to complain about. The combination of a modern high compression engine and "Ethyl" gasoline gives plenty of power.

"Ethyl" gasoline is high octane gasoline. It helps modern high compression engines develop top power and efficiency. It's the gasoline you ought to buy. Remember, there's a powerful difference between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline.

WITH "ETHYL" TRADE MARK ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND ETHYL CORPORATION

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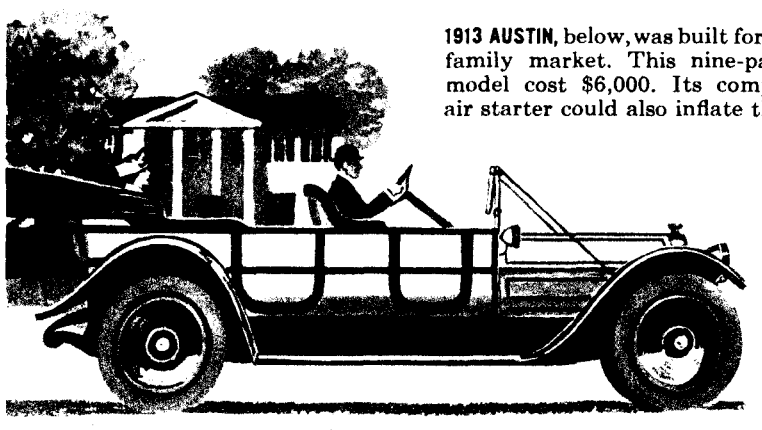
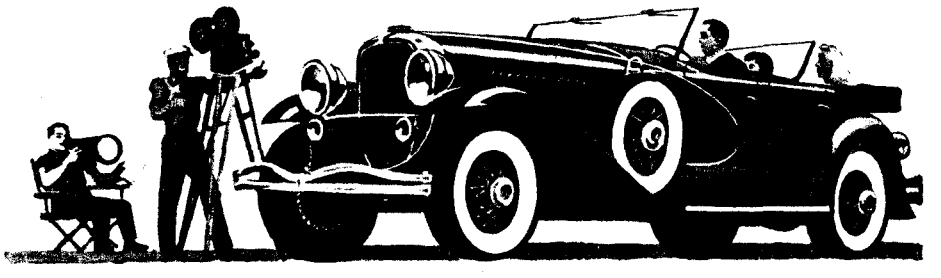


1913 AUSTIN, below, was built for the big-family market. This nine-passenger model cost $6,000. Its compressed-air starter could also inflate the tires.



1931 DUESENBERG, at the right, carried the name of a famous racing-car designer. It was built in Indianapolis. The big, eight-cylinder engine developed 265 horsepower.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

As we near the Thanksgiving season we welcome a lusty screen story of the Pilgrims produced in the M-G-M manner.

Aptly titled "Plymouth Adventure", it is a stirring, exciting and Technicolorful tale of the brave and visionary souls who set out on the tiny and bedeviled ship Mayflower in quest of a new life.

"Plymouth Adventure" is a human story, a real story, a story of rigors and peril—matched only by the faith and daring of the doughty men and women who took this supreme gamble . . . and won!

"Plymouth Adventure" is a story of hate—and of love. You'll hate Christopher Jones, the Mayflower's cruel martinet of a skipper, superbly portrayed by Spencer Tracy—and find your hate slowly turn to understanding and admiration as the captain finally brings his star-crossed, storm-tossed ship to anchorage in a new world.

You'll thrill to the turbulent scenes between Captain Jones and lonely, lovely Dorothy Bradford, wife of the sensitive religious leader, William Bradford. For out of the tempests that wracked this tiny ship of destiny was born another that raged in the hearts of these men and women.

Gene Tierney plays Dorothy—and Leo Genn, whose superb Petronius won critics' raves in "Quo Vadis"—plays William Bradford. There is also a tender young love story unfolded in the blossoming of the romance between John Alden and Priscilla aboard the Mayflower. The famous lovers are portrayed by Van Johnson and Dawn Addams.

"Plymouth Adventure" is a big picture—big as the sea on which it takes place—big with the aspirations of this motley boatload of the weak and the strong, the gentle and violent, the good and the godless who together took this fling at freedom and realized the dream that was in their hearts. So big is it that only M-G-M, the world's largest studio, the producers of "Ivanhoe", could do it with all the scope, all the vigor, all the dramatic impact that its telling demanded.

"Plymouth Adventure" is one adventure that one hundred and fifty million Americans won't want to miss!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents "PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE" starring SPENCER TRACY, GENE TIERNEY, VAN JOHNSON, LEO GENN with Dawn Addams and Lloyd Bridges. Color by Technicolor. Screen Play by Helen Deutsch. From the Novel by Ernest Gébler. Directed by Clarence Brown. Produced by Dore Schary.

ALBERT E. WINGER, *Chairman of the Board* — CLARENCE E. STOUCH, *President*

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November 15, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

Songstress Rosemary Clooney, to whom fame came suddenly with the record Come On-A My House, wears a $1,700 gown designed for her by Paramount Studios' Edith Head, for a TV show. The gown sports a $100,000 emerald. This is going some for Rosie, who five years ago had a wardrobe worth $200. The Columbia Records star has just finished one film, The Stars Are Singing, now starts another. More on page 30.

Week's Mail

GI Babies

EDITOR: Thanks for your heart-warming article, Madame Butterfly's Children, by Peter Kalischer (Sept. 20th).

I for one married a Japanese girl, and have two children. I believe that soldiers and people who are responsible for the children should help toward their upkeep in future life, or see to it that they can be brought into the United States to live as American children.

If the immigration and adoption laws weren't too strict and the children were allowed into this country as they are from Europe, I would be glad to adopt two of them, to give them a home and a place where one isn't frowned upon as an illegitimate child.

SFC JOHN LAPCHAK, Fort Sheridan, Ill.

. . . The article on Japan's GI babies was admirably sympathetic toward the mothers, who are the real key to the answer to this problem. The problem will be solved, along with our other old problems that linger into this mid-century, when the world is arranged around women with babies in their arms instead of men with guns in their hands.

ALMA BOOKER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . No doubt lots of us GIs are going to snort and grunt about your article. And to be sure the ones who do the most snorting will be the ones who presented Japan with "remembrances."

I wish to suggest that each GI who was stationed in Japan long enough to have set up "housekeeping" be requested to donate either one dollar (maximum) or 50 cents (minimum) to a general fund toward helping the various religious groups who are now taking care of the children left behind.

(Name withheld at writer's request), Fort Meade, Md.

. . . I do not believe the American government should assume the responsibility for the children born of GI fathers in Japan. Although the Japanese girls are supposedly naïve and innocent, they do not overlook the financial aspects of fraternizing with the Allied forces' troops.

I spent a total of 39 months in Japan and from what I have seen, I do not believe the Japanese girls were deceived by the GIs. I have witnessed many comrades-in-arms get taken for the so-called ride. I believe the Japanese government should be responsible for the care of the children involved.

GEORGE D. KELLEY, Grenier Air Force Base, Manchester, N.H.

. . . Peter Kalischer's article presents a sad state of affairs, I will admit. Is this situation any worse than it is in Germany, or is it any worse than the

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"THE KICKAPOO RIVER IS LOOSE AGAIN"

Heroic Operator helps protect town from flood

AWARDED VAIL MEDAL FOR COURAGE, INITIATIVE AND DEVOTION TO DUTY. HONORED AT CIVIC DINNER.

It was a quiet Saturday morning in Gays Mills, Wisconsin. A steady rain had pretty thoroughly drenched the town and folks were staying indoors.

Then suddenly a flash came by telephone to Mrs. Wilma Gander, the town's chief operator. "The Kickapoo River is loose again, fifteen miles upstream."

Although Gays Mills did not appear in imminent danger, Mrs. Gander had been through floods before and she had the foresight to see what might happen. So she pressed the button on her switchboard that set off the village fire siren.

Immediately people began calling in and rushing in. "Where's the fire?" they asked.

High waters. The Kickapoo River, as it neared its crest, overflowed the bridge near Gays Mills. The water was nearly five feet deep outside the telephone office.

"No fire," answered Mrs. Gander. "It's a flood. The Kickapoo's over its banks and the flood is headed this way."

Quickly the word was passed. People collected such belongings as they could and made their way to safer places.

Mrs. Gander next alerted the Red Cross, the National Guard and the Army and called in a lineman to help prepare the telephone exchange for high water.

The doors were made as watertight as possible, the switchboard raised on concrete blocks, and an outside telephone line established on an upper floor. Mrs. Gander stuck to her post hours after the crest of the flood had passed. By warning the town, and keeping telephone service going, she helped to protect the lives and property of hundreds of people.

The story has three other happy endings.

Mrs. Gander was honored by the grateful citizens of the town at a civic dinner. The Bell System awarded her the highly prized Theodore N. Vail Medal and presented a commemorative bronze plaque to the Utica Farmers Telephone Company.

Vail medals, accompanied by cash awards, have been given annually by the Bell System since 1920 for acts of noteworthy public service by telephone employees.

HELPING HANDS—This is one of the many stories of the skill, courage and resourcefulness of telephone men and women in times of emergency.... Not all of them tell of the saving of a town or a life. But there is scarcely a minute that someone in trouble or urgent need does not turn to the telephone for help.... **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Week's Mail CONTINUED

GIs' divorcing their American wives and deserting their children to marry these foreign women?

Recently I read that Japan was asking the U.S. government to support or help support these children sired by the GIs. Germany has asked for the same. If this is granted, it will mean another tax placed upon the American people, who are already overtaxed. Why not put the tax on those who are to blame for this situation?

The U.S. Army Pfc today is better paid than the civilian worker who is paying the GI's salary.

L. MITCHELL, Joplin, Mo.

. . . I want to congratulate Collier's on the fine article, Madame Butterfly's Children. The American public should be made conscious of their responsibility to these unfortunate children and I think your article certainly should open many eyes.

KITTY SANNER, Grosse Pointe, Mich.

. . . In regard to Madame Butterfly's Children, please have some scientist explain whether or not we have amended Mendel's law.

According to the principles we used to be taught, there were dominant and recessive characteristics, and black hair and black eyes were dominant. If any race would be pure for their black hair and black eyes, I should think it would be the Japanese. And yet according to the pictures of the charming half-breeds you show, many of them have light or red hair and blue eyes.

Also, we have usually felt that the Oriental features were likely to persist at least in the first generation cross, yet few of these youngsters would be the least bit conspicuous in an American community, especially if they abandoned that Japanese haircut. It looks as though they would be more easily absorbed into the community in our country than in Japan.

MRS. JAMES VAIL STEVENSON, Streator, Ill.

We've neither the space nor the scientific learning to go into all the details of recessive and dominant characteristics, genes, etc. The reader might try the Department of Biology at the University of Chicago for full information on Mendelian amendments.

Well, Not Quite Everybody

EDITOR: In your September 13th issue you ran an article on hillbilly music—and its nauseating offspring, AFN's "Hillbilly Gasthaus" (Now Everybody Likes Mountain Music).

What rot! You should have said that 10 per cent of the program time of AFN is devoted to the playing of the recorded groans of dying cows and lovesick banshees. What's worse, the request shows of AFN Nürnberg—which formerly featured all popular music—now are devoted almost entirely to hillbilly music. The idiotic babbling, the rotten jokes and the still more rotten music are enough to turn the stomachs of even the hardiest of men. And whenever someone on the air begins to sing O Diddly Twang or some equally popular tune, radios throughout our billets seem suddenly to go dead.

We're sick of hillbilly music—and no amount of letters to the program director of AFN seems to be sufficient to convince him of that fact.

CPL. JAMES P. COOKE, Nürnberg, Germany

Plug for the Author

EDITOR: Very much enjoyed Hollywood's Favorite Ladd (Sept. 20th). In connection with Paramount's Shane, in which Alan Ladd starred, how about a plug for author Jack Schaefer? His fiction stories in Collier's are always interesting.

While Guthrie wrote the scenario for Shane, Schaefer wrote the book.

G. R. WILHIDE, Clarksburg, Md.

Less Bureaucracy Asked

EDITOR: Your editorial, Really Happy Marriages Don't Start This Way (Sept. 20th), is a splendid one. It emphasizes the bureaucratic trend away from representative government and the great old heritage of English common law.

It occurs to the undersigned layman that if instead of creating these many quasi-judicial commissions we had strengthened the existing system by providing the courts with the proper subordinate department of assistance and investigation, we could have better maintained our Anglo-Saxon system of justice and fair play as between man and man.

C. W. MASON, Boise, Idaho

The editorial in question dealt with a federal antitrust suit against a group of motion-picture producers and distributors, who are charged with restraining interstate commerce in 16-millimeter films—including their availability for showing on television.

Home-Study Art

EDITOR: Early in 1950, Collier's investigated the Famous Artists Course which my colleagues and I had launched two years before. This investigation resulted in your assigning a first-rate writer, Arthur D. Morse, to write an article about us, which was titled Twelve Famous Artists, C.O.D. I needn't say how grateful we were for this fine editorial approval of what we were trying to do in the home-study field of art teaching.

We are proud of what we have accomplished since then, and of the work of the students who have enrolled in our school, in many cases because of your fine article.

ALBERT DORNE, New York, N.Y.

Mr. Dorne is president of the Famous Artists Course. His colleagues and cofounders among the Twelve Famous Artists: Norman Rockwell, Steven Dohanos, Jon Whitcomb, Al Parker, Ben Stahl, Fred Ludekens, Robert Fawcett, Harold Von Schmidt, Peter Helck, Austin Briggs and the late John Atherton.

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NEW YORK, N.Y.

More and more, men are talking about the *day-long neatness* new 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic brings.

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CREAM HAIR TONIC

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We've just had a nice long talk with a lad in the Air Force. He flies jets. Talks jet, too. So, in the event you meet such a young fellow and wonder what he's saying, let old 48 brief you. If he tells you that on his latest mission he kept a cool tail pipe, he means he was flying smoothly, taking it easy. If his plane threw a bucket, its turbine wasn't in the groove. If he had everything under control, he says there was no sweat. But if he was head-up-and-locked, he confesses he wasn't thinking. His throttle is a go-button, and if he pushes the panic button, it ejects him from the plane in an emergency. And by the way, he's a hard-hat boy—a jet pilot. His jet plane, in his language, is a stovepipe or blowtorch. And if he pogos, his plane bounces first on the main gear, then on the nose gear, again and again until the nose gear gives out. That's bad. Obviously he hasn't bought a farm, because that means a crash fatality. There's much more to his jet vocabulary, but that will do for your first lesson. Personally, we're flamed out—which in jetese means, we're suddenly out of fuel.

★ ★ ★

On Election Day in Toledo, Ohio, a citizen was overheard agreeing to vote for a certain candidate for the legislature, but not without a lingering doubt or two. He asked a campaign worker whether the candidate's hearing was okay. Worker said yes, and asked why. "Well, as far as I know," replied the voter, "in the past your man never seemed to know the difference between the still small voice of conscience and the knock of opportunity."

★ ★ ★

Frankly, we suspect it's an exaggeration to say there was "unprecedented activity" in the Internal Revenue offices in Little Rock, Arkansas, when the Treasury Department learned that a citizen of that state had found $1.15 in a chicken's gizzard. But who are we to question or doubt the word of trustworthy informants?

★ ★ ★

Customer in a hardware store in Carrollton, Kentucky, noticed that Sam, one of the salesmen, was absent. Proprietor said that Sam wouldn't be back, that he'd stood about all of Sam he could and had fired him. Customer asked proprietor if he had anybody in mind for the vacancy. "No, sir," said the proprietor. "That Sam, when he left, didn't leave no vacancy."

★ ★ ★

There were a number of reasons why this gentleman in Reno asked the court to rule his wife out of his life. One of them was that every morning at breakfast she insisted on asking him what he wanted for dinner.

★ ★ ★

Please don't think for a moment that now the election is over there's no humor around. Follow old 48's ever-good advice and get yourself a copy of The Best Humor Annual (Henry Holt & Company, New York). Any good bookstore. It's edited by Louis Untermeyer and Ralph E. Shikes. As you might very well expect, eight of the 40 gravity-removing pieces in this compendium are from Collier's. More reprints from this magazine than from any other. That's been the case for three years, too.

★ ★ ★

Lady stopped our friend Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock on the street in Sarasota, Florida, and said, in her opinion it was outrageous that some comedians earned five or ten times as much as United States senators. "Oh, I don't know," said the Colonel. "Generally speaking, they're funnier."

★ ★ ★

There's news of a minor sort from Montana. Don't know whether it's good or bad. Single men outnumber single women in Montana almost two to one—65,864 to 34,687. Instead of saying something outrageously funny about the dying leap year, we urge you to file this valuable information away with the fact that there are more marmosets in Bolivia than tapirs, the latter tidbit coming via air mail from Mr. M. José Taride Kennedy, of Santa Barbara, California.

★ ★ ★

In one of our great Southwest's institutions of higher learning there is, of all things, a football team. The lads were having quite a spate of trouble

IRWIN CAPLAN

with signals—running into one another, losing track of the ball, blocking the wrong man and scattering downfield when they should have been hitting off tackle. Presently the head coach was hit spang with an idea. Gathering his gladi-

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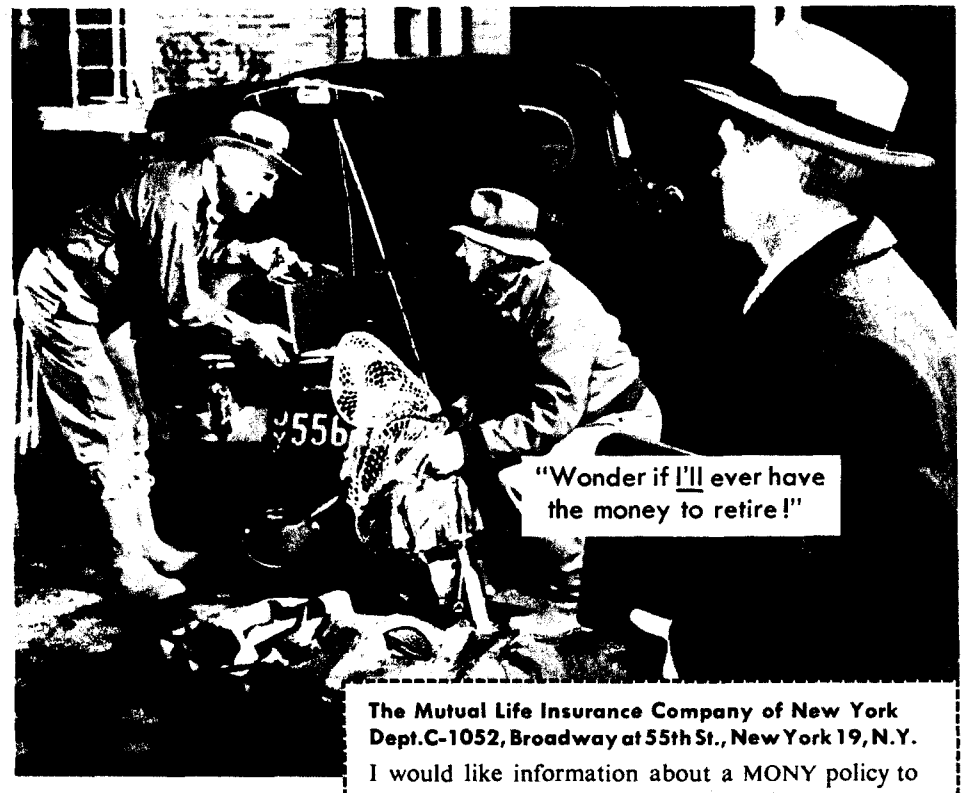
Money Worries melt away... when you've got MONY back of you!

Like most people, you've probably done a lot of worrying about the future. For it's a fact that *most people die too soon—or live too long!* In other words, most people die before they've had *time* to save enough money to meet future needs . . . or they live *longer* than the money they've set aside can be made to stretch.

And that's where Mutual Of New York can step in to melt your money worries away. For there's a MONY life insurance policy to meet every money problem! Policies tailored to your *individual* needs—to provide *Insured Income* for the future—and to strengthen your present insurance and Social Security protection.

And when you've got MONY back of you, your future is secured by one of America's oldest and strongest life insurance companies.

So call in a MONY adviser and let him show what he can plan for you. He stands ready to give you the full benefit of his experience and intensive training in fitting life insurance to individual needs. *For more information, fill out the coupon and send it in today!*



MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York
Broadway at 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

WEATHER STAR SIGNALS
ON TOP OF OUR HOME OFFICE

Green . . . . . *Fair*
Orange . . . . . *Cloudy*
Orange flashing . . . . *Rain*
White flashing . . . . . *Snow*

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York
Dept.C-1052, Broadway at 55th St., New York 19, N.Y.

I would like information about a MONY policy to meet the following needs: (please check).

( ) *College Education* ( ) *Accident and Sickness*
( ) *Income for my Family* ( ) *Supplement Social Security*
( ) *Mortgage Cancellation* ( ) *Retirement*

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
County_____ State_____
Occupation_____ Date of Birth_____

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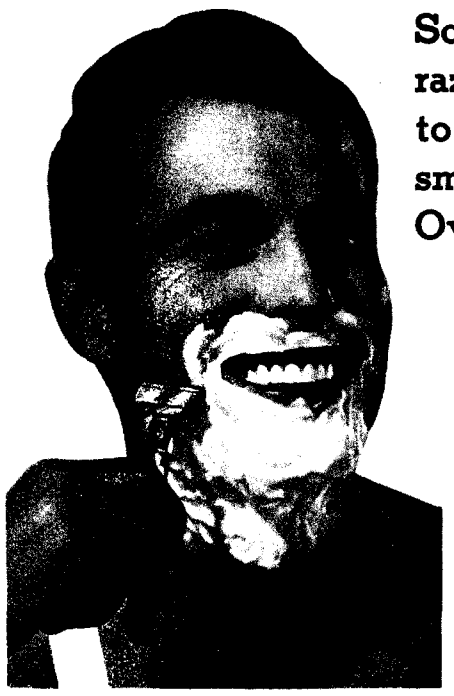
YOU SHAVE CLEANER IN ½ THE TIME!



"Get it over with" fast with Schick Injector, world's only razor specially engineered to give you "Twice Over" smoothness with "Once Over" Shaving!

This famous razor is engineered by experts. It has no movable parts that get out of adjustment, no detachable parts that can be dropped or misplaced. And you'll find Schick Injector Razor is specially designed to "fit" your face—under nose, around lips, along jaw, on neck, and all hard-to-get-at places—features that mean *faster, cleaner* shaves.

Today get your complete razor kit:

★Gold-Plated Razor
★12 Scalpel-sharp Blades
★Handy Travel Case.
Big $1.75 Value. Now Only **98¢**

No other razor offers you these 4 advantages

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EVERSHARP
SCHICK INJECTOR
RAZOR & BLADES

Engineered for Faster, Smoother, Easier Shaves!

ators around him, he said gently: "Look men—particularly you quarterbacks. Let's forget all about those signals. Just stand up straight and point in the direction we're trying to go."

★ ★ ★

With the price of newsprint what it is, it seems a scandalous waste of money for papers to give space to the ornithologist who claims to have found an egg which was not only large, but square and dark blue. Says he hasn't the faintest idea what kind of bird could have laid it. Obviously he's never heard of the dove of peace.

★ ★ ★

After a secret meeting to formulate plans for self-protection, the teachers in a Milwaukee kindergarten hung the following sign on the door: "Guns must not be brought into the classrooms."

★ ★ ★

Sorry, we find nothing "startling" in the information that Russia is practically telephoneless as compared with the United States. Nor that Moscow, for example, with 5,000,000 population and the most phone-equipped spot in the U.S.S.R., should have only 75,000 of the instruments. What use would a phone be in Russia? You wouldn't dare call up your Soviet agent and call him a bum. And think what would happen if they had party lines with everybody listening in while Mrs. Drizzletov told her aunt Olga that there were weevils in the government flour.

★ ★ ★

In John Marshall High School in Oklahoma City, Mr. Leonard Hanstein teaches English and mathematics during the school year. Also, he can tuck six golf balls into his generous mouth. Or eight table-tennis balls. Or four flashlight batteries. Bet you can't do it. We're told by one of Mr. Hanstein's neighbors that the kids love it. He varies things occasionally by thrusting his whole fist into his mouth. But the kids are holding back their maximum appreciation for the day when Mr. Hanstein is unable to get his fist out again. We got that part from one of his many hopeful pupils.

★ ★ ★

Having read in his paper that the proper thing to do upon getting a threatening letter was to call the FBI, this citizen in Detroit did so. FBI man came on the run. Departed likewise. Letter was from the income-tax office.

★ ★ ★

Seems to be trouble again in Natchez, Mississippi. Juvenile delinquency. A Natchez lady advises us that it's pretty bad and that something rigorous should be done about the kids before they get wholly out of hand. We've been looking into it. We find that the Natchez dives have no objections to teen-age drinking and gambling. But we have not found out that any kid has forced any divekeeper at the point of a gun to serve him. Neither is there any law in Natchez forbidding the cops to do something curative about the situation. Come to think of it, it's not unconstitutional to vote bad government out of office, either. But it's easier, of course, to place the blame on the kids.

★ ★ ★

In Kentucky there's a shrill squabble about wages paid waitresses. Contributing to the noise are the State Labor Commissioner, the Hotel and Restaurant Association and the courts. Everybody's sympathetic with the waitresses, including the Hotel and Restaurant Association, although the latter insists its members can't afford to pay them more. So we took the matter up with one of the young ladies who works in our favorite coffeepot down the street. To our amazement, she too was on the side of the waitresses. "Of course," said she, "it's a rare privilege to serve you gentlemen. Educational, too. If we waitresses had any true appreciation of this privilege we'd be glad to work for nothing. But to our black shame we haven't and we won't. Why, scarcely a morning passes that I don't hear the most elevating talk by the gentlemen I serve—how high they get at the country club, what a false alarm the boss is, how they put one over on the landlord, who's going to get fired, how they saved the company from bankruptcy, the splendid things that would have happened if the president of the company had listened to them, what somebody said that morning on the seven fifty-nine, what happened at McQuigg's bar after the others left and, oh that blonde, that blonde! And that's only a few of the improving things that make my job a delight. It's grand to serve such intellects. But the trouble with us girls is we don't appreciate our privileges. We want more dough."

★ ★ ★

Another sturdy American standby has gone to the moth balls—the Saturday-night bath. This dolorous discovery was made by the City Water Department of Akron, Ohio. The five-day work week did it. The Saturday-night scrub has moved up to Friday evening, which leaves us free to get dusty Saturday and Sunday. But Monday's still wash day, although the water department researchers offer no guarantee how long this honored tradition will last.

★ ★ ★

Young man recently graduated from Case Institute of Technology in Cleveland, Ohio, thinks that Professor Gilbert A. Highet of Columbia University didn't go far enough. Professor Highet told the outward-bound students at Case that thinking was nonlethal. "Nobody," the professor said, "has ever thought himself to death." Why, then, asks this young man, is so much of today's thinking stiff in *rigor mortis?*

★ ★ ★

And if it weren't for Mr. Pat Flinner, we wouldn't have known there's a night spot in New Orleans where the music's so bad that every time a waiter stumbles and drops a tray of dishes everybody gets up to dance.

★ ★ ★

After some pretty exhausting thinking, old 48 has figured out what the Air Force was trying to say when they announced that jet engines don't make any more noise than the conventional piston engines. They're merely louder.

★ ★ ★

After knocking itself out in the service of the people, the Alabama legislature a while back passed a bill designed to protect the citizenry from loan sharks. Reads the law: "The charging of interest at an interest rate in excess of 8 per cent per annum shall not be deemed to be a criminal offense, but nothing contained in this act shall be construed as legalizing the charging of an interest rate in excess of 8 per cent per annum." When you've worked that one out, let us know. ▲▲▲

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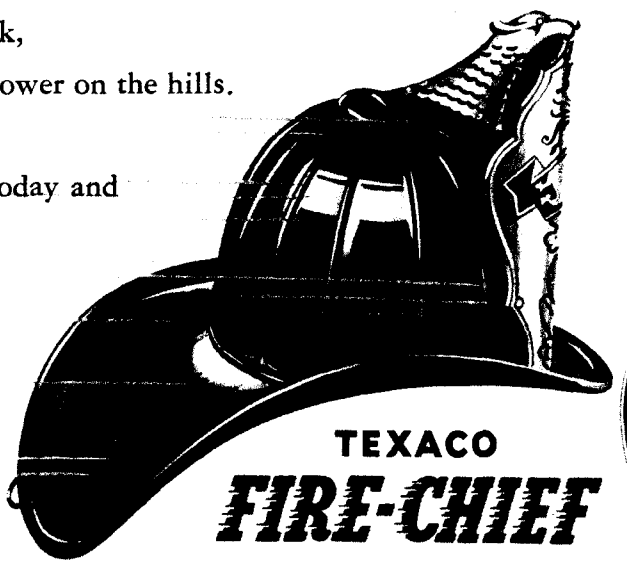
Fire-Chief gasoline gives you that lively "all star action" feeling in all your driving. Starts are fast, warm-ups are quick, getaways extra smooth and you feel the all-out power on the hills. And it's easy on your pocketbook. You can buy Fire-Chief at *regular* gasoline prices. Drive in today and fill up at your Texaco Dealer.

He's the best friend your car ever had.

. . . and don't forget the best motor oil your money can buy.



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TUNE IN: Tuesday nights on television—the TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE. See newspaper for time and station.

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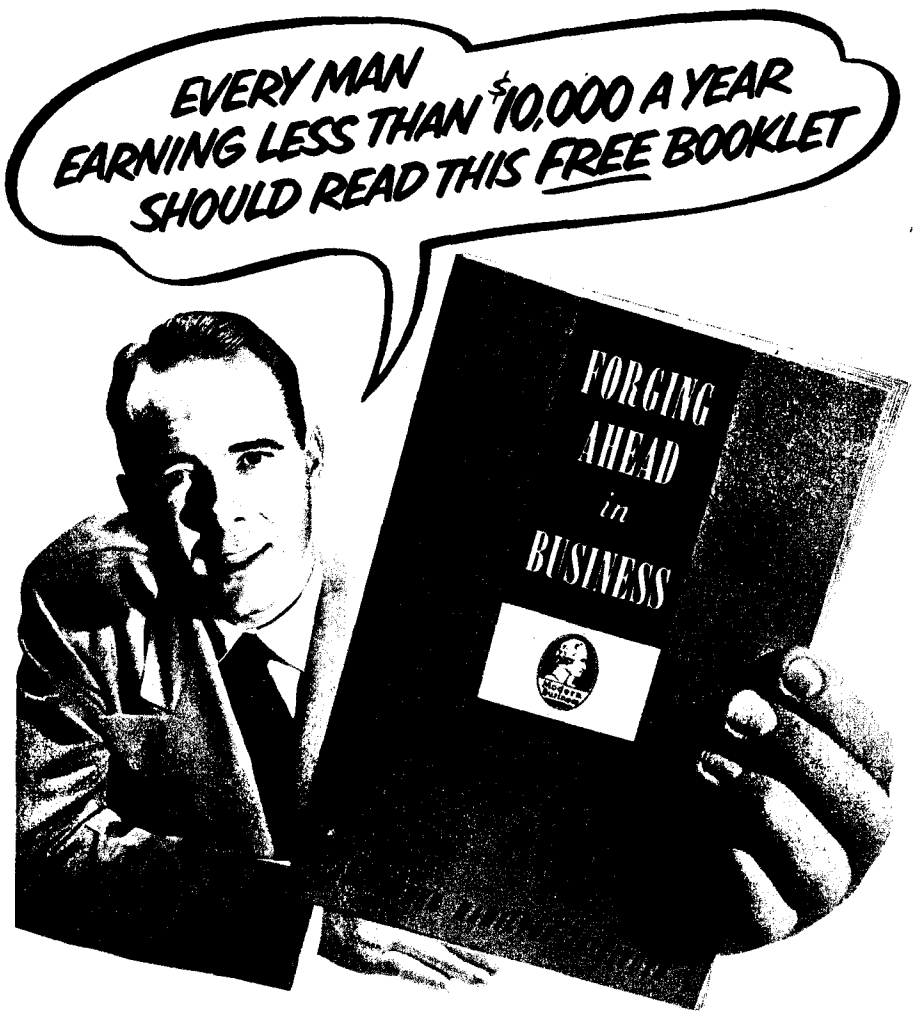

If he has the will to succeed, there is no reason why any man of normal intelligence should suffer the smart of failure.

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This inspiring, 64-page book explains how you can bridge the gap between your present job and the one above—how you can *prepare now* to meet the challenge of future opportunities. It examines the popular fallacies about business that have stalled the progress of so many men, and points the way to new and exciting avenues of achievement. And it outlines the Alexander Hamilton Institute's executive-training program which has sparked thousands of men to highly-paid executive positions.

There is no charge for "Forging Ahead in Business" because the *use you make of the information* it contains is the only gauge of its value. Nor is there any obligation involved other than the obligation to read it thoughtfully, and to decide for yourself whether or not you feel the Institute can help you. To obtain your copy, simply sign and return the coupon below. It will be mailed to you promptly.

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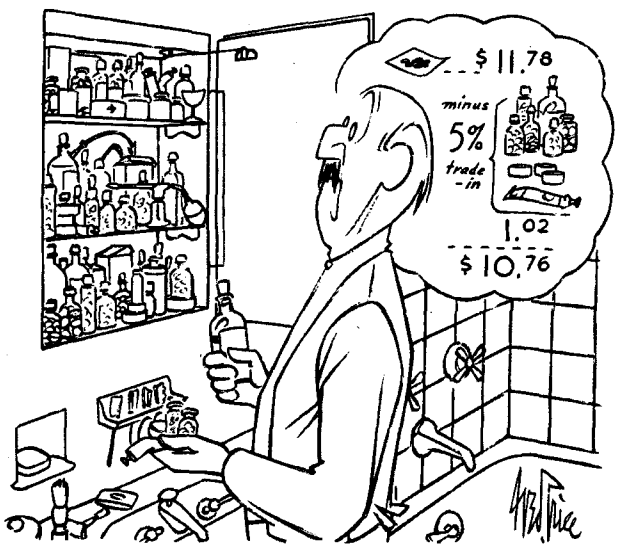
Bill of Health



GEORGE PRICE

There must be some way of liquidating this fortune

By HANNAH SMITH

THE other day when I was staring thoughtfully into our medicine closet, it came over me that, dollar for dollar, it would be a lot smarter for us to have the contents of that white metal cabinet down in our safety-deposit vault.

Not that I begrudge any languishing green-colored loved one the necessary potion, draft or tisane. What baffles me is the fact that our illnesses and medicines never seem to come out even. We are inevitably left, after any domestic dolor, with either a quart-size jug of some viscous brown liquid obviously useful for nothing except calking a boat, or a square white box built to hold 100 puce-colored tablets, 99 of which are still inside and worth 88 cents each.

These, of course, join all those other bottles and the mysterious little white boxes with their cabalistic labels reading: "Extrnl only, Mr. Smith, aft evry meal. 6/19/41" or "Ryosklr e/ghio, Mrs. Smith, take w/water, 5/11/38." I stare earnestly at this legend, trying to recall—in behalf of present or future ailments—what befell me on 5/11/38. Finally, I put the box back with the 27 other identical ones in the chest.

Periodically I take out all the yellower of these little boxes and the dustier of the bottles and pack them away in a carton on the top shelf of the linen closet. This system makes it possible for us to own, as we do now, five bottles of Kaopectate, three of milk of magnesia—all the Large Economy size—and at least nine varieties of nose drops.

After a little research among the medicine chests of some of my friends, I have discovered that this Problem of the Cumulative Capsule is extremely widespread. Something should be done about it at once, and so I suggest:

1. THE TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE. A group of public-minded citizens, preferably of rather imposing and pugnacious bearing, might approach your community druggist and suggest that a small credit for old medicine be allowed when purchasing new. Under this plan, after subtracting for depreciation and taking into account any old-style streamlining of last month's Chroni-Tonic bottle, you would be given, say a 5 per cent credit on six bottles, three capsule boxes and a tube of zinc ointment toward the $11.78 worth of new palliatives your pharmacist is neatly wrapping in a four-inch square of white paper.

2. THE PTA PILL EXCHANGE. The PTA, like the government, seems to be creeping more and more into every compartment of American life. I, for one, would be very happy to see it creep a little farther and take over my medicine chest. Since so many of the variegated nostrums I've bought have been on behalf of my child—for measles/mumps/chicken pox/colds—and since none of the remedies have been used much past the first dosage, I see no reason why some other mother of a child with measles/mumps/chicken pox/colds shouldn't welcome a fast swap, particularly since I'd be happy to make her a very nice price on the whole lot.

3. THE KISMET LIVE-DANGEROUSLY METHOD. Another stout idea might be, at the onset of milder family maladies, to approach your medicine chest with closed eyes, sporting mood, and an outstretched forefinger. After all, there can be no progress without experiment. Who knows, the yellow salve your husband was using three summers ago for itching feet may contain the magic, long-sought cure for the common cold. Stir it up in a glass of water, drop in a handful of varicolored pills, and shake well. By the time you carry the glass into the bedroom, the patient's very likely going to be up playing badminton or mixing cement.

There's no excuse now for anyone keeping anything around permanently, except maybe adhesive tape, a thermometer, and some good standard headache remedy. ▲▲▲

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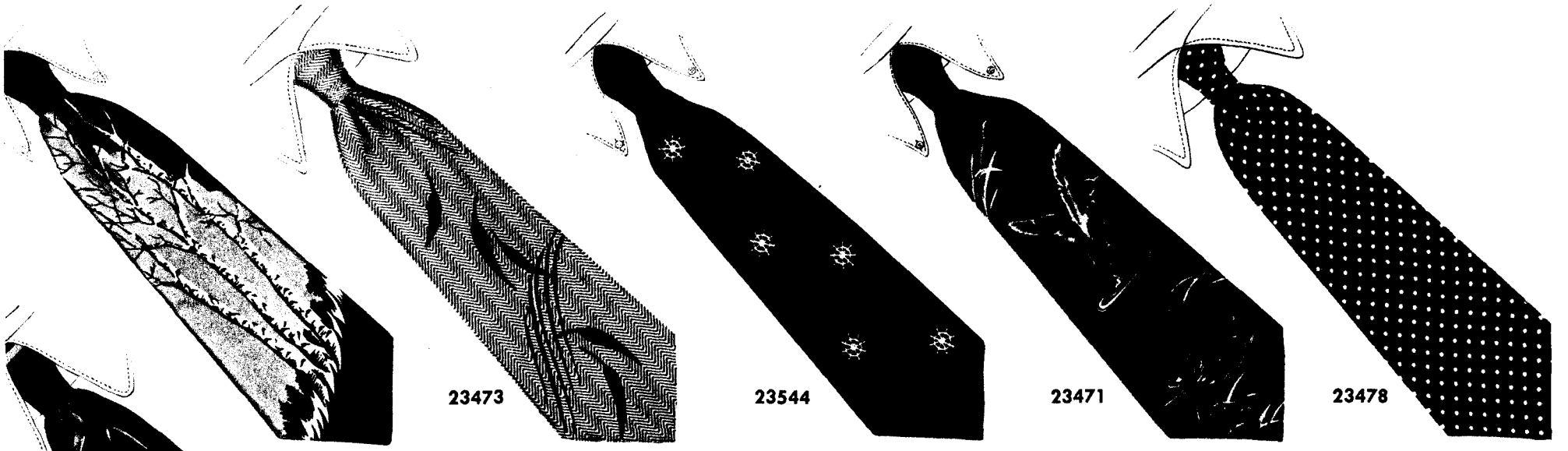


A Super Tie Value—from Haband the Necktie Supermarket

$1.10 each

Sure you can buy good ties, almost anywhere—but you'll go a long way and never match these beauties for quality and value. That's why Haband is known everywhere—to the leaders in your own community—to the top executives, bankers, lawyers, doctors—men who must be well-dressed, and still want value. That's why *they* are the *repeat* customers, who buy millions of Haband ties year after year *by mail*.

These smart-looking patterns, the preferred choices of style-conscious men (and women who buy for their men) show you why Haband ties are so popular. It is the result of Haband's concentration almost exclusively on ties (for nearly 30 years) and at one price, $1.10 each. From this intensive specializing upon only one quality and selling only by mail, you enjoy an outstanding tie value, and save.

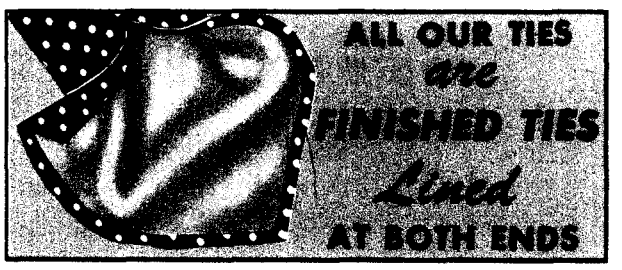
The ties on this page—best sellers to best dressers—offer a well-balanced selection to go with your suits and shirts. But the pictures cannot show the fine weaves and finishes, and the beautiful coloring—you will certainly be pleased with the ties when you receive them—they will not disappoint you. Full-cut to regulation shape and length from famed acetate fabrics, they are expertly finished to the last detail, with extra luxury linings at both ends.

Guaranteed to Please You

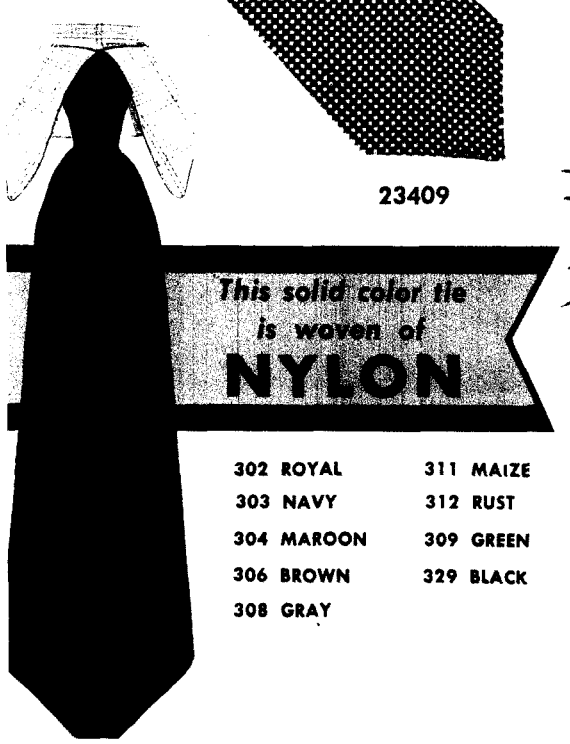
You take no risk in ordering Haband Ties—if you don't want to wear them, just return them and your money will be refunded promptly without question. Haband is rated by all national commercial agencies, and is known to many of your friends and neighbors—most certainly by your own Postmaster.

How to Order Haband Ties

Just check off or jot down the numbers of the ties you choose—on the coupon below—and mail with your remittance. The ties will reach you by return mail and are guaranteed to please you, for quality and value, or your money refunded at once. Economical handling requires a minimum order of 3 ties—but order 6, a season's supply, and receive a dividend—a pair of beautiful Maroon 100% *spun nylon sox* (they remain yours even if for any reason you decide to return the ties for refund)—the sox are a real $1 value at stores, and will give you months of wear.

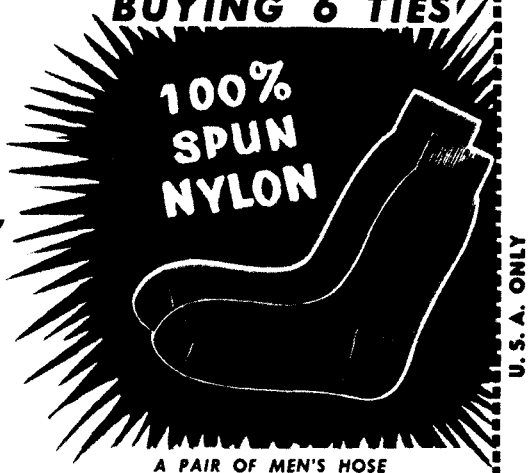


EARLY CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS: Save your precious time—get top values—give Haband Ties to all the men on your list.



302 ROYAL
303 NAVY
304 MAROON
306 BROWN
308 GRAY
311 MAIZE
312 RUST
309 GREEN
329 BLACK

DIVIDEND FOR BUYING 6 TIES



A PAIR OF MEN'S HOSE
SENT WITH PURCHASE OF ANY 6 TIES
Ankle length, elastic top. Maroon. Spun Nylon throughout for long wear and daily laundering. Sizes 10 to 13—mention your size on coupon.

$1.10 per tie —We pay the postage—

3 for 3.30 Minimum Mail Order

A Season's Supply 6 for 6.60 plus a dividend of NYLON SOCKS

U.S.A. ONLY

HABAND COMPANY, Paterson 4, N. J.

You may send me the.....ties I have listed and for which I enclose herewith, a $.....remittance.

It is understood that if upon receipt of ties, I find any that I don't want to wear I can return them and have my money refunded promptly and without question.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

CHECK CHOICE BELOW

23479	☐	23524	☐
23473	☐	23477	☐
23544	☐	23409	☐
23471	☐	Solid.....	
23478	☐	Solid.....	
23472	☐	Solid.....	

Dividend for 6-tie order:
My sock size.....

REMITTANCE IN FULL MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER
No C.O.D.

Full price refunded if for any reason you don't want to wear the ties and return them to us.

WE GUARANTEE Immediate Delivery and NO SUBSTITUTIONS

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AIR DEFENSE FROM THE GROUND UP

AIR ATTACK! This alarm could be sounded in the U. S.—tonight, tomorrow, *any* time! If it is, then time will be priceless—every moment vital.

The U. S. Air Force is ready to answer any alarm. It has protective squadrons of Lockheed Starfire interceptors* on 24-hour alert to climb quickly to the attack, locate and knock out invading bombers in any weather, day or night.

But first the alarm must be given. Somebody must spot the invaders.

And there are only two ways to spot an air attack: (1) by radar, (2) with human eyes and ears. Our network of ground radar stations cannot always spot planes flying under 5,000 feet. So we badly need ground observers and plenty of them.

True, airplanes are being built to take our radar warning system off the ground. For this job Lockheed is right now producing WV-2 Early Warning Constellations with 360-degree radar. These powerful, long-range planes will greatly extend radar's range at high altitudes.

Also the Navy has many Lockheed P2V Neptunes on antisubmarine patrol day and night. Their "eyes" guard against air attack too.

But we still need 500,000 civilian observers to fill the low-level radar gaps. 200,000 volunteers already wear the silver wings of the Ground Observer Corps. 300,000 more are needed—patriotic men and women who will donate just a few hours each week to the security of the U.S. and themselves. Call your Civilian Defense Office. Or send a postcard to Ground Observer Corps, U. S. Air Force, Washington 25, D. C.

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Look to Lockheed for Leadership

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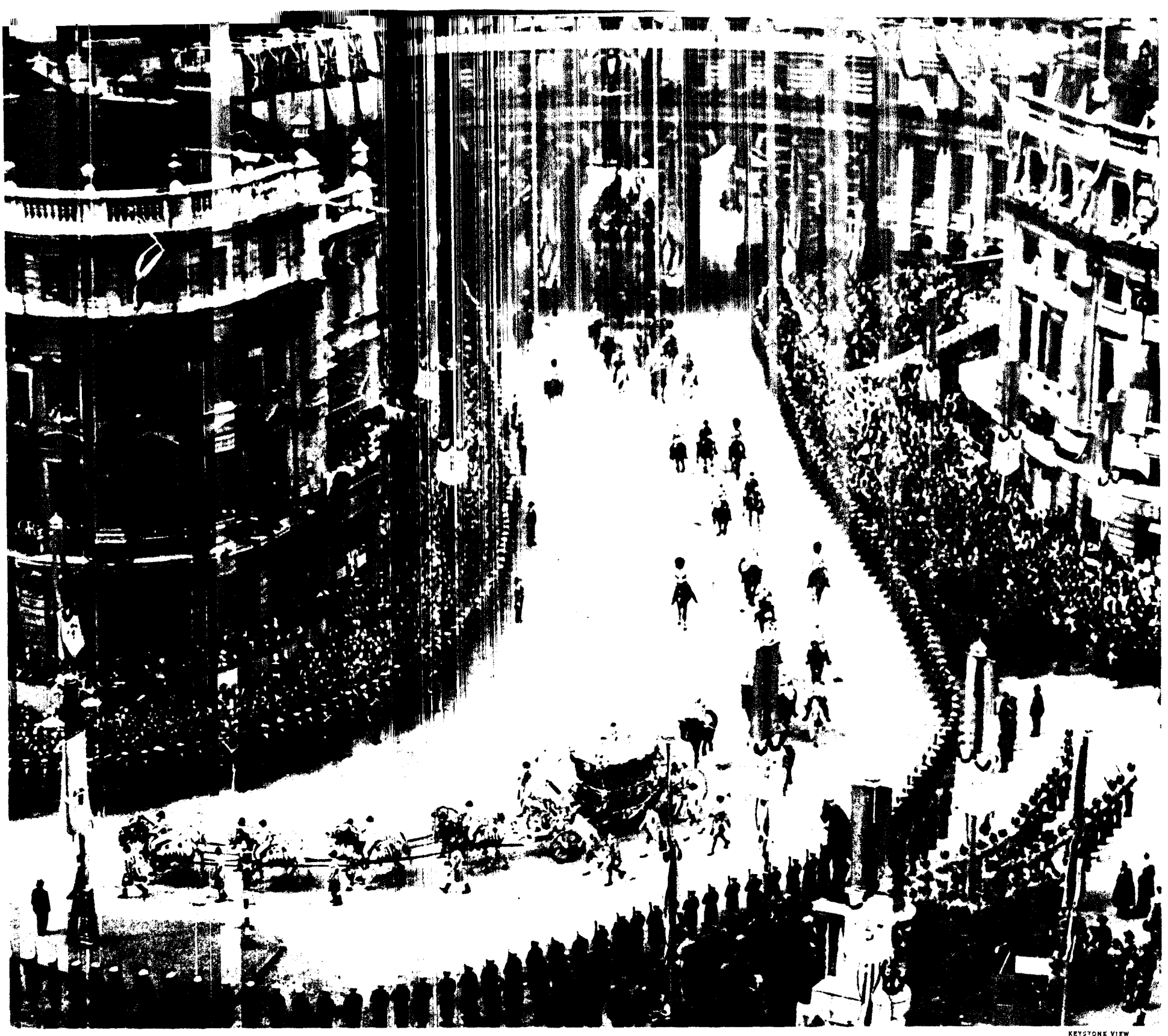

KEYSTONE VIEW

Coronation procession winds toward Westminster Abbey. A million persons will pay $10,000,000 to watch. Above is 1937 coronation of George VI

There's a Great Day Coming!

By ROBERT MUSEL and BILL STAPLETON

Next June 2d, Britain will roll out ten centuries of pomp and pageantry to crown Queen Elizabeth

London

THERE'S a great day coming next June 2d—the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II—and England is feverishly getting ready for the most splendid spectacle in her glory-tinted history.

In the royal mews behind Buckingham Palace, they are refurbishing the richly embroidered state coach which will carry the queen to Westminster Abbey to accept the tradition-hallowed oath of loyalty from her people. In the shops of *couturiers,* peeresses are being fitted for their coronation costumes—and hoping, some of them, that they will be permitted to substitute rabbit for ermine in their robes, at a saving of $500. Genealogists and experts on protocol are debating as to who will have the privilege of carrying the Golden Spurs, symbol of knighthood, which are touched to the queen's heels. The Lord Mayor of London has already ordered a new beaver ostrich hat and a robe of ermine, which will cost him $1,000.

And so it goes throughout the land, for nothing stirs a Briton like a bit of pageantry, a flash of burnished breastplates and crimson uniforms beneath the sky. And the coronation is the supreme achievement of pomp and tradition, a colossal and curious alliance of religion and history unparalleled anywhere else in the world.

It has happened only 36 times since William of Normandy conquered England and had himself crowned in Westminster Abbey on Christmas Day in 1066. Queen Elizabeth, thirty-eighth sovereign since Duke William, is a young woman of a long-lived female line and may reign for more than half a century. A lot of Britons alive today may never see another coronation—an idea that seems to have occurred as well to thousands of Americans and other peoples around the world—and so there is

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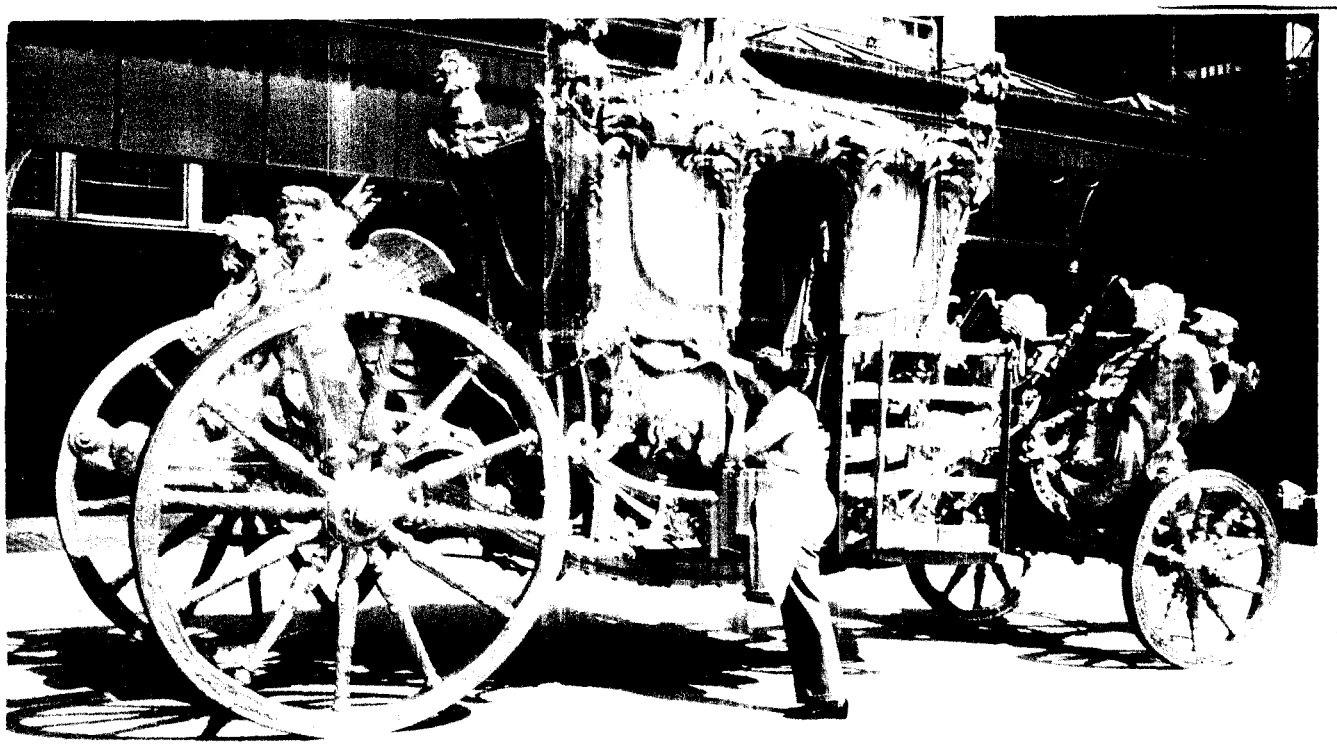

Workman tunes up the state coach. Elizabeth's carriage, "the most superb vehicle ever built," dates from 1761 and weighs four tons. Victoria frowned on bosomy ladies painted on its sides

unprecedented jockeying for positions as the great day approaches.

The pressure would have been unbearable had it not been for television. The coronation of the queen's father, George VI, in 1937 was, incidentally, the first live telecast of a great news event anywhere. But even though some 16,000,000 people, or one third of the nation, are expected to gather around screens, an equal number appears to want to see the coronation in person. The queen's advisers blithely ignored the demand by cutting the traditional procession through the streets down about three quarters of a mile from the 1937 route of seven and a half miles.

Therefore, there will be standing room on the pavements for only about 500,000 people, with another 500,000 in windows and in grandstands erected at vantage points by the Ministry of Works and private builders. For months, the Times and other British papers have been carrying advertisements: "Parties of from six to 20 persons will be catered for at a good location at the rate of from 20 to 40 guineas ($58.50 to $117)." "Old Established Firm requires accommodation, second or third floor. Good view of route." Travel agencies had 100,000 applications for seats as far back as August, when an American marched into one seat broker's and took 26 seats at $140 each. And an American millionaire is paying £3,000 sterling ($8,400) for one day's rent of a room overlooking the route with a light lunch for 30 people thrown in!

The price may come down a bit but nobody is optimistic; and the Ministry of Works, which charged five guineas for official grandstand seats in 1937, is expected to double or triple the 1953 price. It is estimated $10,000,000 will be paid to watch the procession, which would make the coronation history's greatest box-office attraction. Why the queen's advisers chose to shorten rather than lengthen the route, considering the known demand, is one of those baffling puzzles about the monarchy that royalists never try to explain. It is especially baffling since the Coronation Council had before it the example of 1937, when more than 50,000 people slept in Hyde Park and another 30,000 on the Mall so as to be sure of their places for the procession.

But the regal indifference is quite in line with the decision to hold the coronation on what officials, charged with trying to earn a few more dollars for a hollow treasury, consider the worst possible date in the year. Sir Alexander Maxwell, chairman of the British Travel Association, said flatly and bitterly that the decision cost the Exchequer millions of dollars because hotels are filled anyway at that time of the year. Why, he demanded, plump it down in the middle of such annual tourist magnets as the English Derby, the Ascot Racing Season, the Henley Regatta and the picturesque Trooping of the Colors for the queen's birthday, June 11th?

Sir Alexander had hoped for May 7th as the best date, since it would give Britain two tourist seasons instead of one next year. But arguments had no effect, even the potent one in a nation of nature lovers that trees will be in full leaf in June and whole branches will have to be cut to provide unobstructed views on the Mall and elsewhere. As it is, Paris, by trapping the overflow, stands to benefit almost as much from the coronation itself as London, so far as dollars go. The Rotary International Congress, for example, switched its meeting from London to Paris rather than compete for hotel space with coronation visitors.

BRITISH TRAVEL ASSN.

The Duke of Norfolk, who "produces" the coronation

The ordinary Briton or tourist has no chance of getting into Westminster Abbey next June 2d. In December, the dean and chapter of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster Abbey's official name, will turn it over to the Ministry of Works, which will convert it into a coronation theater with seats for nearly 8,000—a carefully chosen audience of peers and peeresses, diplomats, representatives of foreign states, judges, clerical dignitaries, representatives of the fighting forces, members of Parliament, envoys from the colonies and invited commoners.

It caused quite a stir when King Edward VII, who had a deep respect for men who could make money, invited J. P. Morgan to his coronation as a "personal guest." Such a gesture is hardly likely ever to be repeated.

The peers and peeresses will arrive in response to a command from Queen Elizabeth, which in its form and phraseology has changed little in the past 300 years. It reads: "Right Trustie and Well Beloved Cousin. Whereas we have appointed the 2nd day of June next for the solemnitie of our Royal Coronation: these are therefore to will and command you, all excuses set apart, that you may make your personal attendance upon us, at the time above mentioned, furnished and appointed as your rank and quality appertaineth, there to do and perform such services as shall be required and belong unto you . . . and we bid you heartily farewell."

There is one other way to get into the coronation and that is to discover some ancestral right to perform a service for the sovereign before, during or just after the crowning. Most of these hereditary or traditional rights are possessed by the nobility, but a few commoners will have prominent roles at the ceremonies, and none more dramatic in his mere presence than Captain J. L. M. Dymoke, a mild, bespectacled youth who is the queen's hereditary champion. For 500 years, Dymokes rode into the royal banqueting hall in full armor and threw down a gauntlet to challenge any man of "high degree or low" who disputed the right of the king (or queen) to be crowned.

But the challenge, never accepted, was dropped more than a century ago, and Captain Dymoke, lately returned from service in the Middle East, will merely carry the standard of England in the procession. Another member of a famous fighting family will exercise his right to carry the banner of Scotland, Henry Scrymgeour-Wedderburn (Scrymgeour means skirmisher or good fighter), who recently assumed the title Viscount Dudhope. A great many other claims will be settled by the 700-year-old Court of Claims, reconstituted by the queen under "our right trustie and right entirely beloved cousin and counselor, Bernard Marmaduke, Duke of Norfolk."

The duke, who is Earl Marshal of England and its premier Catholic, is actually organizing the coronation with the assistance of experts learned in ritual from the College of Arms, which he heads. These are quite the most splendid figures at royal ceremonials, in gold-frogged tabards or short coats like jacks and kings out of a deck of playing cards. They bear such glowing titles as Garter King-of-Arms, York Herald, Somerset Herald, Bluemantle Pursuivant and Rouge Croix Pursuivant—names right out of the knightly jousting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

But even Norfolk, master of Arundel Castle, one of the most splendid homes in the kingdom, is being challenged on his claim also to be Chief Butler to Her Majesty at the coronation. An elderly pensioner says the right is his, and old parch-

Moss Bros., costume-renting firm, will supply robes for impecunious nobles. Rate $70 a day

Theatrical firm of Robert White provides the replicas for rehearsals. Worker studies mace

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

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...y far the biggest box-office attraction of all time

ments will have to be consulted before the matter is settled; claims are rarely made capriciously. The duke, like his ancestors for generations, will not claim his hereditary fees for the office, i.e., the horses on which the royal party arrive at Westminster, fines from people arrested coronation day and "parts of swans and cranes" served at the royal banquet.

The coronation banquet, in fact, is no longer held, so it is no use applying as Hereditary Grand Carver of Scotland, Herb Strewer, Chief Larderer, Chief Waferer or Lord of the Manor of Addington, which once had to supply "a messe of dillegrout" (capons boiled with oatmeal and almonds). But there are numerous other claims already in or about to be filed.

Countess Errol, the handsome Lord High Constable of Scotland, will carry a silver baton tipped with gold on each end and bearing the queen's arms on one end and her own equally ancient insignia on the other. Lord Shrewsbury, who runs a vegetable market, will carry a white staff in the procession as symbol of his office as Lord High Steward of Ireland.

The Barons of the Cinque Ports will ask to hold the canopy —if any—over the queen, or otherwise be in attendance. The Lord Mayor of London will carry the crystal mace or one of the state swords. The Duke of Newcastle, as Lord of the Manor of Worksop, will supply a scarlet glove for the queen's right hand and help support her arm when she holds the Great Scepter.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who is also first peer of the realm, will claim the right to crown the sovereign (and take the purple velvet chair he uses during the ceremony as a reward). The Bishop of Durham claims the right to walk on Elizabeth's right hand, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells to walk on her left. The Dean of Westminster asserts the right to instruct the queen in coronation procedure. The Lord High Steward will walk before the queen carrying the crown of St. Edward; the Lord Great Chamberlain will help invest her with the royal regalia. No one expects any challenge to these centuries-old privileges.

But the question of who shall hand the sword of state to the Archbishop of Canterbury during the ceremony presents a knotty problem. This is the right of the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Clarendon, but he is seventy-five and cannot walk without a cane due to an old injury. His doctors refuse to let him even attempt to handle the sword.

The properly dressed peeress will wear crimson velvet robes trimmed with ermine over a gown of white or silver, encrusted with jeweled embroidery. The outer robe will cost about 500 guineas ($1,470), the gown anywhere from 30 to 150 guineas ($87.20 to $441). The huge ermine (or rabbit) collar is the place to look for rank. A baroness has hers dotted with two rows of ermine, a viscountess two and one-half rows, a marchioness three and one-half rows, a countess three rows and a duchess four rows. The length of the velvet train is another pointer—three feet for a baroness to six feet for a duchess.

The well-dressed peeress will also wear a diamond tiara—and it's no secret that a lot of them will be rented or borrowed from wealthy commoners. It is also no secret that theatrical costumers and such clothing-rental firms as Moss Brothers will be hiring out coronation robes bought up from bankrupt estates, or used in stage productions, to those rich in lineage but poor in pocket. Moss Brothers is charging £25 ($70) for the day and no deposit. "We don't expect any of our customers to run off with the robes," said an official.

A Moss Bros. salesgirl carries crowns. Silver balls note rank

Because there isn't much of a market for tiaras these days, jewelers have designed a coronation tiara special which can be unlatched later to be used as a necklace, two earrings, two bracelets and a brooch. This little item sells for from £1,000 ($2,800) to £10,000 ($28,000), depending on how envious you want to make the rest of Westminster Abbey.

The impecunious peers of the realm are in an even tougher spot than their womenfolk. A full set of peers' coronation robes, if made up today, costs £750 ($2,100), plus £500 ($1,400) tax. Back in 1649, when the Commonwealth of Oliver Cromwell destroyed the royal coronation robes, all nine garments were valued at only four pounds ten shillings sixpence ($12.45). In those days ermine—or miniver as it was called—could be worn only by the king.

A good many Socialists and even some Conservatives originally were rather lukewarm about a vast display of pageantry considering Britain's present economic situation, but as the weeks have rolled by, enthusiasm has been spreading steadily. And a number of industries are betting that, by the time the coronation rolls around, the nation will be in an epic ferment.

Show business is sure of it, and is planning accordingly. Benjamin Britten has received the queen's approval for a coronation-year opera based on the first Elizabeth and her favorite, the Earl of Essex. Anna Neagle is now touring in The Glorious Days, described as a "musical tapestry of England," which will hit the West End of London next year. Louis Armstrong and Pearl Bailey are scheduled to do Cabin in the Sky, directed by José Ferrer, who may himself play in a musical with hitherto unpublished George M. Cohan melodies, The Song and Dance Man. Andre Kostelanetz, Lily Pons, Yehudi Menuhin, Risë Stevens and other great stars are expected to be here, and all around the country the little touring revues so typical of Britain are registering names like Snappy and Glorious and Coronation Funtime. Tin Pan Alley is also busy with Coronation Waltz and Coronation Melody, the first of the deluge.

Herald A. G. B. Russell, Royal Victorian Order commander, reads proclamation of coronation

In London itself, a good deal of quiet preparation has been under way for many weeks. The Ministry of Works has been timing phantom processions along the chosen route and measuring roads for grandstands, the War Office has been figuring out which 50,000 or so of its soldiery will line the route and where to get dress uniforms for some of them, the yeomen of the guard are acquiring new ceremonial uniforms bearing the new monogram "E.R." The familiar beefeaters of the Tower of London, who claim the right to guard each side of the queen's coach in the coronation procession, are getting ready. They have been the sovereign's personal bodyguard since Henry VII formed them in 1485.

Coronation planning is done with the meticulous logistics of a crucial battle in war, but as in any complicated affair things may go wrong—history shows that. The mishaps started with the very first of what might be called the "modern" series of crownings, William the Conqueror's. Due to language difficulties, his French-speaking soldiers misunderstood the "acclamation"—or shouts of acceptance—from the Saxons inside the Abbey, thought their leader was under attack and started burning houses and hacking the citizenry.

King John of the Magna Charta refused the Sacrament (he also hanged two of his young wife's suspected lovers over her bed and lost part of the crown jewels at sea). The first Elizabeth had her

In burnished breastplates Royal Horse Guards of Household Cavalry prepare for coronation

In working garb, beefeaters W. A. Renick (l.), A. H. Cook examine dress yeomen's uniforms

Crowning means new clothes for queen and her consort at Madame Tussaud's waxworks

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COMBINE PHOTOS

Royal coat of arms on Buckingham Palace gates gets touched up. Face lifting is city-wide

Many a wise noble will hide a snack under his robes

coronation day picked by an astrologer and complained loudly of the "evil smell" of the anointing oil. James I was crowned during the plague, and the people were forbidden to assemble. The kiss of fealty on the monarch's cheek also was temporarily suspended for fear of infection. An earthquake shook London during the coronation of Charles I, which some said augured his final end on the scaffold. James II ordered the ceremony cut short—and his reign was short. William III had his purse stolen on his way to Westminster Abbey and had to borrow money for the offering.

George IV did not invite his deserted Queen Caroline, and she tried to break in to the ceremony. George I understood no English, so the proceedings had to be explained to him in Latin.

When a Crown Was Lost in Battle

Henry VII crowned himself on Bosworth Field, where defeated Richard II's crown tumbled from his head in battle and rolled into a thornbush. But he later went through a coronation also. Wearing the crown at moments of crisis as well as at coronations was a feature of the olden days. Henry V wore his in battle, and, while he was fighting at Agincourt, peasants pilfered his baggage and stole some of the crown jewels. Fortunately, he had the great ruby of the Black Prince fixed to his helmet, although it narrowly escaped being splintered when Francis, Duke of Alençon and Anjou, almost clove through Henry's armored noggin.

The ruby is still part of the crown jewels, which are guarded by the beefeaters in bloodstained Wakefield Tower of the Tower of London, and are never seen in their entirety outside of their electronically protected glass and steel cage, except for coronations. There was some talk of a new crown for Elizabeth, but it now appears she will wear for most of the coronation ceremony the imperial crown of state originally made for Queen Victoria.

The act of crowning, itself, is done with the crown of England or St. Edward's crown, a massive affair of gold and gems, which weighs nearly seven pounds. The crown was made in 1662 for Charles II after Cromwell's Commonwealth had destroyed most of the royal regalia. After it is taken from Elizabeth's head she will wear the imperial state crown, which weighs only two and one-half pounds and is the most fabulous single jeweled piece in the world. It contains 2,783 diamonds, 277 pearls, 17 sapphires and 5 rubies.

Many of the crown jewels are steeped in blood and history. The Black Prince's two-inch ruby (some say it is really a semiprecious stone which was thought to be a ruby centuries ago) inspired the murder of the King of Granada by Pedro the Cruel, of Castile, in 1367. Pedro gave the gem to Edward, the Black Prince, for helping him win the Battle of Nagera the same year. Also in the imperial state crown is a sapphire from the ring of Edward the Confessor, who built the Abbey which was consecrated in 1065, and pearl earrings worn by the first Elizabeth. In another of the seven British crowns, the queen's crown, is the Koh-i-noor diamond, once the peacock's eye in the peacock throne. It was nearly 800 carats when found, but inexpert cutting reduced it to its present 106 carats. It made its appearance in history in the seventeenth century, when the Emperor of Delhi wrested it from the King of Golconda.

In the head of the scepter of the cross is the largest diamond in the world, the Star of Africa, which weighs 516½ carats. Like St. Edward's crown, Elizabeth will touch the scepter only once in her lifetime. It will lie on her coffin when she is dead. The scepter will be placed in her right hand during the coronation. In her left will be a baton called "the Scepter with the Dove." It symbolizes "the power of the Holy Ghost which passes to her after anointing."

The other important items of the coronation regalia are the orb, a six-inch ball of solid gold, heavily jeweled, which derives from the world-wide Empire of Rome (since the conversion of the emperors, it has been surmounted by a cross); a silver spoon heavily gilt about 1,000 years old; a golden vessel for the anointing oil shaped like an eagle with outstretched wings, about 600 years old; five ceremonial swords including the jeweled sword of state and Curtana, the sword of mercy, whose edge is blunted; and the coronation ring or wedding ring of England, which is placed on the sovereign's finger.

Another item important to the coronation is the Stone of Scone, a 26-inch-long slab of red sandstone, which has been wired to a burglar alarm and chained to the battered coronation chair since it was stolen by Scottish nationalists on Christmas Day, 1950, and taken north of the border. The stone's legendary history goes back to the Bible, but it would be impossible to trace anything authentic before 1153, when Scottish sovereigns were lifted on it at the Abbey of Scone near Perth. Edward I, Hammer of the Scots, knew of the old saying, "Where that stane is, Scots shall aye maisters be," and took it south with him as booty some 650 years ago.

Edward I had a wooden chair made to enclose it, and although he originally intended to have the chair cast in bronze, no one ever did it, and centuries of Britons carved their initials in the wood before it was put out of reach. The chair is covered with a cloth of gold during the coronation, and Elizabeth will sit there to be crowned, as has every English and British sovereign since it was made, with the exception of the boy King Edward V, Mary II and abdicated Edward VIII, now the Duke of Windsor.

What *is* the coronation? Simply stated, it is a form of contract between the sovereign and her people to which the church is witness. Old records show that the first of the English kings to be crowned probably was Athelstan, who stood on the King's Stone at Kingston, outside London, for the ceremony in 924 A.D. The stone, where several other Saxon kings were crowned, is still there. The first king to be anointed was Egferth, King of Mercia—the middle counties of England—in 785 A.D. But the religious phases of the coronation are believed to have their inspiration much further back—in the rites for acceptance of converts to Christianity in Biblical Judea.

From Athelstan, with his crown of gold wirework, and Egferth, the ceremony grew century after century with the mystical veneration for old custom unique to Britain. In the fourteenth century, monks wrote down the Liber Regalis, or coronation ritual, first used for the crowning of Richard II in 1377. The ritual apparently was copied from an even older work. Today, many of the phrases used are marvelously similar to those on the priceless illuminated vellum folio of 38 pages which is entrusted to the care of the dean of Westminster.

Preview of the Coronation Ritual

So in the glorious procession on June 2d, Elizabeth will come to her Abbey church of Westminster, a site on which pagan and Christian have worshiped for 1,700 years. On the gold-carpeted dais of the coronation theater, she will stand while the Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by the Great Officers of the crown, makes the presentation. To east, south, west and north, while the queen (technically queen-elect until that moment) turns with him, the archbishop will announce:

"Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Elizabeth, the undoubted queen of this realm, wherefore all of you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same?"

"God save Queen Elizabeth!" the people will cry in symbolic acceptance by the nation.

Elizabeth then will sign the oath to govern in accordance with law and custom (there is no written British constitution).

Elizabeth probably will be anointed on the crown of her head and the palms of her hands. The anointing emphasizes the priestly nature of the king's office, for the coronation is actually incorporated into the Communion service of the Church of England, an interposition similar to that by which bishops and priests are created.

During the anointing the choir will sing: "Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon King and all the people rejoiced and said: 'God save the King. Long live the King. May the King live forever.' "

Later, as Canterbury places the crown of St. Edward on Elizabeth's head, the peers will assume their own coronets, and royal salutes will boom from the guns of the Tower of London.

Canterbury will kneel down before Elizabeth's knees, then kiss her. Then the bishops, princes of the blood, dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts and barons—the senior of each rank—will singly ascend the throne, stretch forward a hand to touch the crown on Her Majesty's head and pledge: "I do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die against all manner of folk, so help me God."

When the homage is ended, the drums shall beat, and the trumpets sound, and all the people shout, crying out: "God save Queen Elizabeth. Long live Queen Elizabeth. May the Queen live forever."

It is a long ritual and many of those in the Abbey will have little flasks, sandwiches, chocolate and candy under their robes.

In his diary, George V wrote: "The service in the Abbey was most beautiful, but it was a terrible ordeal . . . I nearly broke down when dear David (the Duke of Windsor) came to do homage to me as it reminded me so much when I did the same thing to beloved Papa."

As the great day ends, a good part of the world will echo the traditional benediction pronounced by Canterbury:

"The Lord give you a fruitful country and healthful seasons; victorious fleets and armies and a quiet Empire; a faithful senate, wise and upright counsellors and magistrates; a loyal nobility and a dutiful gentry; a pious and learned and useful clergy; an honest, industrious and obedient commonalty." ▲▲▲

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Schooled in motoring courtesy by Markel Service, Inc., truck driver Percy Pickard pulls off road to assist Doris Dean repair motor trouble

The feeling that truck drivers are ill-mannered menaces on the highway is disappearing, thanks to the firm of Markel Service, Inc. If you don't believe it, just ask Mr. Larson. He was smacked by a semitrailer . . .

. . . and the Truck Driver APOLOGIZED

By SELWYN JAMES

THE motorist, a Midwesterner named Larson, was enraged. Inching along in bumper-to-bumper traffic outside Chicago, his car had just been whacked in the rear by a large tractor trailer. Now, with some well-chosen expletives on the tip of his tongue, he prepared himself for a stormy introduction to the man behind the wheel.

But before Larson could get out to inspect the damage, a solicitous man in a peaked cap and well-pressed uniform was beside the car with first-aid kit in hand. "Are you hurt, sir?" he inquired anxiously. Then he looked closely at Mrs. Larson and the two startled children. "Are you and the kids okay, madam? Or shall I send for a doctor?"

Dumfounded, the Larsons listened to the truck driver's apologies and unqualified confession of guilt. His foot had slipped off the brake pedal, he explained. Naturally, the damage to the Larson automobile, as well as any shock or injury to its occupants, would be promptly dealt with by the insurance company. And in the meantime, he added, if Mr. Larson felt too shaken up to drive, the family would be chauffeured home at no expense.

The truck driver was the product of the Markel Service, Inc., a firm of highway-safety specialists and insurance underwriters frankly in business to save money for its big brother, the American Fidelity & Casualty Company of Richmond, Virginia. The AF & CC insures more trucks and busses than any insurance company in the world.

Not all truck drivers you meet will display such exemplary manners. By and large, however, they do not deserve the ancient cartoon concept which caricatures them as arrogant road hogs. America's 5,000,000 regularly employed truck drivers—who annually haul more than 8,000,000,000 tons of cargo an estimated 90,000,000,000 miles—are probably the most careful and courteous drivers on our highways. According to the American

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

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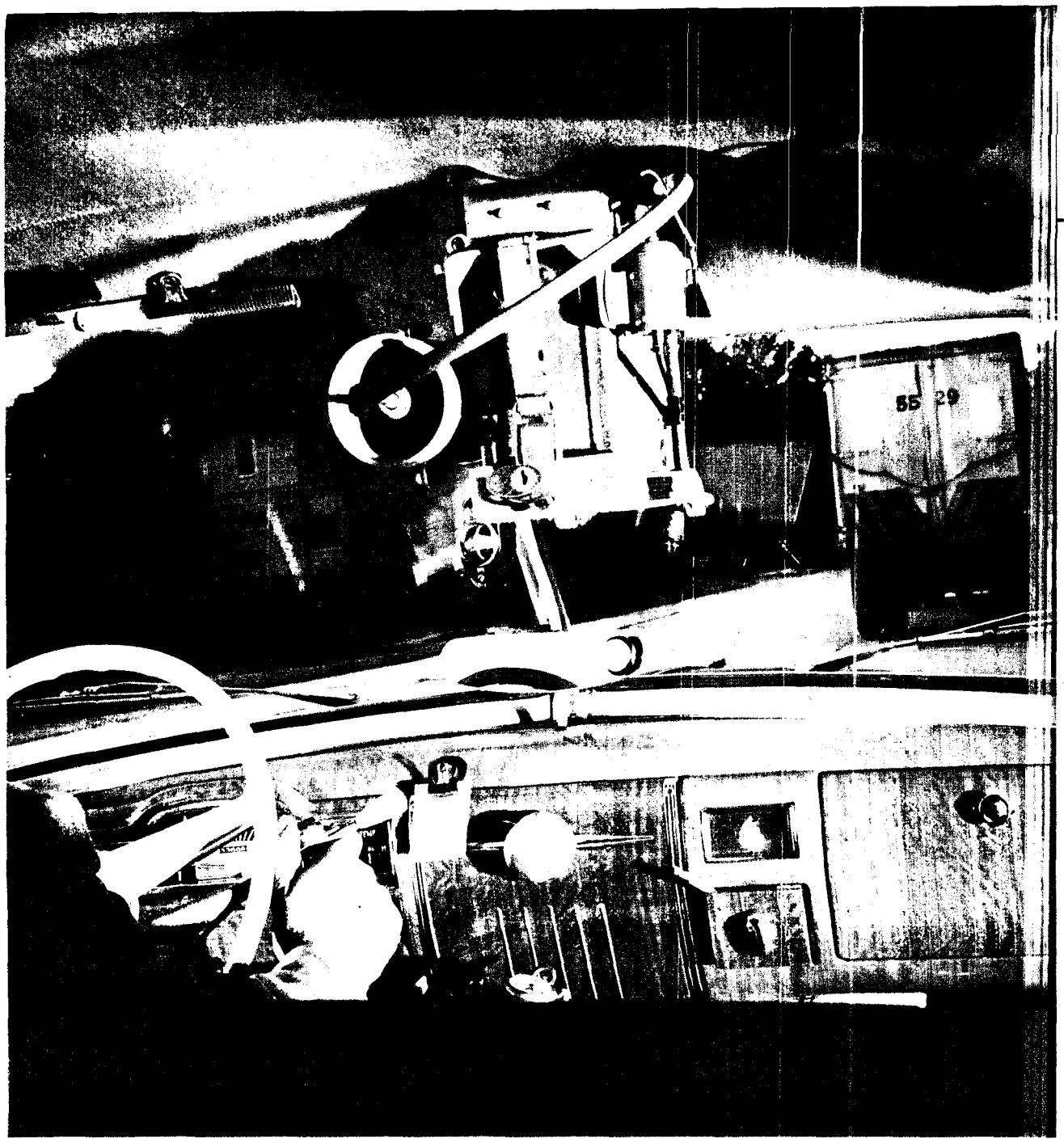

Dashboard of checker's car following truck shows camera which records highway ahead, speed, distance traveled and time. Film often spots behavior patterns that are clues to accidents

The watchful camera proves

Trucking Associations, which has studied insurance company analyses of 52,004 truck-automobile collisions in 1949, the truck drivers were found blameless in 70 per cent of the accidents. In fatal crashes the truck drivers' record was even better—they were found blameless in 80 per cent.

Behind this excellent record are the trucking companies' driver-training programs which year by year are helping to make the roads safer for everybody. One of the most successful is that of the Markel Service, whose insured drivers are thoroughly schooled in highway etiquette.

Good manners, Markel has discovered in 25 years of profitable business, pay off when accidents do happen by holding down to a minimum the claims of offended motorists. Mr. Larson, for instance, impressed by the truck driver's honesty, was satisfied to accept a reasonable out-of-court settlement for damages. Irked, he might have sued and won a much larger sum, and also clipped Markel for lawyers' fees and court costs.

Markel's stock in trade is a nation-wide fleet of patrol cars equipped with movie cameras to catch safety violations while they happen, and a passion for accident detective work which often finds in the personal lives of the truck drivers the reasons for their accidents. As Irvin Markel, the firm's handsome and imaginative president, says, "Truck drivers are like people—selfish and unselfish, with the same failings, quirks and anxieties as the everyday motorist. That's why nine out of ten highway mishaps are due to human attitudes rather than to mechanical defects or road conditions."

As an example, Markel points to a newly established Seattle trucking company that had been flooded with complaints about its drivers' highway manners. On investigation, Markel's specialists decided the reason was the drivers' lack of pride in themselves and their company, reflected graphically in their disheveled appearance: they came to work unshaven and uncombed, in grease-stained shirts and pants.

Markel's remedy was a subtle appeal to the drivers' vanity. A floor-to-ceiling mirror was hung on the wall next to the dispatcher's window, where each man, reporting for his assignment, could see himself as the public saw him. The drivers wondered why the mirror was there. Yet unknowingly, within a matter of days, they had answered their own question. Not only did they spruce themselves up, but agreed to a company suggestion that they wear uniforms—an idea they had rejected a few weeks earlier. "When they began to look like gentlemen, they also began to drive like gentlemen," says Markel's Seattle representative. "And we did it with mirrors."

Last September, a highway into Philadelphia was the scene of three accidents involving Markel-insured trucks, within a single week. Police blamed the smashups on speeding, and pointed to six summonses handed to other truck drivers for exceeding the limit. What was the reason behind the speeding? A Markel investigator found it in a roadside café a few miles north of the city. Usually a ten-minute halt for coffee and doughnuts, the eating place had recently installed a television set and was tuning in the end-of-season ball games. Truck drivers were stopping over for as long as an hour—then speeding to make up for lost time on the last leg of their run.

Markel's investigator persuaded the café owner to keep his video screen dark during the midafternoon when Philadelphia-bound truck traffic was heaviest. Outside, the latest scores were chalked up on a blackboard for drivers to see as they rolled past.

The most difficult job the Markel Service ever tackled was in Louisiana, where the executives of two truck lines were baffled by a mysterious rash of sideswipes between their respective vehicles. This time, Charlie Ray, Markel's jovial, roly-poly vice-president, personally took charge. Before leaving Richmond, he alerted a local Markel patrol car to start photo-checking the trucks of both Company "A" and Company "B." By the time Ray stepped off the plane, the Markel engineers had already shot and developed a highly revealing strip of movie film and had set up a projector and screen in Ray's hotel room.

Trucks in a Duel on the Highway

The picture, shot through the windshield of the cameraman's car, showed the rear view of a Company "A" truck as it sped along a highway out of New Orleans. Suddenly, from the opposite direction over a rise in the road, appeared another carrier, this one owned by Company "B." Then came the sequence that jolted Ray out of his chair. The Company "A" truck swung over into the center of the highway in a deliberate attempt to scare the oncoming vehicle off the concrete. As neither truck gave ground, it looked like a sure head-on disaster—until in a last-second maneuver the Company "B" truck swerved madly onto the soft shoulder and hurtled by with inches to spare.

When Ray confronted the Company "A" driver with the celluloid evidence of his crime, the man stared in stunned silence. "Look, fella," said Ray gently, "either you're crazy, which I don't believe, or you're fighting a grudge war against the other team. Which is it?"

The driver was tight-lipped. Ray wheedled, pleaded and threatened—to no avail. "Get me fired if you want to," the man said finally, "but I'm not gonna be the one to squeal."

It wasn't until two days later that Ray, sipping a soft drink in a roadside diner frequented by the drivers, tracked down another vital clue. Playing a hunch, Ray made a casual remark to the hash slinger behind the counter. "Those truck guys still scaring the daylights out of one another, eh?"

"Yeah," was the reply. "I guess that dame really started something."

In a half hour of seemingly idle gossip, Ray had picked up the whole story. It appeared that the young wife of a hot-tempered Company "A" driver had left his bed and board, and now was being entertained by a notorious Casanova from Company "B." After an indecisive fist fight, the two men had hit upon a novel way of keeping the issue alive—duels on the highway, using trucks as weapons. Since each had sympathizers among his fellow workers, the war spread rapidly, and soon both sides were playing a highway version of Russian roulette every time their paths crossed.

Ray's next move was a visit to the wayward wife, to whom he put a simple question: Was there the slightest chance that she might return to her husband? The lady, unnerved by almost daily reports of highway dueling, said there might be.

Then Ray came up with the kind of unorthodox proposal that distinguishes the Markel Service: why not meet with her estranged husband in the consulting rooms of a top-notch marriage counselor? A few hours later, the Company "A" couple walked arm in arm out of a New Orleans psychiatrist's office, determined to make their marriage work. The immediate result: peace on the highway, and 54 more trucks added to the 65,000 from Nova Scotia to California which bear the familiar yellow-and-black Markel insignia.

Only rarely does the Markel Service advise dismissing a careless truck driver. The sound dollars-and-cents reason is that it's cheaper to re-educate

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that man—not the machine he drives—causes accidents

him. Firings breed uncertainty and resentment among the other drivers, a state of mind that may affect the way they handle the boss's property. Too, the cost of breaking in a new man—schooling him in company policies and state and local highway law, sending him on training trips with a co-driver—can run as high as six hundred dollars.

Markel's camera cars, manned by safety engineers who were once truck drivers themselves, patrol 3,500,000 miles of concrete and macadam every year, and make about 30,000 photographic reports on Markel-insured drivers wherever they find them.

One recent early morning I rode with Markel operator Adrian Harris along New Jersey's truck-jammed U.S. 22. Harris pressed the camera release on his gearshift as soon as we picked up the Markel insignia on a gasoline tanker whose driver straddled the white line for 12 miles, sped at 46 miles per hour through a 30-miles-per-hour zone, pulled out of his lane without signaling on four occasions, and twice passed vehicles on a bend. Then, oddly, his driving suddenly improved, and he settled down to a safe, coolheaded trip to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, his destination.

Why the switch in his highway demeanor? Next day, under Harris' questions, the driver admitted that he'd left home without breakfast after a bitter squabble with a visiting brother-in-law who'd outstayed his welcome. He'd climbed into the truck boiling mad, and it had taken him an hour to cool off. The violations wouldn't happen again, the man promised; after he'd slammed out of the house, his wife had hustled her quarrelsome brother on his way.

Under the proved theory that the hand that rocks the cradle also rules the truck driver, the Markel Service pays special attention to operators' wives. Markel statisticians observed many years ago that most crashes occurred during the first hour or so of a driver's run, and safety engineers often traced the causes all the way back to the wife's mood at the breakfast table. Consequently, in periodic letters signed by Charlie Ray, the wives are briefed on rules for helping their husbands to reach their destination all in one piece. Before hubby checks in for work, his wife is advised to exercise her gentle influence by (1) giving him a hearty breakfast; (2) keeping the kids out of his hair; (3) saving domestic problems, arguments and possible tantrums until he returns at nightfall; and (4) sending him off with a cheerful smile.

But a nagging wife is not the truck driver's only hazard. Not long ago, an alarming upturn in accidents was reported by a company after it had routed its trucks over a newly opened superhighway. One driver had been killed—his truck went off the road and overturned—and four others had piled up in the rear of slow-moving autos. The truth emerged when a Markel engineer, following a line of tractor trailers, found himself drowsing at the wheel. It was a plain case of "highway hypnosis," induced by a straight road unrelieved by attention-catching signs or advertising billboards. The accidents ceased as soon as the trucks were switched to a route flanked by signs which kept drivers awake and alert.

Highway hypnosis, a grave danger on such billboardless speedways as the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Turnpikes, is so prevalent that it overshadows the unusual number of accidents that occur on roads leading *off* the turnpikes. A Markel camera car some years ago pinned down the cause. The film strips showed that drivers, accustomed to the high turnpike speeds, failed to make a quick adjustment to the ordinary two-lane highway; they whipped along at 55 miles per hour thinking they were doing a leisurely thirty.

Another accident mystery solved by Markel concerned two trucks which misjudged a sharp bend on a winding West Virginia mountain road and toppled into a ditch. The accidents happened on different days, but at precisely the same spot and at approximately the same late-afternoon hour. Examining the damaged vehicles, a Markel specialist wondered if the exceptionally dirty windshields might be the explanation. To test his theory, he rode the same route and, as he slowly rounded the fateful bend, the glare from a brilliant sunset struck his dust-laden windshield and momentarily blinded him. Drivers were instructed to keep windshields clean, especially before undertaking a westward journey into the setting sun.

Because the Markel Service follows highway trouble wherever it may lead, the trail sometimes ends in the truck company's repair shop, at the supervisor's desk, or in the president's office. Last year, for example, Markel suspected an Indiana driver of deliberately wrecking his truck by aiming it at a freight train and then jumping to safety. The case was never proved, but Charlie Ray uses it as an object lesson in his off-the-cuff talks to company supervisors and mechanics. It was the driver's way of getting even, Ray believes; the man had complained for days about faulty brakes, and the repair shop had done nothing about it.

To truck and bus owners, Ray advises: "Reprimand a driver for carelessness in private—and congratulate him in public for good driving. Never speak to him across a desk—it's a symbol of your authority and he'll resent it. Push the desk up against the wall, and invite him to sit down for a knee-to-knee chat."

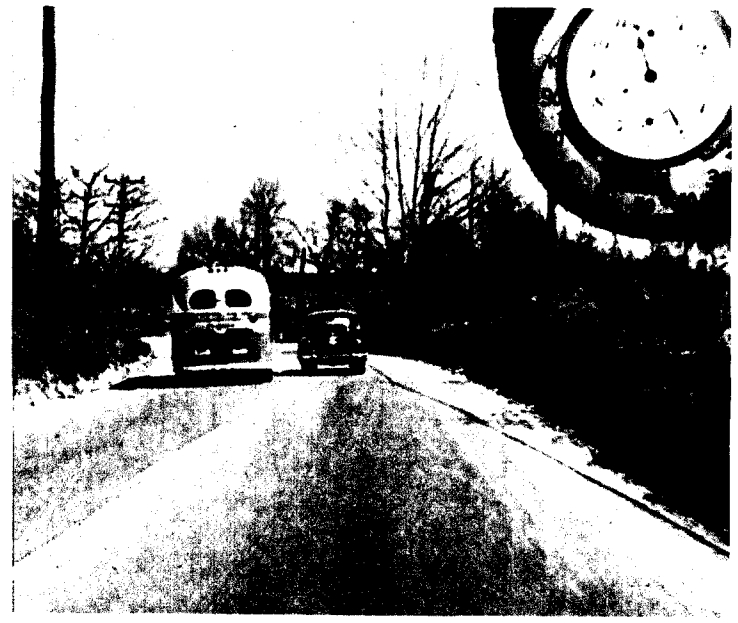
Fine Clothes Boosted Accident Rate

Recently, Ray investigated an upswing in damage claims against a client in North Carolina—and within a couple of hours had spotted the reason right in the owner's office. A young World War II veteran, the man had prospered and in recent months had been driving to work in an expensive convertible, sporting diamond rings, wearing hand-tailored clothes and a lofty air to match. This snobbish display of opulence had ruined the close relationship he once enjoyed with his drivers. In a knee-to-knee talk, Ray urged him to leave his convertible home, wear a leather jacket and slacks and get back to a first-name basis with his men. The stratagem reduced the company's accident rate immediately.

Quite a different story was Markel's intervention in a dispute between the management and drivers of an upper New York State bus company. Demands for higher wages had been turned down because of ever-increasing maintenance costs and an unusually high accident rate which had jacked up insurance premiums. When Markel entered the picture, the bus line was barely making a profit. After looking over the books, Markel persuaded the company to make a promise of higher wages if the drivers would help trim the maintenance bill by 25 per cent, and join wholeheartedly in the Markel safety program.

A revised timetable permitted slower speeds. At the drivers' suggestion, a new slogan was painted on the sides of their busses—"For a *Safe* Ride, Take This Bus." The happy result: far fewer accidents, less wear and tear on engines and tires, lower gas and oil consumption, an increased passenger load—and higher wages for the drivers after only three months.

The solution of the bus drivers' wage problem points up a bit of Markel philosophy—that the safe driver usually is one who is happy with his job and his boss. "Anyone can learn to shift gears, steer, stop and start," says Charlie Ray. "But what is the driver like—really? That's the key to a lot of his behavior at the wheel." ▲▲▲



A violator in action. Processed film records bus passing car illegally on curve. The bus driver was called upon to explain why

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Champ called to mind some jokes and Glenn told a few and we sang a couple of songs and drank and talked and watched the city burn

The Pioneer

By WILL STANTON

There was a time, before the world went up in flames, when a man could go along in his own way. Now they want me to say life was no good then—and I refuse

I GUESS what I miss as much as anything is talking to people. I don't mean speeches or debates, but what we used to call visiting. They tell me now it isn't socially progressive. I always figured "social" to mean that a few people would sit around and enjoy themselves, but now it means everybody acting glum and doing what they don't want, for the good of the community. I don't know that I'll ever get the hang of it.

Even the kids. I noticed a bunch of them in the recreation grounds the other day playing some game they called civics. As near as I could make out, one of them would make a resolution and then the rest would vote on it and write it down in a book. After a while I asked them if they never did anything a little more lively, like turning somersaults. They'd never even heard of it.

So I showed them how and they all tried it, and then one of them, I think he was the chairman, he said, "Why do you do it?"

"Well," I said, "I'm sorry I interrupted you, you'd better go back to your game." When I got to the corner I turned to look back and they were sitting down again passing more resolutions. All except one of them, a little towheaded kid, and he was turning somersaults one after the other as fast as he could, and a little girl, the secretary I believe she was, she was peeking around watching him. So it may be things haven't changed altogether, but only on the outside.

Here a while ago there was this banquet on my birthday and they were all for having me make a speech about the old days—what it was like and all. But I couldn't do that, and thanks all the same was what I told them. Because I was never any hand at speaking and besides it all happened too long ago and there's been too many changes. It's like it was a different world in those days and there's no way to explain it. A man would be a fool to try.

Back when I was going to school, I must of gone to about a dozen different ones by the time I was seventeen. I'd stay with one set of relatives until they could talk some other family into taking me and so on like that. The last school was in

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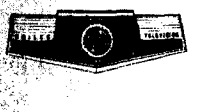

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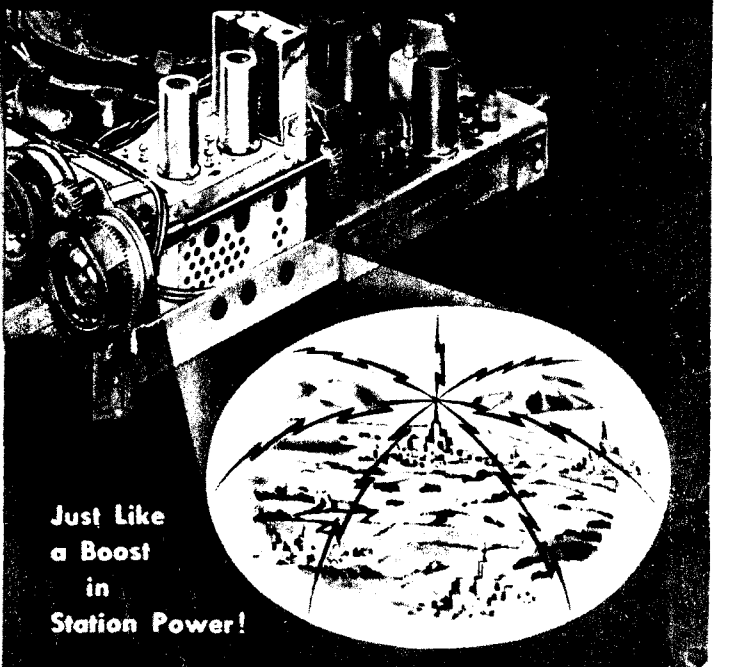

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look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED

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Sacramento, California—I was in the freshman class and I didn't like it.

For one thing the seats were too small and I never could seem to get comfortable and then the teachers would say I wasn't paying attention. Especially one of them. I told her finally she better stop picking on me and she lied and said she liked me as much as any of the students. So then I told her she was wasting her time because I didn't like her and never would. Well, after two years in her class you wouldn't of thought that would be any surprise but it turned into quite a row. Then she went to get the principal and I left my books right where they were and got my cap and walked out and never went back.

And that's where my education really started because going across the country with Glenn and the Champ I learned more than if I'd stayed on in school another ten years.

I WENT home and packed my things in an old valise that I had. My uncle asked me if I was leaving and I said yes and he gave me half a dollar. I think if I'd of held out he would have made it more. Anyway I walked out as far as the highway and pretty soon this big open car stopped with two men in it.

They asked me where I was going and I said I hadn't made up my mind yet. That started both of them to laughing because they couldn't decide either. Glenn, the one that was driving wanted to hit up to the north, and the other fellow, Champ, he wanted to go south and they argued for about two hundred miles, heading east.

"Up north now," Glenn said, "we'd get in most of the fishing and hunting season and then the winter sports."

"You can't beat the gulf for fishing," Champ told him, "and besides there's swimming and golf and the races or you could just lay around on the sand and watch the pretty girls. Think of all the broken hearts down there if we don't show up."

They kept going like that with all kinds of crazy remarks until you couldn't keep a straight face if you wanted to. They even asked me what I thought about it. Well, I could swim pretty good, but I'd never done any of the other things so I wasn't able to help them out any. By then it was getting dark so Glenn pulled up to a big roadhouse and said he guessed it was time to eat. I told them I'd had a big meal just before they picked me up, so I'd stay in the car and watch their things.

Champ just grinned and held the door open so there wasn't anything I could do but go on in with them. The manager gave me kind of a fishy look—I had on my old sweater and corduroy pants—but Glenn pushed right by him and we all sat down to a table and they bought me a big steak supper.

Afterwards they took turns at the wheel, and finally Glenn asked if I could handle a car. I didn't have any license, but I'd driven quite a few times, so they let me try it and I got along fine. About 2 A.M. we pulled into a state park and stopped the car. They both had sleeping bags and there was some extra blankets in back. It was a warm night. We talked for a while, and one of them offered me a cigarette.

It gave me kind of a funny feeling, laying there smoking and looking at the stars when I came to think that just that morning I'd been sitting in a freshman arithmetic class five hundred miles away. I figured by the next day I'd be on my own again, but all the same, meeting up with Glenn and Champ had been about the finest thing that had ever happened to me. Of course you've got to remember that I wasn't but seventeen years old, and I'd never had anybody to look up to before.

We got an early start in the morning, and every town we came to I half expected they'd drop me off; but the subject never came up. They got going again on whether to head north or south and argued about it all the way to Denver. That's where the money ran out and we had to stop. I hadn't given any thought before to what business they were in, and it turned out Champ was a waiter by trade and Glenn was a cook's assistant.

It made me feel kind of blue thinking of all the money they'd spent on me when they were broke themselves, but they told me to forget it, they'd get jobs without any trouble and they did too, that same afternoon. That evening we got a room that would sleep three. Champ talked the landlady into trusting us for the rent, but she made him hand over the keys to the car until we'd paid up. As a matter of fact, Glenn had an extra set of keys so we could of used the car if we'd had to in case of emergency.

The next morning when the two of them had gone off to work, I straightened up the room in good shape and went off to look for a job. I'd never done anything except around the house, so I walked out to a pretty good residential section and started knocking on back doors. The first fifteen or twenty places there was nothing doing, but then some lady had some furniture to paint and another one said I could clean wallpaper if I came back next day and after that I had all the jobs I could handle.

I never made any fortune out of it, but I could pay my share of expenses and have money left and you couldn't ask for no more than that. Champ and Glenn ate at the restaurant where they worked and a lot of times at night they'd bring something home—half a pie or a chicken nobody had ordered, so that way we were able to live real good and save money too.

WHEN I had enough put aside, I bought a fishing reel for Glenn and a secondhand pair of binoculars for Champ. I left them on the dresser so they'd see them when they came home from work. Well, they were surprised all right. "What's this all about?" Champ asked as they were unwrapping their presents.

And Glenn said, "Say, this is really something." He was turning the reel over and over in his hands.

"I just happened to see them in a store window," I said, "and thought you might like them." They said they liked them fine.

We stayed on there for about six weeks. Then one night Glenn and I turned in early—Champ was out with some girl—and about 3 A.M. he came in and switched on the light. He was all scratched up and his clothes were muddy and torn. He limped over to the washstand and began cleaning up.

Glenn got out of bed and began throwing things into a suitcase. "Come on, kid," he said to me, "get your stuff packed."

"Let him make up his own mind," Champ said. "He's got a little business built up here, he don't have to clear out unless he wants to."

"What's the matter with you?" Glenn asked him. "The kid's one of us isn't he? Don't talk foolish."

The way he spoke up gave me kind

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of a good feeling and I went right on packing my bag and kept my mouth shut. I couldn't of said anything if I'd wanted to. In about ten minutes we had everything in the car and got going. Glenn shoved the accelerator right down to the floor.

"You can take it easy," Champ told him. "The cops aren't in on this—just a personal matter." We slowed down. "It's a nice town," Champ went on, "but it's got too many hills in it. Take this place I went tonight. There was only two steps going up to the front door, but around back under the windows there was a fifteen-foot drop."

Glenn started in to laughing so hard I had to grab the wheel. "You ought to of known better," he said finally.

"I know better now," Champ said. But that's the way it was with us restaurant workers in those days—come and go as you please, and not take things so serious, the way it is now.

Like a while back I went down to sign up for my Diet and Lodging allowance and there was a new girl there. She looked up my records and it amazed her when she found out I'd never completed my indoctrination courses. "You ought to be setting an example," she said, "a man your age. If you don't do something about it pretty soon they may only let you have half a vote."

I told her as far as I could see there was never more than half a man to vote for. She didn't see anything funny in it, but I guess most people are that way now. They tune in the Humor Hour every evening and that's the end of it and a lot of them don't even do that. They get a permit not to listen and do something else. In the old days we used to be laughing and joking all the time.

Well, after Denver, the next time we stopped was Cola Springs resort on the gulf and we all got a job in the same place. Champ being a top-notch waiter and Glenn a good kitchenman, they talked the man into taking me on as a dishwasher, although I'd never had any experience at it. But Glenn gave me some pointers and I picked up a few tricks myself, so it wasn't long before I got the hang of it and we stayed on there all winter. Sometimes when we had an afternoon off we'd go for a drive or lay around on the beach and every once and a while I'd get to thinking of the kids back in Sacramento that would probably be sitting in some history class and I'd cross my fingers and hope nothing would change my luck.

SATURDAY nights after work we'd get all shined up and go to a dance maybe, or a night club. I'd bought some new clothes by then and the way Champ and Glenn fixed themselves up nobody could of told but what we were rich folks from up north just come to town for the season. Not that we ever tried to pretend that we weren't restaurant workers, because in those days you wouldn't find a better class of men anywheres—more rough or ready or openhanded. We were making good money and we weren't afraid to spend it. Lots of times we'd be in some place with wealthy people all around and we'd be the heaviest tippers in the house.

There was some used to claim that the bus drivers had it all over us and I admit they made plenty of noise and swaggered around in their uniforms, but when it comes to A-1 free and easy living they were never in it with us. I remember one night they had a big blowout and a bunch of us restaurant workers got together and crashed the party. We hadn't been there but a few minutes when we were dancing with all the prettiest girls and of course that didn't set so good with the bus drivers. They got to talking it over and it may be they'd eaten something that had made them overconfident, because they made up their minds they were going to throw us out.

Well, little incidents like that used to happen every so often and there wasn't any hard feelings connected to it, just high spirits was all it was.

I've always been grateful I enjoyed myself while I had the chance. I'd of been in bad shape if I'd have waited until now. This girl down to the Diet and Lodgings Office was telling me if

VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S "Filstrup, you've just got to get it through your head . . . You're *not* in the Marines" VIRGIL PARTCH

I broke the rule, and cried!

THE MIDDLE of the toy department in a big store at the height of the Christmas shopping rush is no time for a man to cry. But when I heard the Christmas music and the tooting electric trains and my son asking Santa for a dog – "a real, live, black dog" – I broke the rule that men don't cry . . . and cried!

I think you'll understand. You see, I hadn't heard Christmas *coming* for a long time! About twelve years ago, I began to lose my hearing. First, the end of sentences began to get fuzzy – then, people began to mumble. I cursed it. Refused to believe it. Pretended it wasn't happening. But I couldn't hide the fact that it *was* getting harder and harder for me to hear.

Oh, folks were kind! The men at the club raised their voices so I wouldn't feel left out. My wife answered my son's endless questions – questions I never heard. My secretary left written notes and just smiled. But kindness doesn't stop the loneliness of a quiet world. Kindness doesn't make your son a pal. Kindness doesn't make a stubborn man do anything about getting a hearing aid.

I wallowed in kindness and shut my mind to the whole idea of a hearing aid for twelve, long years! I can't tell you what jolted me out of my resigned state. Maybe it was an article I'd read. Maybe it was the longing to *really* hear my son's voice. Maybe I'd been mentally counting the people I knew . . . and discovered how many wore hearing aids!

So last spring, I went to a specialist who showed me the wonderful new hearing aids. Imagine, a hearing aid weighing a few ounces and no bigger than a package of cigarettes. Yet its precision is unbelievable!

The first time I wore it I felt pretty self-conscious. I remember I felt the same way the first time I put on my glasses to read the paper. After a few days, I realized no one had noticed my hearing aid – they noticed I *heard!* Now, I forget I'm wearing it...but the thrill of *hearing* Christmas this year – well, brother, that's something else again!

P.S. I can always depend on "Eveready" batteries for uniform performance—and they last much longer.

This letter reflects the experiences of many thousands of progressive young men and young women. If you are hard of hearing, see a hearing-aid dealer today. You will find him a trained and ethical specialist, anxious and able to help you.

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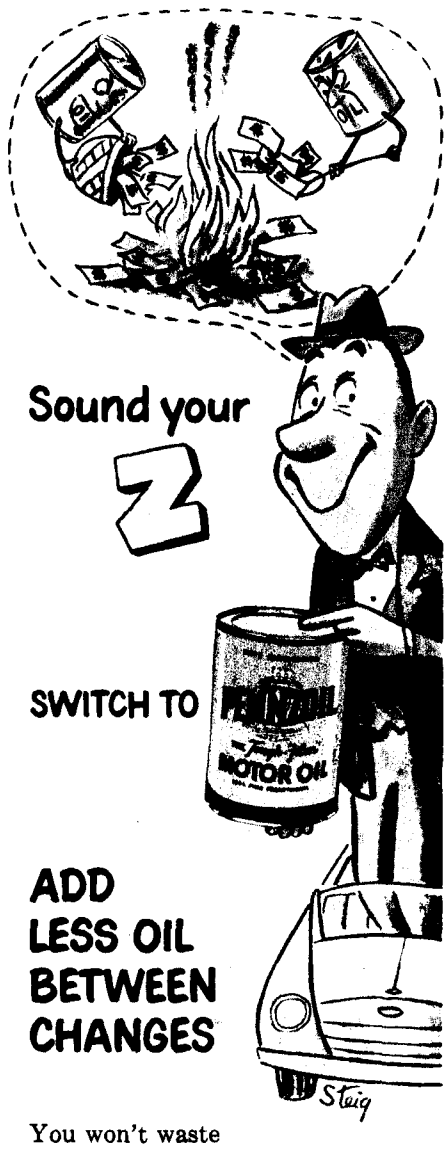

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AT BETTER DEALERS . . . COAST TO COAST

I didn't try to be a better citizen I might lose some of my recreation privileges.

"Why, heck," I said to her, "I used up all my privileges before you was even a gleam in the Fertilization Committee's eye. When I was your age," I told her, "a year's worth of privileges wouldn't of lasted me past eleven o'clock on a Saturday night."

She give me a lecture on responsibility and so forth and asked if I didn't want to see a better world.

"I've already seen a better world than what you've got," I said, "and you won't get it back by voting for it."

IT WAS in the spring when we left the gulf, so we headed north again, working our way through a lot of little towns, never staying long in one place. Everybody was feeling pretty good in those days, people in general I mean, not just us. For a long time they'd been worried about the war and being bombed and the like, but after a while they gave up worrying.

A couple of comedians had worked up a skit about it I remember. One of them made out like he was a scientist that had just discovered a new bomb, and the other fellow was a reporter. The reporter picked up this bomb that was about the size of a quart bottle and he wanted to know if it would wipe out an enemy city and the scientist said yes, it would. So the reporter said he guessed you'd have to drop it right in the middle of the enemy city and the scientist said no, you wouldn't. "You don't even have to drop it near the city," he said. "You could just drop it out the window over there." Naturally everybody got a big laugh out of that and I supposed they figured that if things had gone that far there was no use to worry, and nobody did.

We took it easy that summer, working our way east, doing whatever we pleased and a little extra. Everything was wide open and you could walk right into a store and buy cigars and whisky —not like it is now. Not that I want to make any complaints about the way they're running things. They've outlawed war and crime and such as that and they've got security and equality. I don't know that they've got as much equality as in the old days, but they've spread it around over more people.

We finally wound up at a resort about sixty miles from New York, up in the hills. Champ and Glenn had both been to the city before and they were always arguing about the best places to go once we got there. We had it planned to drive in as soon as we got paid, and do the town and if the manager didn't like it that would be his hard luck. We almost made it.

It was a Thursday evening just after dark and I was in the kitchen cleaning up when there was this flash I took to be heat lightning. Then the floor started to shake and a stack of dishes fell over, and all over the hotel people commenced to yell. I took off my apron and Champ stuck his head in the door and said, "Come on, kid, you want to see New York you'd better hurry."

Glenn was waiting outside and the three of us started up toward Lookout Point—they called it Lover's Leap too and some other names that weren't very polite. We met a lot of folks running down the path and they were hollering all kinds of crazy things, but we didn't pay them much attention. There was some benches up on the point and we sat down to watch. The whole east was lighted up, but you couldn't make out any actual flames. More just a glare that would get brighter for a minute and then die out some. When we first got there the moon was full and clear but after a little it got hazy as the smoke commenced to drift across in front of it and a little while later all the sky to the east was covered with a bank of smoke and the underside was all pink and orange from the reflection.

Glenn had a gallon jug full of wine and we all had a couple of swallows. Then we lit up cigarettes and sat there and didn't say anything.

Pretty soon Champ reached down and took off his shoes. "I've been wanting to do that all day," he said.

"I used to soak my feet in hot salt water," said Glenn, "every night, but I never could see that it did any good. I've forgot who it was told me to do it."

"People will tell you all kinds of crazy things," Champ said. He took another drink out of the jug and passed it around. I just had a sip, I was feeling kind of lightheaded anyhow.

Glenn rested the jug on his knee and swirled it around sort of absent-minded. "They used to be a joke about New York," he said. "Folks would say with all the noise and accidents going on every day, if they ever did drop a bomb on it how were you going to tell the difference?"

"Yeah, I heard that one," Champ said. "I guess now they're finding out the difference." Then he called to mind some other joke he'd heard and Glenn told a few more and we sang a couple of songs and drank and talked and watched the city burn.

"Well, kid," Glenn said finally, "you come a long way from Sacramento."

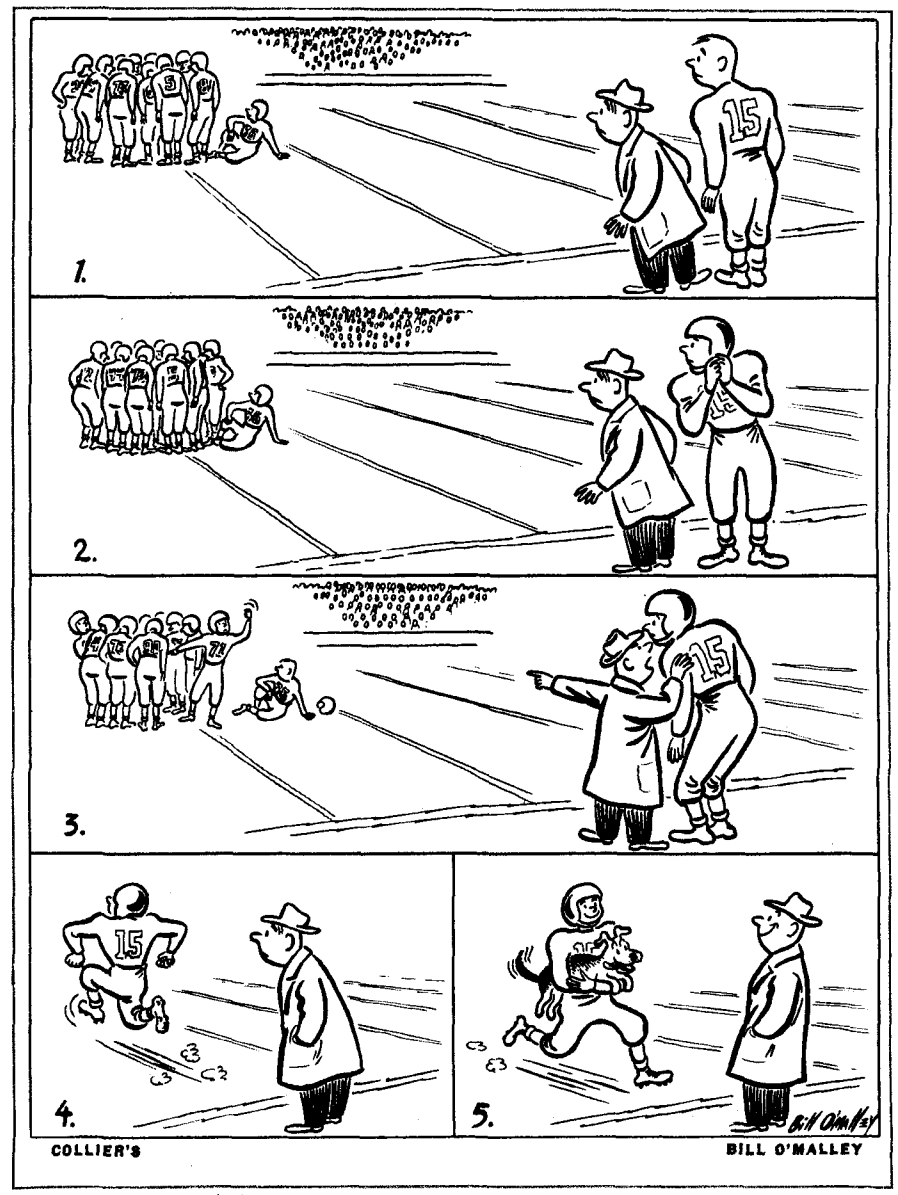
"Yeah," I said. I didn't feel like talking about it. What I wanted was for us to throw our stuff in the car and take off—the way we left all the other towns. I wished everything could keep on being the same as it used to be.

Glenn nodded toward the fire. "Looks like it might take quite a while to get things straightened out again. They're going to need people like us restaurantmen—ones that maybe been in a little trouble before and don't get rattled easy. They'll need all of us."

"May even have to call in the bus drivers," Champ said.

"Chances are," said Glenn and we left it at that. We hung around there until morning and the fire was as bright as ever. It would surprise you how long it takes a big city to burn but there wasn't any reason to stay any longer, so we walked back down the hill.

AT THIS banquet for my birthday recently that I started to talk about, the speaker said a lot of nice things about me like how I was a pioneer and had gone through bitter experiences and we were all happy now to be living in better times. Of course, he meant that anybody that wasn't satisfied with the way things were run should look at this poor worthless old man and what a miserable life he'd had, and then they'd feel better. In a way there was a lot of truth in it because all the folks I ever cared about are long gone, and the places I lived are blown up and forgotten. The old life wasn't perfect and I don't know that anybody claimed it was. There was trouble enough for everybody and some to spare and worry and unhappiness of one kind and another. But if somebody was to come along now and give me a choice, I'd tell him I wouldn't want to live in no other time—I wouldn't of missed it for the world. ▲▲▲



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KNOWN BY THE COMPANY IT KEEPS

In Highest Favor among Imported Whiskies

Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Highway Express Lines, Inc. Drives 80 Million Tire Miles Per Year and Get Their Lowest Cost Per Mile from

GENERAL TRUCK TIRES and KRAFT SYSTEM RECAPPING

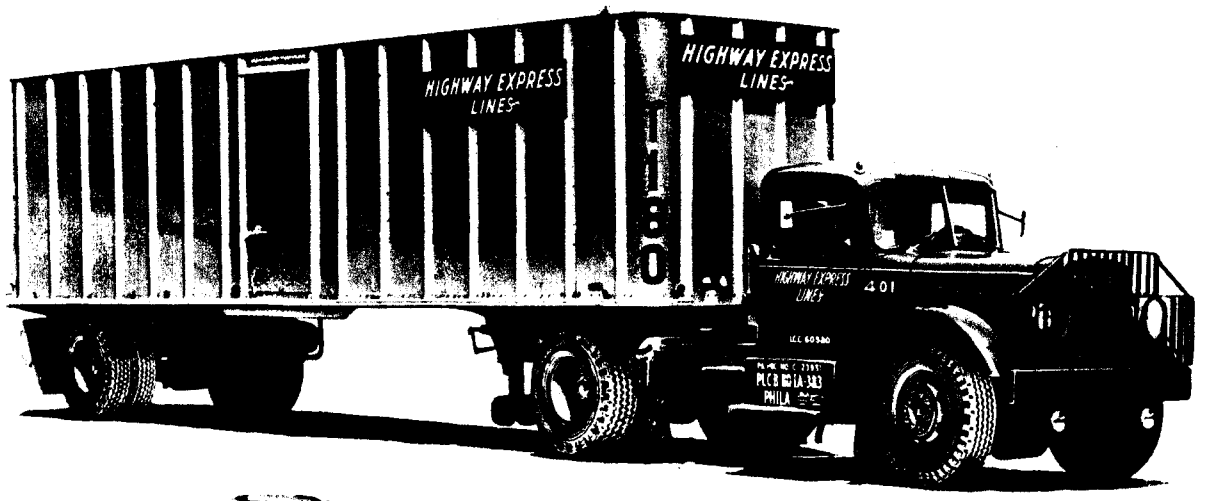
EXPRESS SERVICE AT FREIGHT RATES—and they can prove it! In and out of 22 terminals in 7 states, 500 tractor-trailer combinations and smaller trucks make *on-time, scheduled* pick-ups and deliveries every day.

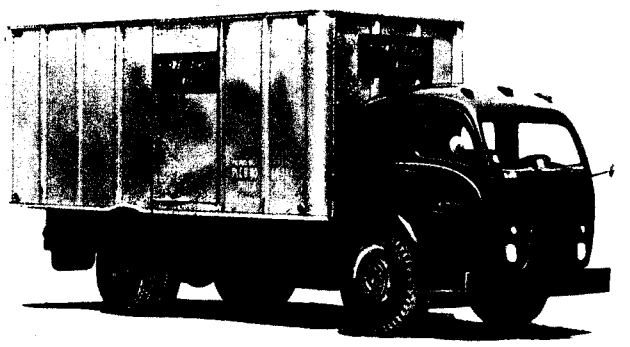
For Highway Express of Philadelphia started as a movie film hauling business . . . *guaranteed the price of the house* if they ever missed delivery to any theatre. In time of flood they have delivered film from rowboats and helicopters! Today they pick-up and deliver to 1800 theatres.

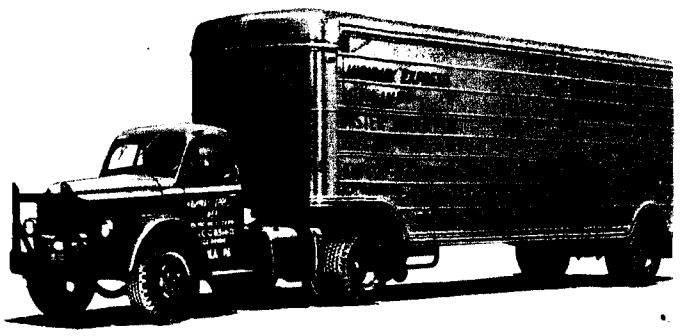
Newspapers, magazines and general freight move on scheduled runs . . . get the same expert handling as film. A big plus to the shipper, at no extra cost!

James P. Clark, president of *Highway Express,* vice president and member of the executive committee of the American Trucking Association (and president of the Philadelphia Eagles professional football team) says, "We buy Generals and Kraft Recapping because we feel they are our best guarantee of on-time delivery over any kind of road in any kind of weather."

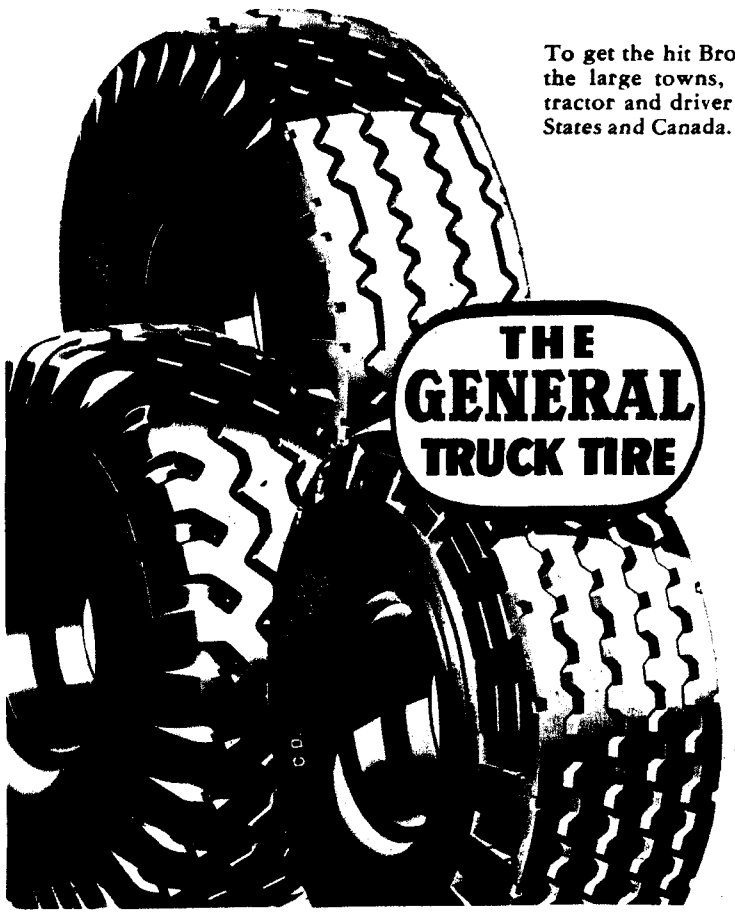
To which E. M. McGrath, Purchasing Agent, adds, ". . . and our records prove General Truck Tires and Kraft Recapping give us the lowest cost per mile."







To get the hit Broadway shows to the small, as well as the large towns, Highway Express assigns a trailer, tractor and driver to take the show anywhere in the 48 States and Canada. Trailers are designed to fit the show.



General's Local Distributor Service Adds Thousands of Miles to Truck Tires

In every General distributor organization there is a group of men specially trained to lower truck tire costs through regular fleet inspection and service. Another group are trained to give the fastest, most dependable road service to *all* truck owners, every where. A third group, the men of the Kraft Recapping Shops, are trained to renew worn truck tires the safe, dependable, expert Kraft way. No matter where you buy it, Kraft Recapping is done by factory trained men, using factory approved equipment, factory perfected materials and the same rubber that goes on *new* General Truck Tires. That's why one sure way to cut costs and increase profits is to see your General Tire Distributor *tomorrow.*

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

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These General Tire Distributors can give you the low cost mileage of General Truck Tires and Kraft Recapping

ALABAMA
Anniston, Jack Barlow Tire Service
Birmingham, Dennis General Tire Co.
Decatur, Ryan's Tire & Battery Service
Montgomery, Moody Tire Service, Inc.
Tuscaloosa, Wilson General Tire Service

ARIZONA
Flagstaff, Wheeler General Tire Co.
Globe, McFall Auto Parts
Phoenix, The Gen. Tire Co. of Phoenix
Tucson, Tucson General Tire Co.

ARKANSAS
Conway, Taylor Tire Co.
El Dorado, Rex's & Bob's Tire Service
Little Rock, Schaer-Norvell Tire Co.
Malvern, Malvern Tire Co.
Russellville, Taylor Tire Co.

CALIFORNIA
Alhambra, MacNab General Tire Service
Bakersfield, Boynton Bros. Inc.
Eureka, James S. Cloney & Sons
Fresno, LeMoss-Smith Tire Co.
Glendale, Fred Kinsley Service
Hayward, Hayward General Tire Service
Inglewood, Inglewood Tire Service
Lodi, Holz-Chapman General Tire Co.
Long Beach, Richardson Tire Co.
Los Angeles, Bathrick Pontiac, Inc.
Los Angeles, General Tire Serv. Co., Inc.
Los Angeles, A. H. Ross & Co.
Martinez, C & R Tire Co.
Modesto, J. S. West Tire Sales & Serv. Co.
Oakland, C. D. Rand & Co.
Oroville, R. H. Caborn
Palo Alto, Bill King General Tire
Pasadena, Tobias General Tire Co., Inc.
Riverside, Rome's Tire & Auto Supply
Sacramento, Parshall General Tires, Inc.
Salinas, Don Hultz General Tires
San Bernardino, General Tire Service Co.
San Diego, Durnal & Sons General Tire Co.
San Francisco, Gurley-Lord
San Jose, Cumming & Newton, Inc.
San Pedro, Pete Moretti Tire Service
Santa Ana, Cowart General Tire Co.
Santa Barbara, Rohrs & O'Reilly
Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz Tire Co.
Santa Maria, Gen. Tire Co. of Santa Maria
Santa Monica, Gen. Tire of Santa Monica
Santa Rosa, Barber's Service Station
Southgate, Wood's General Tire Serv., Inc.
Stockton, Wilson Way Tire Co.
Vallejo, M & R Tire Co.
Ventura, Warren General Tire Co.
Watsonville, Carroll's Truck Stop
Willows, Del's Tire Service

COLORADO
Colorado Springs, Dostal-Howard Tire Co.
Denver, Rabtoay General Tire Co.

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport, The Bridgeport Gen. Tire Co.
Danielson, Danielson Oil Co., Inc.
Hartford, The Auto Tire Co., Inc.
New Haven, The General Tires, Inc.
New London, Tire Service Co.
Norwich, A. J. Senft & Son
Stamford, Lincoln & Co.

DELAWARE
Wilmington, General Tire Co. of Delaware

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington, Croker General Tire Co.

FLORIDA
Clearwater, Pinellas Tire & Rubber
Ft. Lauderdale, Parker General Tire Serv.
Jacksonville, Pruitt Tire Co., Ltd.
Miami, General Tire Service, Inc.
Ocala, Jack Tucker's Service
Orlando, General Tire Supply
Panama City, Central Tire Service
Pensacola, Town & Country Tire Service
St. Petersburg, McIntyre, Incorporated
Tampa, The Pioneer Tire Co., Inc.

GEORGIA
Atlanta, General Tire Service Co.
Augusta, General Tire & Supply Co.
Dalton, Doyle Hayes Tire Service
Macon, Gordon Bush Tire Co.
Savannah, Stephens Tire Co.

IDAHO
Boise, Hardy Bros.
Buhl, Glen's Super Service
Lewiston, Gen. Tire & Retreading Co., Inc.
Pocatello, Sorenson-Hardy Gen. Tires, Inc.

ILLINOIS
Alton, Alton Tire Sales Co.
Aurora, Stafford Auto Supplies, Inc.
Bloomington, Uptown Tire Service
Chicago, Dunne General Tire & Sup. Co.
Chicago, Interstate General Tire, Inc.
Danville, The Geo. B. Satterwhite Co.
Decatur, Lukens Tire Co.
Olney, Trail's Tire Service
Peoria, Nelson General Tire Co.
Rockford, Recht-Froelich General Tire Co.

INDIANA
Anderson, Rollinger Gen. Retreading, Inc.
Evansville, Van Winkle-Stagg, Inc.
Ft. Wayne, Sagstetter General Tire Co.
Hammond, General Tire Sales & Service
Indianapolis, General Tire Co.
Jasper, Chick's Tire Company
New Castle, Henry County Tire Store
Shelbyville, Hites Oil Company

IOWA
Cedar Rapids, Culver General Tire, Inc.
Davenport, Westphal General Tire Co.
Dubuque, Theisen-O'Neill Tire Co.
Sioux City, O'Keefe Gen. Tire Service

KANSAS
Great Bend, Furrey General Tire Co., Inc.
Topeka, Daily General Tire Service, Inc.
Wichita, Boone General Tire Company

KENTUCKY
Ashland, Wurts Bros., Inc.
Henderson, Schmidt Service Center
Lexington, Marlowe General Tire Co.
Louisville, Hurry-Up Broadway
Owensboro, Gen'l Tire of Owensboro, Inc.
Paducah, Owens General Tire Service
Somerset, Sure Cure Tread Shop

LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge, Commercial Tire Co., Inc.
Bogalusa, Casanova Sales & Service Co.
Houma, 63 Tire Service
New Iberia, Ray Tire Co.
New Orleans, Jimmie Henemann Tire Serv.
Shreveport, Adair Tire Co.

MARYLAND
Baltimore, O'Toole General Tire Co.
Frederick, Keyser General Tire Service, Inc.
Hagerstown, Hanna General Tire Ser., Inc.
Westminster, Yingling General Tire Serv.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston, General Tire Co.
Fitchburg, Tower's General Tire
Greenfield, Petrin Motor Sales, Inc.
Pittsfield, Pittsfield Retread & Tire Co., Inc.
Worcester, Bowker-Hamblin-Malmquist, Inc.

MICHIGAN
Adrian, Hadden General Tire Co.
Alpena, Alpena Tire & Gas
Ann Arbor, Robey Tire Service
Battle Creek, Bill Wood Tire Co.
Benton Harbor, Benson Tire Co.
Detroit, General Tire Service Company
Detroit, Motor Truck Services, Inc.
Detroit, Tires, Inc.
Flint, Flint General Tire Co.
Grand Rapids, Bill Elder
Holland, Bill's Tire Shop
Iron Mountain, Hoskings Uptown Service
Ishpeming, D & C Sales & Service
Kalamazoo, Otto Kihm Tire Co.
Lansing, Roberts Tire Sales, Inc.
Mt. Pleasant, Bill Murray's Tire Service
Muskegon Hts., General Bader's Tire Serv.
Pontiac, Pontiac General Tire Co.
Traverse City, Doug Linder Tire Co.

MINNESOTA
Brainerd, Mathisen Tire Co.
Duluth, Mathisen Tire Co.
Minneapolis, The General Tire Co.
Montevideo, Anderson's Super Serv., Inc.
Virginia, Mathisen Tire Co.
Winona, Kalmes Tire Service
Worthington, Barrier Tire & Recap.

MISSISSIPPI
Clarksdale, Bill Ogden Tire Service
Cleveland, Kossman Buick Co.
Columbus, Cochran Tire & Oil Co.
Greenville, England Motor Co., Inc.
Hattiesburg, Ames Tire & Service Co.
Jackson, McLemore General Tire Service
Vicksburg, Williams General Tire Service

MISSOURI
Boonville, Boonville Recapping & Tire Co.
Cassville, Smith Tire & Service Station
Columbia, Whiteley Oil Co.
Jefferson City, Cole & Smallwood
Kansas City, McDowell Tire Co.
Kirksville, Frank R. Truitt Service
St. Joseph, Van Tire & Battery Service, Inc.
St. Louis, General Tire Co. of St. Louis

MONTANA
Billings, Empire Tire Co.
Butte, General Tire Supply
Helena, Johnston Motors, Inc.
Kalispell, Harry Koch Tire Service
Miles City, Beacon Carter Service

NEVADA
Reno, Marshall A. Guisti, Ltd.

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Dover, John P. Cassily Tire Co.

NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park, McManus & Fisk, Inc.
Camden, Camden Storage Battery Co.
Dover, Schwalb Tire Co.
Elizabeth, John J. Cross, Inc.
Hackensack, Brown-Hanselman Co.
Jersey City, McGuinness Gen. Tire Co.
Newark, The General Tire Co.
Orange, Saenger-Smith Co., Inc.
Paterson, Brustlin Bros.
Perth Amboy, Perth Amboy General Tire
Salem, Hassler Tire Service
Toms River, Reliable Garage
Trenton, Duffy Tire Co.
Vineland, Strauss Bros. Gen. Tire Ser., Inc.

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque, Galles Motor Company
Hobbs, Moyers General Tire Service, Inc.
Roswell, Lance Bros., Tire Service
Santa Fe, Santa Fe Motor Co.

NEW YORK
Albany, Terry-Haggerty Gen. Tires, Inc.
Binghamton, General Tire Service
Bronx, Bronx General Tire Co.
Brooklyn, Kings County Gen. Tires, Inc.
Buffalo, Dowdell-Palmer General Tires, Inc.
Canandaigua, Clifford E. Murphy
Cortland, Tallmadge Tire Service
Denkirk, George Ray, Inc.
Flushing, Northshore Tire Corp.
Franklin Square, Nassau Gen. Tire Serv., Inc.
Fulton, H. R. Sivers Tire Service
Herkimer, W. D. Stearns Tire Company
Hornell, Hornell General Tire Service
Jamaica, Jamaica General Tire Co.
Jamestown, Emblem Oil Co.
Kingston, Hudson Valley Tire Co.
Long Beach, J & J Miles Rubber Co.
Long Island City, Astoria Tire Co., Inc.
Monticello, State Tire Recappers
Mt. Vernon, Austin-Bliss G'n. Tire Co., Inc.
Newark, McDougall Service Garage
Newburgh, Harvey Bros., Inc.
New York, The New York Gen. Tire Co.
Olean, Sullivan & Murray Co.
Peekskill, Lazar's Tire Service
Poughkeepsie, Hinkle Gen. Tire Co., Inc.
Rochester, Scanlon Lewis Gen. Tires, Inc.
Schenectady, Kline General Auto Supply
Syracuse, Syracuse General Tire Corp.
Tompkinsville, S. I., Kieran Tire Co., Inc.
Troy, Williams Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.
Utica, Boyd General Tire, Inc.
Watertown, Holton & Teghtmeyer, Inc.
White Plains, Robertson & Pohl, Inc.

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheboro, Carolina Retreading Co
Burlington, General Tire Supply, Inc.
Charlotte, Charlotte General Tire Co.
Durham, Ingold Tire Co.
Fayetteville, Jones-Lanham Tire Co., Inc.
Goldsboro, Prince Tire Co.
Hickory, Sudderth Tire & Battery Service
Kinston, Kinston Tire Company
New Bern, Wrenn & Andrews
Raleigh, Hunt General Tire Co.
Roanoke Rapids, Blackwell Tire Company
Salisbury, Haden's Tire Service, Inc.
Sanford, Sanford Tire Service
Wilmington, Neuwirth Bros.
Winston Salem, Parrish Tire Company

NORTH DAKOTA
Bismarck, Renz & Zierke Gen. Tire Service
Fargo, Swenberg Tire Company

OHIO
Akron, Bill Paschal's General Tire Service
Akron, Nu-Tread Tire Co.
Alliance, Brown-Holt General Tire Co.
Athens, Buck Auto Supply
Bryan, Mac's Tire Shop
Cadiz, Cadiz Tire Sales & Service
Canton, Sampson General Tire Co.
Chillicothe, Art Howson's Tire Service
Cincinnati, Sohngen & Bischoff
Cleveland, The General Tire Co.
Columbus, General Tire Sales
Dayton, Knapp General Tire Service, Inc.
East Liverpool, Litten Motor Sales
Elyria, Geo. Hermann, Inc.
Fremont, Hamilton Tire & Battery
Galion, Galion Tire Shop
Hamilton, Bob Shute General Tire, Inc.
Lancaster, Fred Shaeffer's Tire Shop
Lima, Lima General Tire Co.
Mansfield, Bailey Tire Service
Marietta, Mahone Tire Service
Middletown, Russ Dempster Gen. Tire Sales
Mt. Vernon, Pond's Tire Shop
Newark, Zeiher's Corners Hawkinson T'rd
New Philadelphia, Fishel Tire Service
Painesville, Hach's Auto Service, Inc.
Shelby, Jack Love
Steubenville, Shaffer's General Tires, Inc.
Toledo, Gene Richard & Sons, Inc.
Warren, Varley's Warren General Tires
Willard, Heisler, Incorporated
Wooster, Zurcher Sunoco Service
Xenia, Service Tire & Auto Sales, Inc.
Youngstown, Safety Tire Co.

OKLAHOMA
Altus, Foster-Ellis Tire Service
Chickasha, B & M Tire Service Co.
Clinton, Smith Tire Shop
Oklahoma City, Benson Gen. Tires, Inc.
Ponca City, Mires Tire Co.
Shawnee, Brewer General Tire Company
Tulsa, General Tires, Inc.

OREGON
Grants Pass, Jim & Harry's Tire Service
Klamath Falls, Monarch Tire Service
Medford, Hawkinson Tire Tread Service
Mohama, Philippi Tire Service
Oregon City, Hubach & Parkinson Tire Co.
Pendleton, Ford's Tire Service
Philomath, State Tire Company
Portland, Mel Goodin Tire Co.
Salem, State Tire Co.
The Dalles, Woolsey Gen. Tire Service

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown, Lehigh Valley Tire Co.
Beaver Falls, Pugh & Scott
Bradford, Motor Inn Filling Station
Brookville, Auto Service Station
Butler, Ray Andre
Chambersburg, Ross Gen. Tire Serv., Inc.
Easton, Easton Tire Service Co.
Erie, Chaffee Tire Co.
Greensburg, A. L. McClintock
Hanover, Goodfellow Chevrolet, Inc.
Harrisburg, V. D. Leisure Co.
Jenkintown, W. C. Fleck & Bros., Inc.
Johnstown, The Del Boring Tire Service
Kittanning, Bill Fox Tire Service
Lancaster, Lancaster General Tire Co.
Leechburg, Leechburg Tire Co.
Millvale, Corfield Tire Service
Philadelphia, Carnell & Bradburn
Pittsburgh, Campbell General Tire Co.
Pittsburgh, Maxon Tire Service
Pittston, Consumers Gas & Oil Co.
Pottsville, Leisure-Freed Tire Company
Scranton, A. H. Steppacher
Sharon, John B. Lewis
Sunbury, Leisure-Black Tire Co.
Uniontown, Crawford-Webb
Vandergrift, Gosser Tire Service
Warren, Emblem Oil Company
Washington, Howley Gen. Tire Serv., Inc.
Williamsport, Wentzler's Inc.
York, Willard General Tire

RHODE ISLAND
Providence, General Tire Service, Inc.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Anderson, McAdams Tire Service
Charleston, Thrower-VanNess Tire Ser., Inc.
Columbia, Columbia Tire Service, Inc.
Greenville, Hunter's Tire Service
Spartanburg, Whitlock Tire Service

SOUTH DAKOTA
Deadwood, Eddie's Tire & Glass
Rapid City, Eddie's Tire Service
Sioux Falls, Keeler's Super Service
Watertown, Mel Dahle Tire Company

TENNESSEE
Bristol, Davis Tire & Recapping, Inc.
Chattanooga, General Tire Service, Inc.
Columbia, Russell & Bartlett Tire Co.
Hartsville, T. A. Jones & Son, Recappers
Jackson, General Tire Service
Kingsport, Duffer-Taylor Tire Service, Inc.
Knoxville, General Tire Sales Co.
Lebanon, Hinson Tire Co.
Livingston, Doak General Tire Co.
Memphis, Steepleton General Tire Co.
Murfreesboro, Russell Tire Co.
Nashville, McDowell General Tire Co.
Union City, Better Recappers

TEXAS
Abilene, E. N. Compere
Alice, Adams General Tire Service
Amarillo, Baker-Askew Tire Co.
Austin, Reed Sales Co.
Beaumont, Beaumont General Tire Sales
Brownsville, Hunt General Tire Service
Colorado City, Dave Helm Tire Co.
Conroe, Louie Hoopes Tire Co.
Corpus Christi, Dickenson Gen. Tire Service
Dallas, General Tire Service
El Paso, Turner's Gen. Tire Service, Inc.
Ft. Worth, Hertel General Tire Co.
Houston, General Tire Sales of Houston
Longview, McCann Tire Service
Lubbock, Woody Tire Co.
Midland, Midland Tire Co.
Odessa, Garrison Gen'l Tire Service
Plainview, Kiker's Service Station
San Angelo, Red Covington Tire Service
San Antonio, Harper General Tire Co.
Texarkana, Cullom-Walker
Tyler, Prickett-McElroy Tire Co., Inc.
Victoria, Allen Tire & Recapping Service
Wichita Falls, Earl Hodges Tire Service

UTAH
Salt Lake City, Wheeler General Tire Co.

VIRGINIA
Alexandria, Colross Tire Corp.
Bristol, Davis Tire & Recapping, Inc.
Charlottesville, Barr Tire Co.
Chatham, Grubb & Terry, Inc.
Danville, Stinson Tire Co.
Harrisonburg, Glen Shomo
Lawrenceville, Brunswick Rubber Co., Inc.
Lexington, Spencer Tire Co.
Lynchburg, Lynchburg Ramp Garage, Corp.
Norfolk, Joynes Tire Co.
Norton, Lonesome Pine Recapping Co.
Radford, Wilson Pontiac Co.
Richmond, Gen. Tire Co. of Richmond, Inc.
Staunton, Dozier Tire Co.
Suffolk, Tadlock Tire Service
Virginia Beach, Bell-Edwards Tire Corp.

WASHINGTON
Aberdeen, General Tire Service
Bellingham, Swan General Tire Service
Centralia, Naismith & Davis
Seattle, General Tire Co.
Toppenish, City Tire Service
Vancouver, MacNab's Service
Yakima, Tire Sales & Equipment

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley, R. J. Lucas
Charleston, Park Tire Co., Inc.
Clarksburg, Barman Tire & Sales Co.
Elkins, General Tire & Battery Co.
Parkersburg, Mahone Tire Service
Welch, Welch Tire & Tread Co., Inc.
Wheeling, Wheeling Lincoln-Mercury

WISCONSIN
Appleton, Ray's Tire Co.
Fond du Lac, Hayward Tire Co.
Green Bay, Green Bay Tire Service
Kenosha, Kenosha General Tire Co., Inc.
Milwaukee, General Tires, Inc.
Rice Lake, Mathisen Tire Co.
Richland Center, Leyda Motors
Superior, Mathisen Tire Co.

WYOMING
Casper, Empire Tire Co.
Cheyenne, Chief Oil Corp.
Worland, Empire Tire Co.

CANADA
Hamilton, Ontario, Comrie Tire Co., Ltd.

KRAFT
SYSTEM
RECAPPING
A GENERAL TIRE SERVICE

- *Factory controlled methods*
- *Factory trained men*
- *Factory approved equipment*
- *General Tire quality rubber*
- *Proved, uniform curing time*
- *Uniformly high results*

MORE ORIGINAL MILES • MORE RECAP MILES

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Readying for hectic schedule, Rosemary has hair set on recent Wednesday in N.Y. salon

Everything's

SINCE her hit recording, Come On-A My House, made her the toast of Tin Pan Alley a couple of seasons ago, Rosemary Clooney has been on her way up. Her four-way career as a leading Columbia Records artist, TV and night-club headliner and Paramount Pictures star has been fizzing like a bottle of vintage champagne. But though the twenty-four-year-old songstress takes the breakneck life of a celebrity in stride, she has little use for the trimmings. Rosemary is still a skirt 'n' sweater girl at heart.

"It feels good to be on top," she said during a recent three-day stopover in her elegant modern apartment at Hampshire House overlooking New York's Central Park. "It took seven years of hard work, so I'm going to enjoy it while it lasts." At that moment the phone rang and the bouncing little blonde from Maysville, Kentucky, answered it by pealing off a stanza of her current dialect-record smash Botch-A-Me. The caller at the other end of the line was startled—but delighted.

"The telephone," says an acquaintance, "is a big thing with Rosie." (She's "Rosie" or "Clooney" to most of her friends.) Her two phones rang 17 times in the course of the next 60 minutes.

Rosemary cheerfully took messages for her friend and companion, a handsome, capable blonde named Jacqueline Sherman. "Jackie" doubles as adviser, confidante and organizer of details, has lived with Rosie since they met two years ago. In rapid sequence Rosemary arranged for tickets to the Broadway revue New Faces; made a hairdressing appointment; planned a practice session with her accompanist; talked about a disc-jockey show and recording date scheduled for the following night; chatted with managers Joe Schribman and Charles Trotta; discussed the dress she would wear for a photography sitting; and hashed over the merits of a new tune with arranger-orchestra leader Percy Faith.

"When I don't particularly like a song," says Rosemary, "it's sure to sell. Look what happened with Come On-A My House. That harpsichord arrangement appalled me when I first heard it. But it was Mitch's idea and I've learned that Mitch (Columbia's popular records chief, Mitch Miller) is generally right."

Between phone calls, Rosie hunted up a steam iron for a friend, actress Ann Rutherford; absentmindedly pasted a wet handkerchief on the im-

Still a skirt 'n' sweater girl, Rosie walks, talks with same enthusiasm she puts into singing

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Later, she steam-irons a dress preparing for an evening date

Same day, she waxes four songs in three hours at Columbia Records

By Thursday, Rosie's in home state, Kentucky. At Louisville for Cerebral Palsy fund telethon, she and Garry Moore are stars in welcome parade

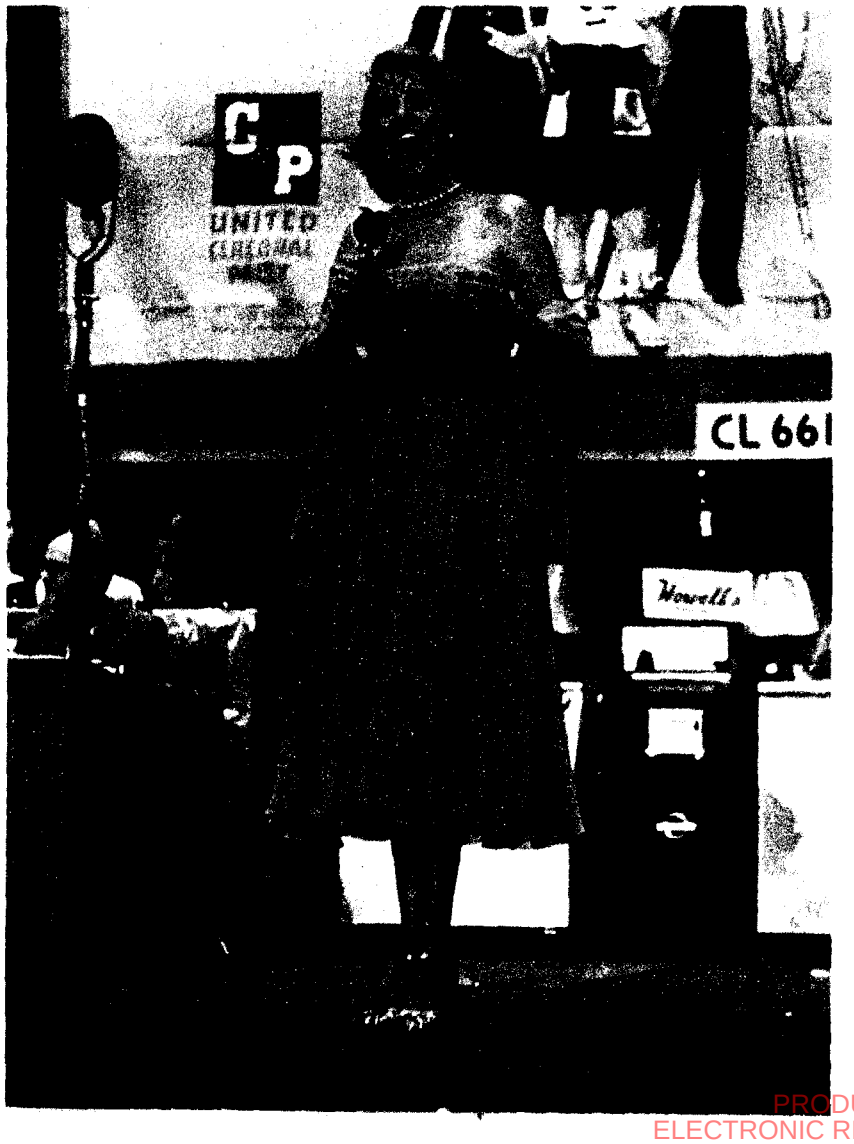
Rosy for Clooney

Riding high on records, films and TV, Rosemary Clooney keeps moving up at a legend-making pace

By EVELYN HARVEY

At dawn, with eight hours yet to go, exhausted songstress takes break

Telethon started 10 P.M. Saturday, ended Sunday afternoon. Rosie worked throughout the long night, singing with robust good humor



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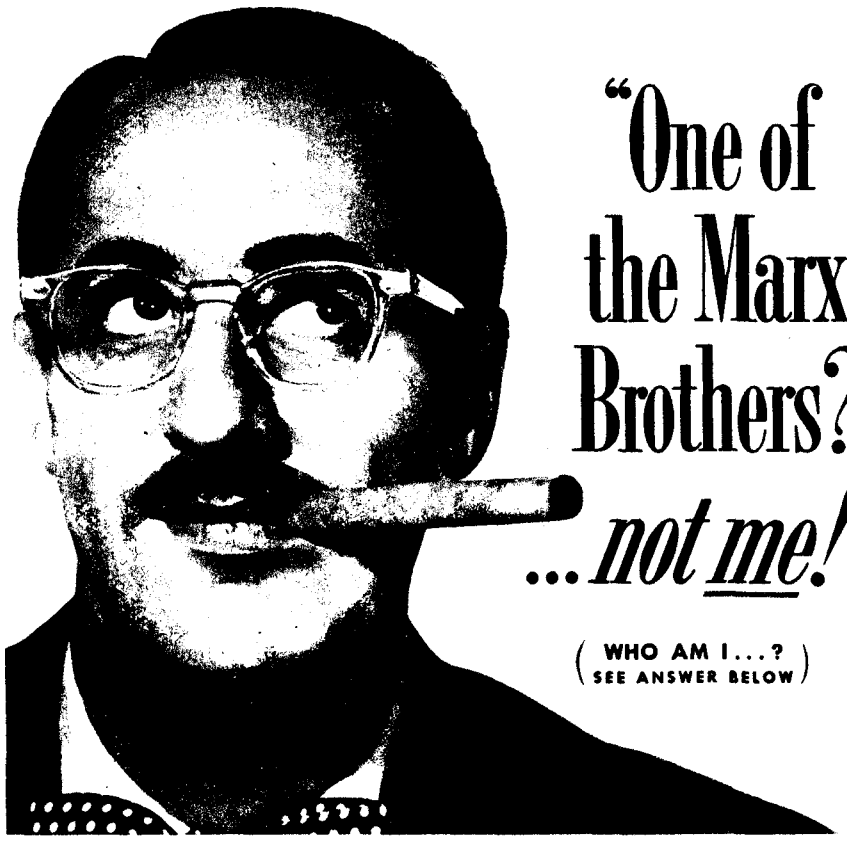

"One of the Marx Brothers? ...not me!"

(WHO AM I...? SEE ANSWER BELOW)

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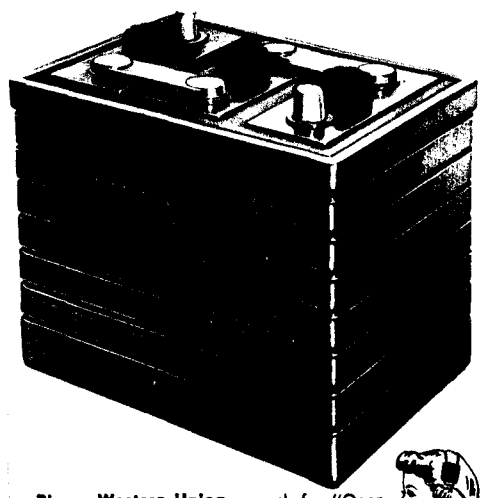
You were wrong if you thought the man shown above was Groucho Marx. Although Donald Moray of West Hollywood, Calif., is frequently confused with Groucho, there are no family ties. And if you want to be right about batteries, see your nearby Auto-Lite Battery Dealer who services all makes of batteries. Remember, money cannot buy a better battery than the Auto-Lite "Sta-ful."



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Success can run a person ragged. But Rosie

posing, ceiling-high mirror (an old touring trick to eliminate ironing); showed off the portable record player she carts with her wherever she goes; and talked about the fund-raising telethon for the United Cerebral Palsy Associations, Inc., she and CBS's Garry Moore were to do that week end in Louisville.

"I haven't been to Kentucky since my grandfather died, several years ago," said Rosemary. "He was mayor of Maysville, my home town, for years and years. When he knew I wanted to be a singer, he used to take me to sing spirituals with the Negro congregation of a nearby church."

Rosemary's most recent visit to her native state had much of the flavor of the celebrity's return. A motor-escorted parade and waiting crowds of autograph seekers preceded the 16-hour telethon, during which Rosie sang, clowned and answered telephones in the sweltering auditorium, stopping only for an occasional snack or a cat nap off stage.

Although Rosemary now looks upon New York as home, touring is in her blood. She and her younger sister Betty (currently a radio and TV singer on her own) traveled together for several years singing duets with Tony Pastor's band.

"They were just a couple of fresh-looking kids when we hired them," says Charlie Trotta, who was Pastor's band manager. "They were doing a local radio show after school when they came to sing for me. They'd come straight from swimming. Their hair wasn't combed. They had on flat-heeled shoes and no stockings. There was no piano, but they sang a full arrangement of Patty Cake—Patty Cake Baker Man without missing a note."

Rosie's occasional solos began to catch on. She was a vocalist on the TV show Songs for Sale when Jan Murray was M.C. Then came Come On-A My House and the big time.

A singer with many styles, she has since recorded with Frank Sinatra, Guy Mitchell, Harry James, Gene Autry and Marlene Dietrich. Her children's records are doing well, too.

Nowadays, between her television movie and record commitments, Rosie takes off for frequent night club dates and one-night theater stands. With her go Jackie Sherman, one of her managers and a bagful of evening dresses, most of them white. She fits in as many as five performances a day when she plays theaters, plus a couple of disc-jockey shows, sipping soft drinks continually. For after-show suppers she leans more toward crackers and milk than caviar and champagne.

Now that Rosemary has a movie contract, she has set up housekeeping in Hollywood as well. She has made one picture, The Stars Are Singing, as yet unreleased, and has another on the agenda, Here Come the Girls, with Bob Hope. But although she has taken over a star's dressing room and is being fitted to an impressive wardrobe, Rosemary has not yet been absorbed by glamor. She likes a good time, of course, and her escorts have ranged from TV's lethargic Dave Garroway to Broadway's supercharged José Ferrer. But basically she's still a casual kid who likes to clamber into play clothes, put her feet up and listen to records.

"I'm having a lot of fun, and for a while at least, I want to go on doing just what I'm doing. Life, right now, is real rosy," Rosemary Clooney declares. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JEROME YULSMAN

In Hollywood two days later, Rosemary rehearses with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis for NBC-TV show. She averages several shows a month

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has youth, spirit and near-boundless energy

Next she rushes to fitting of a $1,700 gown designed for her by Edith Head of Paramount. With it, Rosie wears $100,000 emerald (borrowed)

Between fitting and rehearsal for Edgar Bergen show, Rosie—smiling weakly—works in interview with Hollywood columnist Mike Connolly

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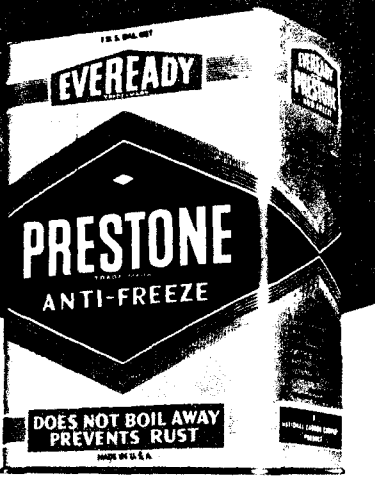

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Willis and George erupted from their cars and made for each other. They met in the middle of Chestnut Street, and each man drew back his right for a

A NICE QUIET HOBBY

By DON TRACY

Jealous hatred had made a wreck of George, and Willis returned the feeling tenfold. Alas, what was to become of their homes, and their poor children?

STOP the car, Bus, quick!" Peggy screamed. Bus jammed on the brakes. His sixth-hand coupé bucked, shuddered and stopped with a jolt.

"What'sa matter?" he asked breathlessly. "Bee?"

Peggy's fingers went to her cheek and carefully picked off a wisp of something.

"Eyelash," she explained.

Bus stared at her in indignation. "Eyelash!" he cried. "For the luvva Mike, woman, do you realize you made me burn an inch of rubber off my tires? If this wasn't a backwood road you'd prob'ly have a dozen cars piled up back of me—yelling like you were stabbed, that way. Do you realize—"

"Quiet," she told him.

He watched in perplexity as she placed the eyelash on the back of her hand, screwed up her face in deep concentration and then pursed her lips to blow on the curved hair. The eyelash quivered, then sailed off into space.

Peggy looked at Bus, beaming. "I'll get it," she announced.

"What kind of business is this?" Bus demanded. "The woman nearly wrecks a guy's car and then starts blowing on eyelashes!"

"You make a wish," Peggy explained patiently. "Then blow on the eyelash. If it sticks, you don't get your wish. Mine blew right off."

Bus grunted and set the car in motion again. The coupé bumped over the rutted road for a quarter of a mile before he asked the question. "What did you wish for?"

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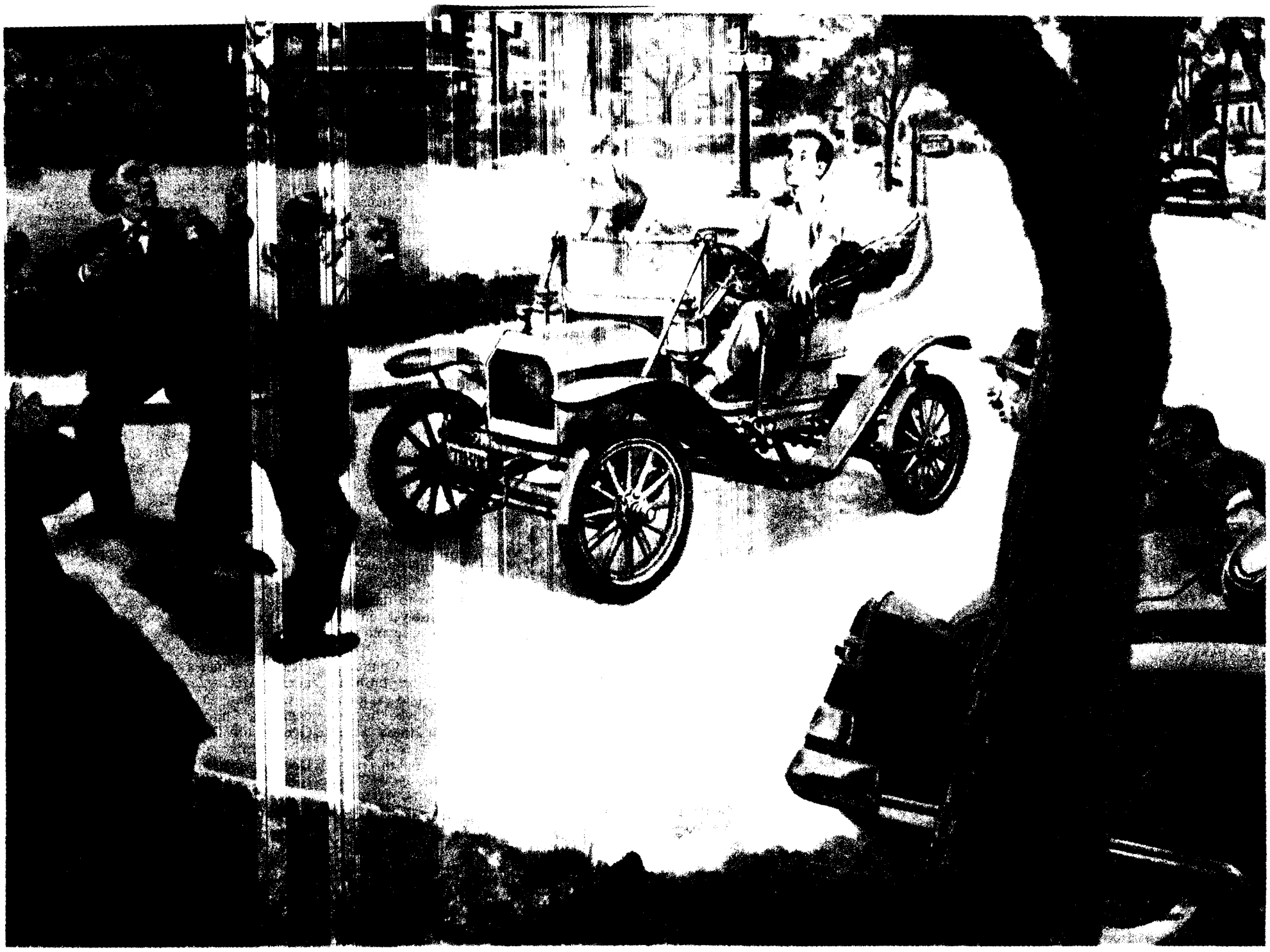

haymaker. The punches were never thrown. There came a putt-putting sound, and the men whirled and looked as a red-painted roadster advanced on them

Peggy shook her head firmly. "If I tell you," she said, "it doesn't count."

"Did you wish we were both old enough so we could get married right away without having to wait?" he suggested.

"Ha! Anybody knows it's impossible to change our age," the girl said. "No use wasting wishes on impossible things."

"Well then, you wished your father and my old man would stop acting like the Hatfields and McCoys just because they're in the same business and they're both named Brown."

Peggy started to answer and shook her head again. "I couldn't tell you if you guessed," she said, "but I can say you're awful close."

Bus—George Brown, Junior, nicknamed Buster, shortened to Bus—avoided one pothole but hit another. Peggy—Margaret Brown, daughter of Willis Brown and no relation to Bus except by love—jounced in her seat.

"If only they *would* make up," she said, "everything would be so perfectly wonderful. If only they'd—"

"Hey!" Bus exclaimed. The brakes squealed again. "Look at that!"

"Oh, isn't it just *gorgeous!*" Peggy Brown said.

The boy and girl sat there, staring happily through the windshield, and for the moment they forgot that their fathers had not made up and, in the opinion of most of Millersville, never would make up the feud between them. . . .

Other people had wished for years—*and* almost as much as Bus and Peggy—that Willis Brown and George Brown would settle their differences. All their friends had tried to get the two men together; at one time or another practically everybody in Millersville had had a crack at getting George and Willis to call off the war that had started when Willis moved into town after buying the old Hommerlinck & Dalton Company, a building construction firm. Since Willis was no kin at all to George, it was odd that Willis' business should be the same as George's, but it was so; George was inordinately proud of his G. B. Brown Construction Company, across town from the H & D yards.

"Looks like I've got a namesake in the same line," George said at the time, "but—heh heh—I don't think there'll be any mix-up. After all, *everybody* knows G. B. Brown."

WHEN Willis changed the name of his newly bought firm to the Brown Building Corporation, lightning began to play along the horizon.

Willis said later that if George Brown had come to him like a man and had talked things over with him, he might have chosen another firm name. But when the big clunk, as he put it, started throwing his weight around, threatening to get an injunction, it had just gotten his Irish up.

George, on the other hand, maintained that he had been all set to welcome the newcomer with open arms when the Johnny-come-lately ripped down the Hommerlinck & Dalton sign first crack out of the box and stuck up that Brown plagiarism.

"I welcome competition," George said firmly. "Honest competition."

"He's scared to death," jeered Willis.

The war was not long in breaking out of the cold stage. That happened when a city engineer's clerk pulled a boner and phoned George and told him that his firm had won a school contract when, in reality, Willis had been low bidder. The dust of that confusion settled to leave George convinced that Willis somehow had switched bids to undercut him, and Willis as hotly certain that George had tried to pull a fast one and would again. The battle was joined.

Peggy Brown and Bus Brown had met, meanwhile, had looked at each other and simultaneously had thought: *That's for me!* There was never a doubt in either's mind that they were meant for each other. They had the same likes and dislikes; they were ideally suited. When Bus made one of his periodic dives into the mysteries of the beat-up coupé's innards, Peggy stood by and handed him things, ignoring grease smears.

It was too bad that such idyllic love had to be shadowed by the paternal thunderclouds that lowered over it, sending down frequent lightning bolts; still, hardly a day passed but what either Bus or Peggy, usually both, was reminded that their romance had been born and continued in stormy weather. "Peg," Willis boomed, "you're old enough to know that every girl has to guard herself against despicable, crafty, unprincipled—"

"If you're talking about Bus, Father," said

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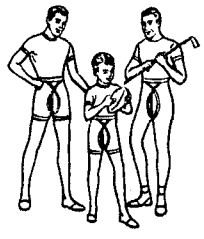

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Peggy, "you're all wrong. He's sweet."

"Sweet! Hah! Like his unscrupulous, double-dealing father is sweet, I suppose!"

"Bus can't help who his father is any more than I can," Peggy said—a statement that gave Willis choleric pause.

"Buster," George Brown was saying at that instant, "I can't stand by and see you waste your time on that whey-faced—"

"Hold it, Dad," Bus warned ominously. "Peggy's face is all right. It's perfect."

"She takes after her father in looks," George pointed out, "and probably in other things, such as an utter lack of ethics, basic honesty or common decency."

THEIR young love kept the boy and girl above the Brown vs. Brown imbroglio. Common sense kept their mothers aloof from the struggle, too, and they were fairly good friends. But the two men, Willis and George, continued to smite each other hip and thigh while calling loudly on their children to lay off dealing with the enemy. They let the bitter juices of their thorny diet settle in their systems to the point where both found themselves on the very brink of nervous collapse and peptic ulcers.

"You'd better see Doc Connors," Mrs. George Brown told her husband one evening after George had exploded over nothing at all. "Maybe he can prescribe something for these awful nerves."

"You simply can't go on this way, Willis," the other Mrs. Brown was saying at about this time. "Why don't you drop in and see that doctor near your office—Connors, is it?"

Now, young Doc Connors was a very good doctor even though a little withdrawn from the daily world of Millersville. If he had paid more attention to the business gossip at his Rotary Club he might have prescribed differently, but as it was he followed the dictates of his professional know-how. Both George Brown and Willis Brown were suffering exactly the same ailment, *ergo,* both cases demanded exactly the same treatment.

"What you need," Doc Connors told Willis, "is some outside interest, something to take your mind off your business completely at times. Some sport—golf, for instance."

"Ugh," said Willis Brown.

"Oh, well, fishing or skeet shooting, then."

"Ugh," Willis said again, more emphatically.

"How about a nice quiet hobby?" Doc Connors suggested.

"Like stamp collecting, eh?" Willis asked acidly.

Doc laughed and shook his head. "Never could work up much of a sweat over stamps, myself," he admitted, "although lots of people do. My own hobby's a little different."

"Such as?" Willis asked cautiously.

"Old cars," Doc Connors said. "Man, once you get wrapped up in those babies you've got a hobby that won't give you any time to worry about taxes or Congress."

"Old cars?" Willis asked. "Do you drive one of those antiques I've seen around town?"

"Unh-unh. You saw either Bob Murphy or Luke Trader. Bob's got a Matheson I'd give my eyeteeth for, and Luke Trader owns a Thomas. Mine's a 1910 Franklin. Full elliptic springs. Bronze bearings—well, don't get me started on her."

"Will she run?" Willis asked.

"Sure, she'll run," Doc said, "but I can't take her out till I get a pair of authentic acetylene head lamps for her; she wouldn't be complete. Been hunting those lamps for six months."

"When I was a kid we had a one-cylinder Olds in the family," Willis said reminiscently. "First car in my home town."

"If we'd only known then what we know now," Doc said passionately, "we'd have saved those old cars through boom and depression. A one-cylinder Olds!"

Willis stroked his chin reflectively. "Come to think of it," he said, "I saw a mighty old car when I was out in the country a while back, looking over a jobsite."

"Just where," asked Doc Connors idly, "did you see this old heap—not that it's likely to be worth anything?"

"Why, just up—" Willis said and stopped. Into his eyes came a veiled gleam. The sting of the adder, the impact of a bullet, cannot be compared in swift effect to a man's conversion to the cult of old automobiles.

"I forget," he lied. "If I remember, I'll let you know."

"I understand," Doc Connors said sadly. "Well, take these pills after meals, and remember, if it hasn't got grease cups and a copper gas tank, it's not the McCoy."

Less than an hour after Willis had departed, hurriedly, Fate prodded George into Doc Connors' office.

"Old cars as a hobby?" he said, after Doc had recited his prescription. "By golly, maybe you've got something there! I'd like to try my hand at it." He struck one palm with the other fist. "And," he said, "I think I know where I can pick one up for peanuts, if I work it right."

"And where is that?" Doc Connors asked casually. George pretended not to hear the question. Doc sighed philosophically; after all, a fish rose only once in a thousand such casts. He watched George gallop out of his office and smiled.

WILLIS BROWN, having had almost an hour's start on George, was first to arrive at the farm home of Randolph Lorenstrader. Mr. Lorenstrader's fief adjoined the site of a new pumping station, a project which Dolph had labeled a fool waste of the taxpayers' money ever since he had failed in his attempt to hijack the water commission out of a breath-taking price for a parcel of his land. Willis once had made a phone call from Lorenstrader's house.

The good Dolph, according to Mrs. Lorenstrader, was down the road to Kallemhirsch's place, ostensibly to borrow a wrench but more likely to set there drinkin' bootleg applejack till he couldn't see straight. Mrs. Lorenstrader was well into her address of explanation as to her husband's whereabouts and general worthlessness when Dolph arrived, driving a pickup truck with considerable flair. Mr. Lorenstrader descended from the truck in a lurching leap and breathed the fragrance of Baldwins, Winesaps, Grimes Goldens and McIntoshes upon Willis.

"Howdy!" he bawled. "Glad t'see you! Lemme tell you about that pumpin' station they're buildin'. Got facts *and* figgers t'prove it's a barefaced swindle!"

"Ah—yes," Willis said, fighting vertigo. "What I came to see you about, Mr. Lorenstrader, was—"

"What's the country comin' to?" cried Dolph, weaving in indignation.

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"Exactly," Willis agreed. "I want to see you about—"

"Ain't had an honest official in the hull county since I was dep'ty sheriff back in twenty-two," Lorenstrader hollered, "and I wasn't so honest it hurt, neither!"

"The old car!" Willis shouted desperately. "I want to buy the old car I saw in your barn when I used your phone a while back. Where is it?"

"Car?" asked Dolph. "What car?"

"The old car!" Willis yelled. "The one you had in the barn!"

DOLPH sat down on the truck's running board and wrinkled his forehead. "Oh, *that* car," he said. "Now, what did I do with that old car?"

"Y'know well and good what you done with it, Dolph Lorenstrader," his wife squalled from the back steps. "You give it to Fritz Kallemhirsch for applejack, that's what you done!"

"Well," Lorenstrader said defensively, "wasn't worth nothin' anyhow, except for the brass on it."

"Where does this Kallemhirsch live?" asked Willis.

"Why, y'go down this road and take the first left," the farmer explained. "It's the second place on the right, the one with the big cider press in back. A-yuh, I gave him the old car, all right."

Randolph Lorenstrader delivered this information in a voice that would have sounded loud and clear over the racket of a gang of hard-working riveters. It was easy, then, for George Brown to get the directions without leaving the wheel of his car, which had just turned into the driveway. George had seen and recognized Willis talking to the farmer; he had heard enough to realize that Willis was after the same prize he coveted, and it was with grim hilarity that he backed, spun and took off down the road toward the first left and a photo-finish triumph over his archenemy.

Willis didn't see who was driving the car, but there was something in the skirr of tires as George made his getaway that spelled danger. It took Willis some time to rip loose from Randolph's renewed oration on the country's political ills, and, therefore, he was some five minutes behind George when he whirled up to a dust-raising stop beside the cider press. George, Willis saw with a sinking heart, was already deep in conversation with a small, dour, russet individual who was probably Fritz Kallemhirsch.

"Whatever he offered you," Willis called out before the engine of his car had stopped turning, "I'll beat by fifty dollars."

"And whatever he offers you," George said, "I'll beat by another fifty."

Fritz Kallemhirsch surveyed both men with what was plainly deep loathing even though, had he taken their word, he could have pyramided their clamorous offers into a comfortable fortune.

"I ain't got it," he said.

"Where is it?" cried Willis and George in unison.

"I sold it," Kallemhirsch said.

"Who to?"

"A feller."

"What's his name?" shrilled George.

"Where does he live?" echoed Willis.

"Don't know," Kallemhirsch said bitterly, "and don't much care. Forty years that car set in Dolph Lorenstrader's barn collectin' cobwebs. I finally took it from the old dead beat on account, and the very next day a feller come by and offered to take it off my hands so I sold it for next to nothin'. Now you two come around talkin' real money."

He kicked viciously at the dust.

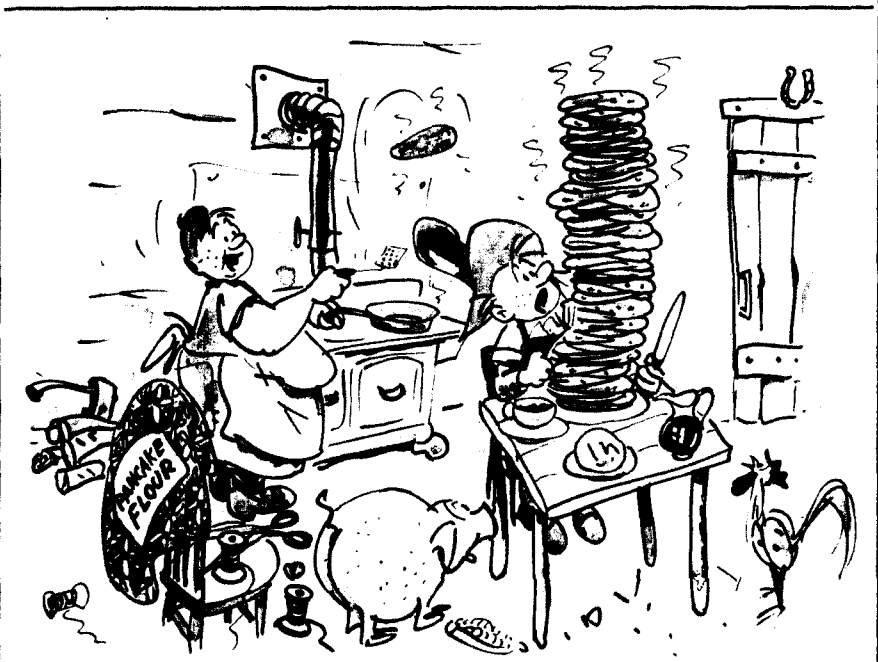
"Just why," he asked, "do I always get this end of the stick?"

THERE was a silence, and then Willis Brown spoke in a resigned voice. "Well," he said, "if you haven't got it, you haven't got it. Too bad. Guess I'll be getting along."

George Brown started to speak, thought better of what he had been about to say and amended it smoothly. "And I am already late for an appointment," he announced. "Good-by."

Both men got in their cars without a glance at each other. Both drove out of the farmyard and down the dirt road to the highway. George turned off on the road to Springfield; Willis went on to the Middletown pike before he turned. In less than fifteen minutes both cars were back at the starting point, having circled Fritz Kallemhirsch's

KENNESAW



"I had to empty the bag so's I could finish my dress, Kennesaw"

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pseudo cider press. Both men got out.

"Some people," Willis said loudly, "will stop at no sneaky trick, will they, Mr. Kallemhirsch?"

"That," said George, heavily, "is quite evident, isn't it, Mr. Kallemhirsch?"

"Look," said the side-road distiller, liverishly, "I told you I don't know the name of the feller that *bought* the car or where he lives, and I can't find out because I tried when that Luke Trader came snoopin' around a few days after I got rid of it. Two-three hundred dollars I likely threw out the window just by sellin' that piece of junk to the first fool that give me an offer. Don't make me feel no worse than I do already."

He rammed both fists into the pockets of his overalls and raised his face to the skies. "Why didn't somebody tell me," asked Fritz Kallemhirsch of the heavens, "that that busted-down 1909 Brush roadster was worth anything at all?" . . .

Later that day the two Browns sat in their respective offices, mentally glowering across town at each other, their ulcers gaining apace.

"If it's the last thing I do," George swore fervently, "I'll find the man who owns that roadster and buy it."

"It may cost me the mint," Willis was telling his desk calendar, "but it will be worth every cent of it and more to drive that Brush past George Brown's den and honk real loud on the honker."

And that evening . . . "If you're prepared to get along without an allowance," George told Bus, "all well and good. But if you expect me to keep on giving you money, you'll have to find a girl to spend it on besides that flibbertigibbet Peggy Brown."

"Look here, Dad. You can't call Peggy—"

"I can and I do," said George. "No Peggy Brown or no allowance. And you're always up to your elbows in grease, working on that traffic menace of yours; what do you know about old cars?"

"Peggy's no—"

"Never mind!" George stormed. "I might have known I couldn't get a sensible answer out of you." He stomped out of the room.

WILLIS, at the moment, was fending off the unworthy wish that Peggy had been born a boy. With a son, Willis was thinking, he would have had an aid to help him run down the Brush roadster, but what was a girl expected to know about important things?

"Peggy!" he thundered. "I have been a patient man, but now I've got to put my foot down! You must find yourself a new young man. I've said it before, but this time I mean it!"

"But, Father," Peggy protested, "Bus is the only boy—"

"Heaven knows I ask little enough from this family," Willis said plaintively, "but I do demand loyalty. If you have any regard for me at all, you'll have nothing more to do with the son of that treacherous, unspeakable—"

"But the two of us—"

"Not another word," commanded Willis Brown and he, too, stomped out of the room.

Since parental pronouncements like these were delivered regularly, Bus and Peggy went on as before, while their fathers reeled off miles, covering ground in their search for the Brush roadster.

They didn't find it, although Willis came back one day with a bill of sale for an Apperson Jackrabbit that had to be towed to Millersville, and George rattled down Main Street one evening in a Jewett sedan, circa 1922. Willis claimed the advantage, the Jackrabbit bearing a 1915 watermark, but George countered loftily with the answer that *his* car ran instead of having to be hauled around at the end of a towrope. Willis came back with the sideswipe that anybody could buy an old car somebody else had fixed up, but that *he* wasn't afraid of tackling the job of rehabilitating the Apperson. George's rebuttal was that Willis couldn't rehabilitate a roller skate, and, besides, he, personally, was going to practically rebuild the Jewett.

Willis was working hard and cussing harder under the Jackrabbit in the garage of his plant one afternoon, regretting the brashness of his broadcasts, when Peggy dropped in, seeking a "loan."

"Oh, for goodness' sake," she said, "where did this come from?"

"Never mind," Willis said, "and don't tell your mother. She'd want to know what I paid for it, and seeing that I said no to that new coat she wanted—well, just never mind. Hand me over those pliers—the doohickey with the handles."

"I know," Peggy said. She passed her father the pliers, and Willis drew back under the car. There was a rattling, a grunting, the meaty thwack of knuckles hitting iron.

"Go home," Willis said in a trembling voice. "Go home and let me work out loud."

"Father," Peggy ventured, "I know somebody who can help you with this old car."

"Get him!" Willis said wildly. "I said I'd do it myself but if you can get me a human being who can take off this whingety-whanged drip pan that some fiend of hell fixed so's you can't get a piece of paper between the bolt heads and the frame, I'll personally double your allowance and buy your mother the coat. I'll go further; I'll—"

"I'll call Bus and see if he's busy," Peggy said.

There was a ringing thud, such as that made by a head hitting metal, as Willis emerged, ashen-faced between the grease blobs.

"Margaret!" he quavered. "Please go home before I forget that you are my only child!"

Peggy went. When her father called her Margaret it was time to go someplace, fast.

On Set Two, or in the garage of the G. B. Brown Construction Company, George was having his own troubles. That day, when he had lightly vaulted up behind the wheel of the Jewett, planning a test run past the Brown Building Corporation plant, something had gone wrong. The car had burbled, hiccuped, produced a deafening bang attended by a flame-tinted cloud of smoke, and then had expired completely. Now, some four hours later, George was still trying to find out where the trouble lay. He had been spectacularly unsuccessful.

BUS chose this time to brace his father for an advance on his allowance and traced George to the garage, where he found his parent jackknifed over a fender, probing the Jewett's engine experimentally and profanely.

"For the love of mud," Bus exclaimed, "when did you get this?"

"Never mind," George said, "and if you tell your mother what these old cars cost I'll scalp you. She thinks I got it for ten bucks."

Bus edged closer and stood at his father's elbow while George twisted this and jiggled that.

"Unh-unh," the boy said, finally. "You're going at it wrong. What you ought to do is—"

George was not receptive to advice about his mechanics. His declamation would have been more forceful if he hadn't had his mouth full of cotter pins, but it was strong enough to send Bus scurrying.

So, for the next several days, the Jewett stayed immobile and the Apperson remained unrehabilitated while each man belabored his vehicle with spanner, hammer and ferocity. And during this time Peggy Brown and Bus Brown spent hours together, working out their own problems.

George was the first to toss overboard his pledge that no hand but his would bring new life to the Jewett. From Doc Connors he got the name of an expert in ancient automobiles and imported the genius, barely wincing at the price. Willis got wind of this and surreptitiously hired the same man to work on the Apperson. The visiting expert, with two jobs separated by only

SISTER

COLLIER'S

"Well, I don't see why I can't have one of them. You've got FOUR!"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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a few blocks, had himself a very nice little deal, charging as he did going-and-coming expenses for each contract besides an hourly rate that would have staggered a topflight surgeon.

Came the day when the Jackrabbit ran as smoothly as a new sewing machine. That was the day the Jewett was pronounced ready to roll.

"Nice car," said the expert to both George and Willis, separately, as he blew on their checks, "but if you want to see a real old-timer, take a run out to the edge of town and look at that roadster."

"Where?" asked each man in the same key.

"Back of Jensen's filling station on the highway," the expert said. "A Brush, 1909—one-cylinder, double-chain drive. Buggy-type with top and curtains. Wooden axles and frame. What a car!"

"Lorenstrader! Kallemhirsch!" cried George and Willis, and ran for their cars.

The Jewett caught up with the Apperson on Chestnut Street where it narrowed down at Baylor Avenue. Both engines were popping and spitting, fenders flapped, lamps bobbed; both drivers clung to the wheel to keep from being tossed over the side.

"Give way!" George Brown yelled through clenched teeth. "Give way or I'll go right through you!"

"Keep back!" Willis hurled over his shoulder. "Keep back or I'll run you off the road!"

George honked, swore and swung out to pass. Willis yielded not an inch of road room. The Jewett managed to squeeze up beside the Apperson, its left tires brushing the curb, its right wheels nudging the wheels of the other car. Pedestrians on Chestnut Street stared, gasped and ran for cover. A patriarch named Alonzo Frailey, who was sitting on his front porch, began a speech on the horse and buggy as superior to the gasoline engine, which lasted for days. Every napping baby within a six-block radius awoke, whooping.

Radiator to radiator, hub to hub, the two old cars careened down Chestnut Street, their taut-faced, hard-jawed owners fighting for the lead, exchanging ripe comments, taunts and threats. It was, as the Millersville Herald said next day, "a sight unequaled since the advent of the horseless carriage in our fair city."

THERE were only seven blocks of this deadly racing. Just what went wrong with which car never was definitely established; it might have been that both the Apperson and the Jewett fell victim to the coincidence that ruled their owners' lives and went bad at the same time. In any event, eyewitnesses said both cars suddenly seemed to leave off their struggle, and each attempted to climb into the tonneau of the other.

George's Jewett, after a futile assault on the Apperson, hopped the curb and topped a low privet hedge before it came to rest against a catalpa tree, its front stove in. The Apperson, on the other hand, emitted an ear-splitting blast, complete with smoke cloud, reared back on its haunches and folded itself over a fire hydrant with a tired sigh.

Neither driver was hurt, even slightly. Willis and George erupted from their cars and made for each other. They met in the middle of Chestnut Street, and each man drew back his right for a haymaker.

The punches were never thrown. There came a sound that was like ice water thrown over two engrappled dogs. It was a putt-putting sound and it required no delicately tuned ear to know it came from a one-cylinder engine mounted on some vehicle. It was the Brush.

Willis and George whirled and looked as the roadster advanced upon them, its brasswork gleaming, its red paint shining, its solid tires purring, its single cylinder puffing importantly. As it drew closer, the driver closed his hand over the bulb of the horn and the Brush went honk, deliciously.

"Hey, Dad," Bus Brown called from behind the wheel, "what are you doing out there in the middle of the street?"

"Yes, Father," asked Peggy Brown, from beside Bus, "and what happened to your car, for Heaven's sake?"

THE Brush came to a halt beside the two interrupted gladiators, and the tiny engine plunka-plunked contentedly. George Brown moistened his lips. Willis Brown stepped up to lay a timid hand on the roadster's fender.

"Whuh-where," George asked, "did you get this?"

"Peggy and I found it one day when we were out riding," Bus explained, hesitantly. "We pooled our allowances and bought it off a farmer for practically nothing. We've been working on her together, out behind Jensen's. We —we had to keep it secret because we knew you'd raise heck about it. But now she's all fixed up we decided we'd —well, we'd—"

"We'd take all the Cain you'd raise, Father," Peggy put in, "rather than keep our car hidden as though we were *ashamed* of it."

Both fathers looked at the Brush and then at their offspring.

"Can I— can I sit in her?" George asked.

"Could I— would you let me—uh—*drive* her?" Willis pleaded.

Bus looked at Peggy, and Peggy looked at Bus. They were mere children, but they knew a good thing when they saw it. They nodded at each other, wisely.

"You can take turns," Bus said.

"But you've got to shake hands," Peggy added quickly, "and stop acting like a couple of big babies."

"Peggy—" Willis began trumpeting, and then stopped. He looked at the Brush roadster and then at George. There was a visible inner struggle in each man. With an effort, they smiled.

"After all our maneuvering," George said, "the boy had the car all the time."

"The boy *and* Peggy," Willis said.

"In the family," George nodded. "That's not so bad."

"Not bad at all," Willis agreed. "Not bad at all."

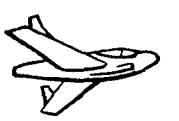
Peggy and Bus watched them drive off, George at the wheel by virtue of having called a flipped coin right.

"Bus," Peggy said suddenly. "My wish came true. Remember? I yelled and you were mad and then I wished on an eyelash that they'd stop fighting —and then we saw the Brush!"

"Uh-huh," Bus said. "Now, if only they don't start scrapping in the next three blocks about whose turn it is to drive, it'll be all right."

Bus was overoptimistic by half a block, but the squabble lacked its old steam, and the truce was on again by the time the Brush reached Baylor Avenue. The truce survives to this day—except when the two Browns tangle in their boasting about whether the 1909 Brush roadster really belongs to Willis' son-in-law or George's daughter-in-law. ▲▲▲

designed for jets



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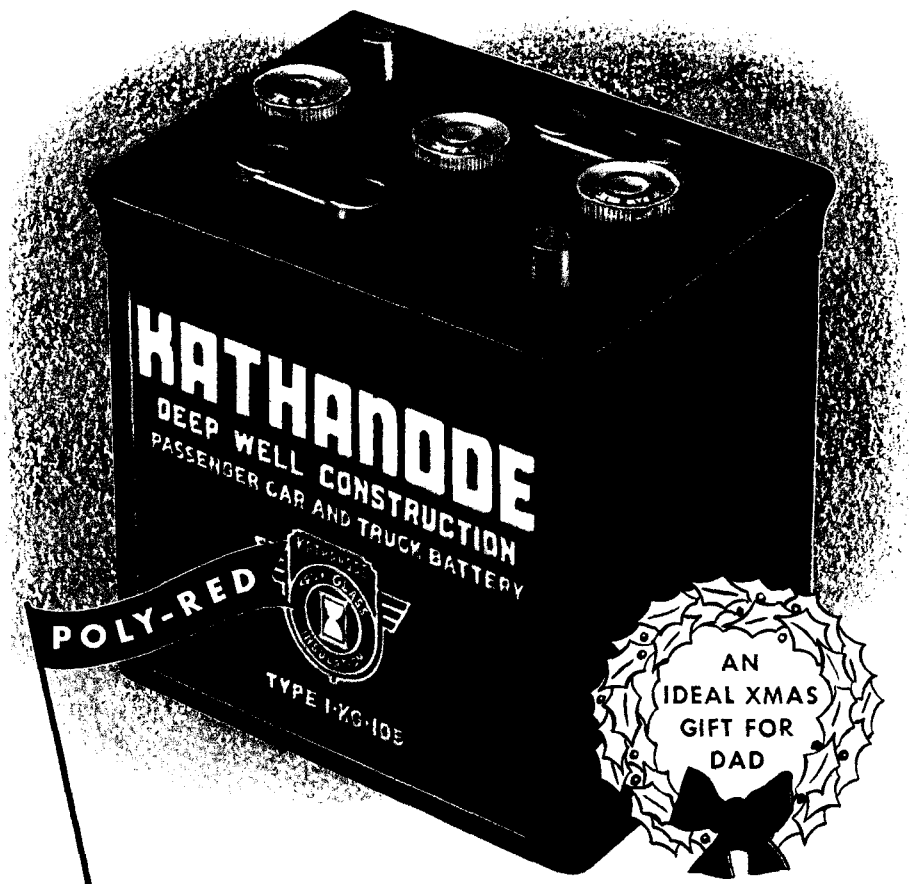

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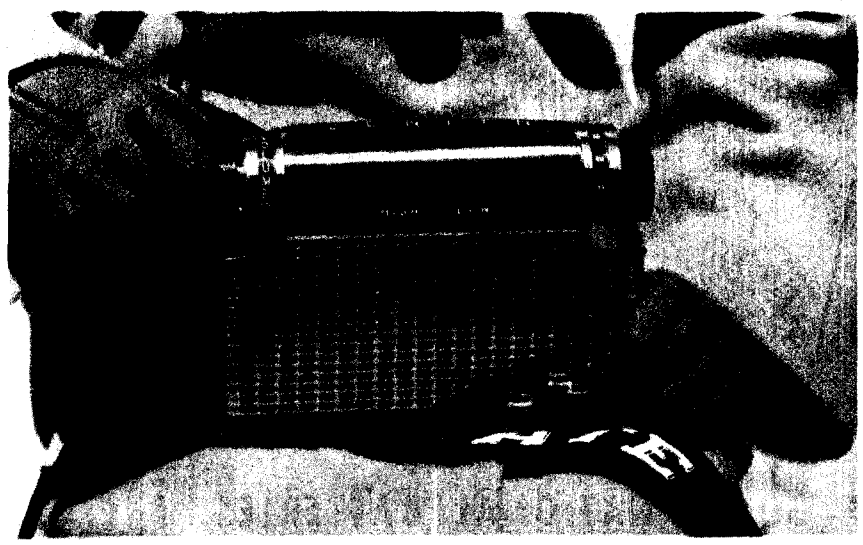

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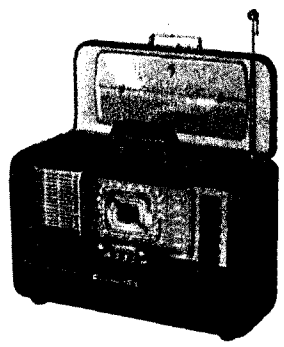

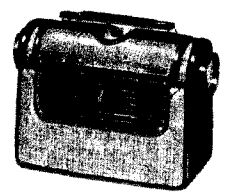

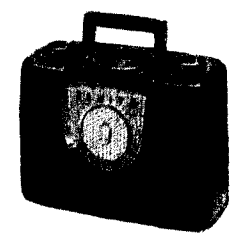

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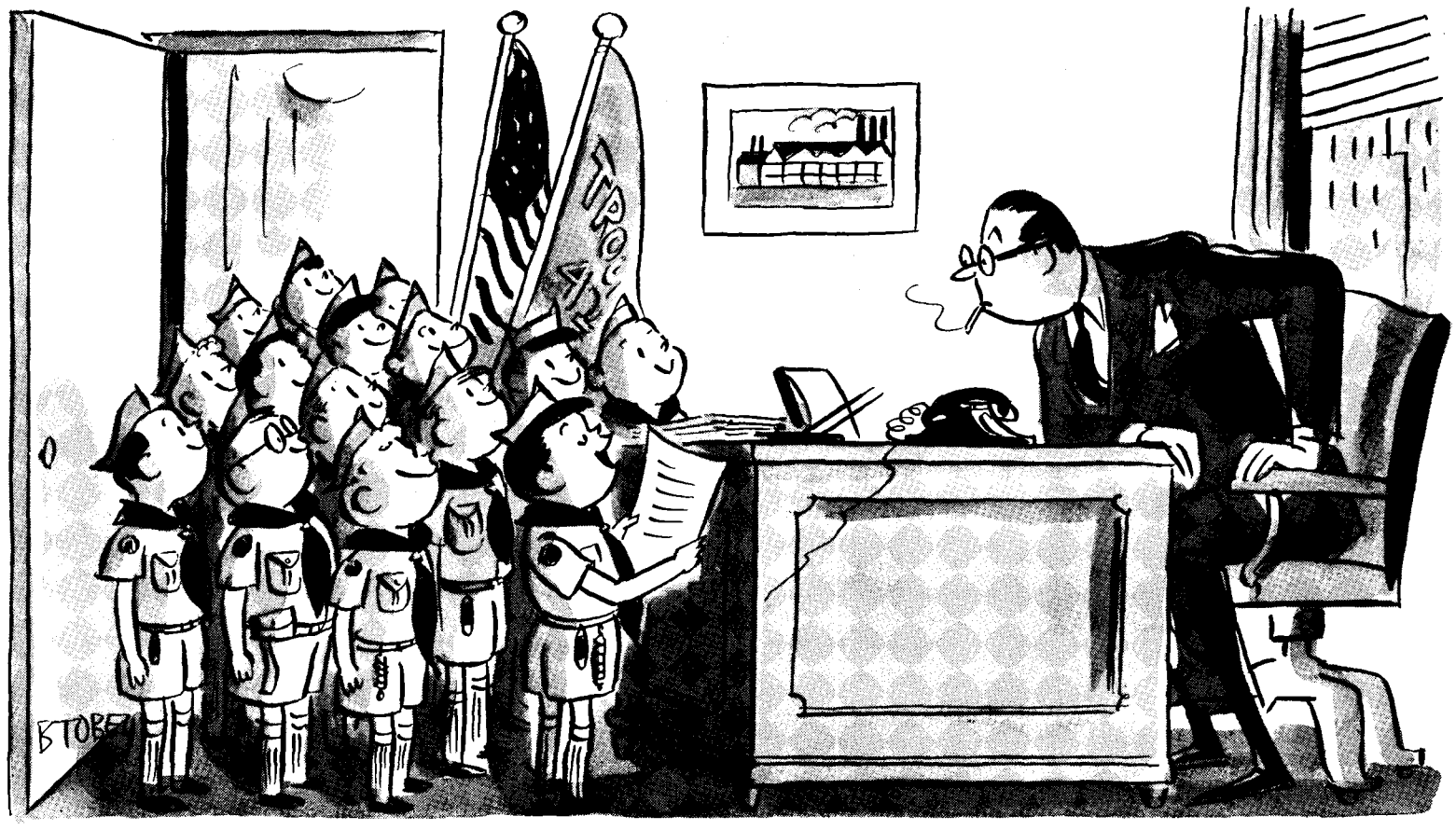

An entire Boy Scout troop marched into my office and recited an original poem

NO THANKS, PLEASE

By LOYD ROSENFIELD

When your wife signs your name to petitions and things, just grin and bear it

I WAS simply standing there on the corner with a bunch of the boys from the office, waiting for a bus, when this lovely blonde thing rushes up to me, embraces me impulsively, kisses me soundly and exclaims, "Really, Loyd, you shouldn't have done it. It was just too sweet."

"It was nothing," I stammered, wondering what I had done.

She smiled gratefully, murmured, "How like you to say that," and dashed away.

"A friend?" one of my co-workers asked.

I laughed nervously. "No. Neighbor. Just the lady from across the street."

"Husband travel?"

I was forced to ignore crude remarks like this all the way home. When I walked into the house, I went directly to the kitchen, where my wife was busy thawing dinner. "What did we do for Mrs. Nondelay that you signed my name to?" I asked.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I sent her an antique lamp for her anniversary. She loves antiques. I signed your name on the card, too. Naturally."

"Naturally," I agreed, "but I had hoped she was simply obeying an impulse."

My wife has a habit of signing my name along with hers, or simply by itself, on any sort of card, gift, telegram, subscription, petition or scroll. I can never deny that I am a member of any organization, subversive or otherwise, until I talk to my wife and see what she has signed for that day. The only things she signs with only her own name are checks, and that doesn't mean much because we have a joint account.

An entire Boy Scout troop marched unannounced into my office one day last month, formed ranks in front of my desk and recited the following original poem:

We thank you, Mr. Rosenfield,
For all the rope that you did yield
To Troop Eleven; yes, thanks lots
To you for keeping us in knots.

I later learned this touching tribute was due to the fact that my wife had sent them about a hundred feet of excess rope I had left over from clothesline construction and signed the card, From That Old Boy Scout, L. Rosenfield.

Recently I was appointed captain of the city-wide Clean Up Your Attic and Basement Campaign. My wife started the whole thing by sending all my perfectly good fishing gear, a woodsmanship outfit and my schoolhood football and baseball uniforms to the mayor's office, along with a letter signed in my name suggesting that the whole town do the same in order to remove fire hazards and gather recreational material for the natives of a remote section of Africa, who didn't have any.

It has got so I always expect the worst. Last summer, for example, a little old lady carrying a large valise staggered up our front-porch steps, embraced me sitting there in my T-shirt holding a long, cool drink, and said, "You must be Loyd. You were a dear to ask me."

I had no idea what I had asked her, but it was plain to see the answer was affirmative. I had a hard time lifting that valise into the spare bedroom, where it remained throughout the long, hot summer.

Oh, yes, the little old lady was a second cousin of my grandmother. My wife had found her photo, name and address (appended for just such a happenstance, I suppose) in an old family album in the attic. She mailed her the photo since she just knew she would like to have it, and asked her to come see us sometime. She signed my name and the little old lady's arrival was just a matter of time.

When my boss passed by my desk last week and said brusquely, "When I want your advice I'll ask for it," I blamed it on too heavy a lunch. But when he called me into his office the next morning, grabbed me and started doing a pretty mean samba with me, I began to worry. He released me, said, "There! I hope you're satisfied," and went back to work.

I confided my worry to my wife that night. She laughed. "Oh, that! I forgot to tell you. He danced all over my feet at the company party, so I sent him a free-lesson certificate to a dancing school and signed our names to it. Cute, eh?"

"Darling, just darling," I answered. "I'm surprised I still work there."

"Cease worrying. His wife called me up and thanked me. Said he came home last night signed up for a whole course."

I suspect a lovely and persuasive dancing instructor saved my job.

Evidently there is nothing that can be done to alleviate this name-appropriating situation. I had a lawyer friend look up the laws on forgery, but this whole fertile field is not even mentioned. I'd write my congressman about it, but I get letters from him every week thanking me for letters I never wrote. I'm afraid if I really wrote him one he'd never believe it was from me. ▲▲▲

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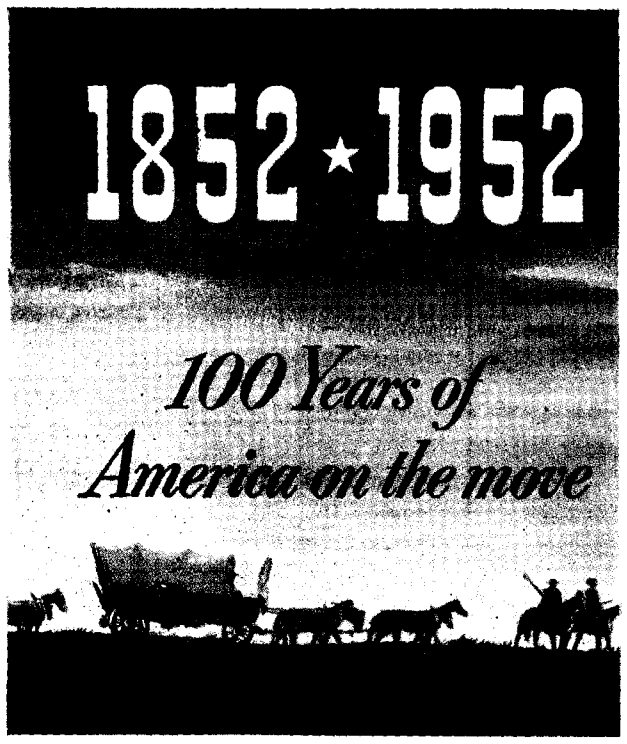
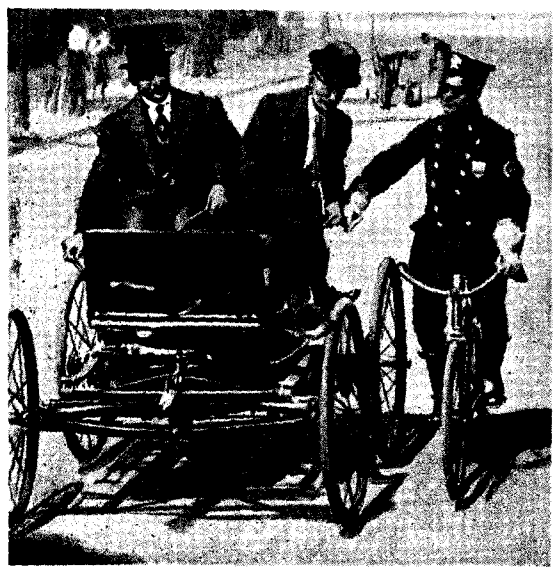


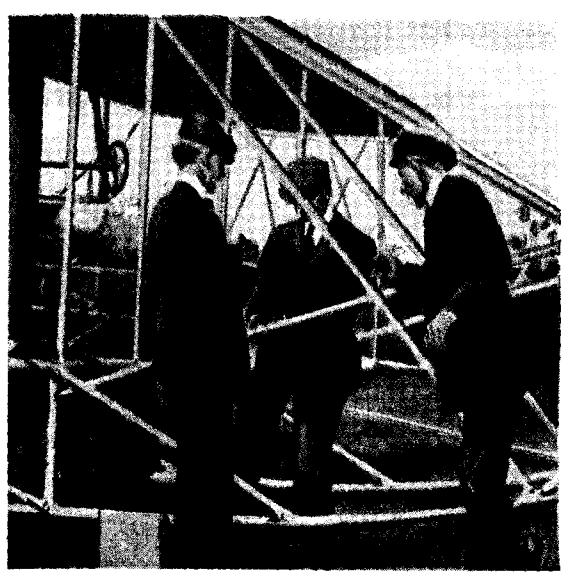
1852 This was a big year for our expanding young nation. Navy Commodore Perry was negotiating trade relations with Japan. California's gold had everyone excited. New businesses opened up. One was the South Bend, Indiana, wagon shop of two young men named Studebaker.

1859 America struck oil. Petroleum gushed from a drilled well for the first time in history. The place—Titusville, Pennsylvania. This was seven years after the first Studebaker wagons had appeared on the nation's roads. The name Studebaker on vehicles was acquiring an important reputation.



1892 The first "horseless carriage" to be built in the U. S.—a Duryea—was completed this year. Others followed. In 1895, Chicago police arrested carmaker Elwood Haynes for "speeding." But horse-drawn conveyances still dominated the roads—and Studebaker led the world in building them.

1898 Commodore George Dewey won a great sea victory. The Philippines, Cuba, Puerto Rico and Guam were freed. U. S. naval power grew—and American ideals of liberty and justice spread world-wide. Peace brought great business expansion. At Studebaker, steps were taken toward producing "horseless" carriages.



1903 The Wright brothers made the world's first successful airplane flight from Kill Devil Hill, near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Production of Studebaker electric runabouts and trucks, begun the year before, increased substantially in 1903. Plans for gasoline propelled Studebaker vehicles were completed.

1942 Our U. S. was in World War II. In a long disused University of Chicago athletic field building, great scientists secretly produced history's first nuclear chain reaction. Studebaker factories were building thousands of Flying Fortress engines and military trucks.

1945 Adolf Hitler's forces acknowledged defeat. Victory in Europe for the U. S. and its Allies was soon followed by victory in the Pacific. Studebaker, one of the world's largest producers of military equipment, rapidly resumed the pursuits of peace, began work on the greatest step forward in car design of all time—the postwar "new look" Studebaker, introduced in 1946.

1951 America's electronic technicians perfected coast-to-coast television—millions saw the Japanese Peace Treaty Conference. Unsettled world conditions brought new responsibilities to Studebaker and others. Meanwhile, Studebaker sales passed the half-billion dollar mark.

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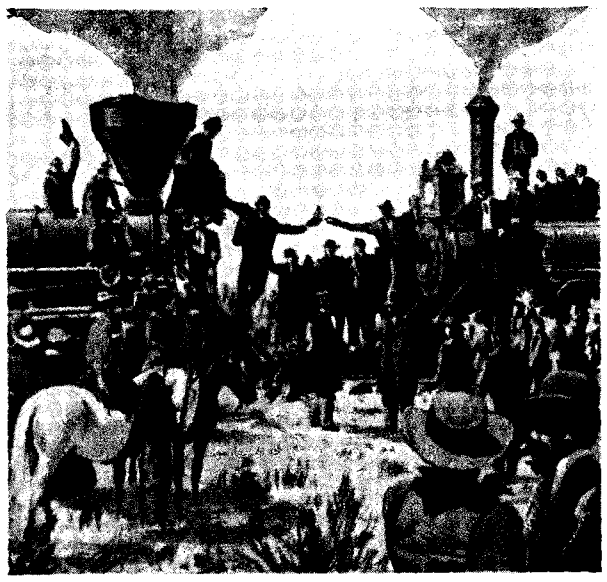
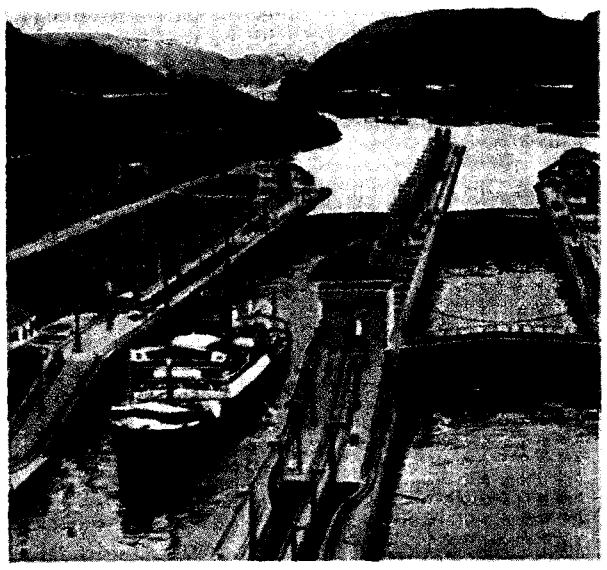


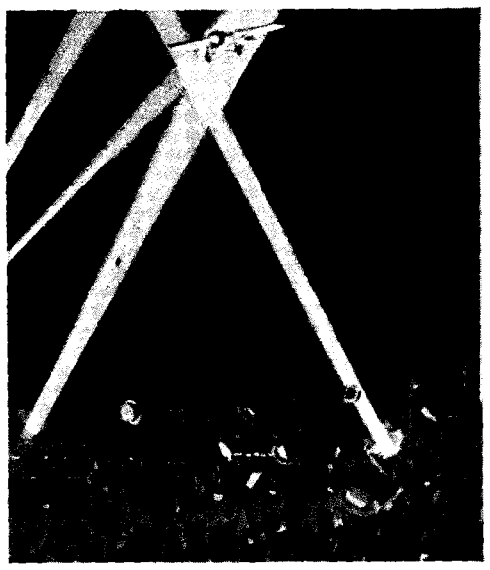
1869 Western and eastern links of Union Pacific, first transcontinental railway, were joined at Promontory, Utah. Studebaker wagons had been extensively employed in the construction—were now in big demand for rugged hauling throughout the west. Studebaker Brothers Manufacturing Co., capital $75,000, had been organized.

1878 Thomas A. Edison perfected his amazing new lamp—and the "electric" era began. Friendly contemporary of the Studebaker brothers, Edison was later to develop the storage battery that made possible the first Studebaker electric. Studebaker's 1878 sales exceeded $1,180,000.

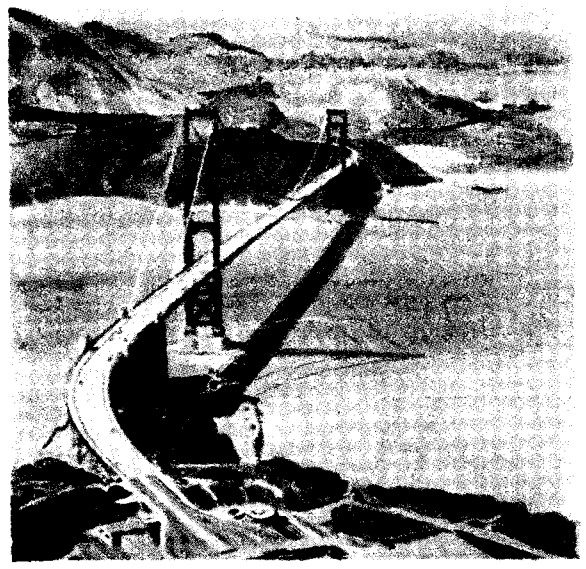
1885 More than 50 million people were living under the flag of our country now. The Statue of Liberty, honoring our faith in freedom, arrived as the gift of the French people, Studebaker vehicles were in world-wide demand. All important U.S. cities had active, prospering Studebaker dealers.



1914 The United States completed the Panama Canal—the first ship going through the locks on August 15. World War I began that same month—and Europe's combatants turned to America's factories for needed materiel. Studebaker received huge orders for wagons and artillery vehicles from both England and France.



1927 Charles A. Lindbergh flew alone and non-stop from New York to Paris. Studebaker celebrated its 75th birthday in this year—and at Culver City, California, a Studebaker stock car set a new A.A.A. record—5000 consecutive miles in less than 5000 minutes.



1937 American engineers spanned San Francisco Bay with the world's longest suspension bridge. Amelia Earhart, pioneering new overseas air routes, was lost flying the Pacific. A dynamic, newly strengthened Studebaker organization perfected plans for a new type of car—the thrifty Champion—to sell in the lowest price field.

1952 This year marks the 100th anniversary of Studebaker's entry into the business life of our nation. Through 100 dynamic years, ever-increasing numbers of ever-improving Studebaker vehicles have been playing significant roles in the tremendous drama of America on the move.

Studebaker's name gleams with the luster of legend—and, thanks to our priceless American freedom of initiative, Studebaker has become one of the largest builders of automotive vehicles on earth.

Old in experience, young in outlook and enthusiasm, Studebaker proudly begins its second century.

STUDEBAKER'S

100th

ANNIVERSARY

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WILLIAM ROSE

"Did anyone ever tell you you were a pretty girl, Sally?" he said, leering over the top of the bag

WEEP WITH ME

By JOHN CLARE

BY THE time he had turned the corner, leaving the bright California sunshine for the shadow of the buildings, Paul was only a few steps behind the girl in the chartreuse suit. He quickened his pace to catch up with her.

"Don't scream," he said out of the corner of his mouth. "Just turn into this supermarket." She glanced at him and then, without speaking, went through the door he held open. "Have you got the papers?" he muttered as she passed him.

The girl turned and faced him. She brushed back her heavy blonde hair. "Some bad guy," she said. "You haven't even got a trench coat." She reached into her bag and took out a piece of paper. "Here," she said, handing it to him.

Paul looked up and down the store, and then tore the paper in two and handed her back one piece of it. "I'll meet you back here in ten minutes. Don't let on you know me."

"Don't worry, I won't," she said in a tired voice.

They met at the counter where the parcels were paid for and wrapped. Paul picked up hers as well as his own, and they went out together.

"Apples," he said, nodding at one of the bags. "Real fond of apples."

The girl walked in silence beside him.

"Did anyone ever tell you you were a pretty girl, Sally?" he said, leering over the top of the bag between them.

"Frequently," she said dully.

He stopped. "Frequently? What kind of an answer is that? You can do better than that."

"Not tonight, Paul," Sally said wearily. "I'm too tired to play foolish games."

Paul threw back his head. "Foolish games, is it? Now that you're a big movie actress your husband isn't good enough for you, eh?"

"Please, Paul," she pleaded. "I've had a rotten day. All I want is to get home and lie down."

"I'll cheer you up, then," he said brightly. "Funny thing happened to me at the studio today. A little old woman came in and said she wanted to speak to one of the writers, and they sent her down to see me."

With Sally leading the way, they went through the main door of a small apartment house and down a dim hall.

"Well sir, she was as crazy as a tree full of birds, the poor old thing," said Paul, hurrying to keep up with Sally. "When she came into my office I asked her for her name, and she said, 'Oh, I can't tell you my name. Not my *real* name. They might find out. Call me seven-eight-four.' "

Paul put the bags down on the small table in the middle of the living room, and Sally pushed the single window up high, wrinkling her nose with distaste at the stuffiness of the room.

"Said she had a wonderful story she wanted us to have. She said she could prove Stalin was really a woman." Paul paused and watched Sally kick off her shoes, strip off her jacket and sink face-down on the day bed against the wall. He straightened his shoulders. "Well, that was too much for me, so, inching my chair up a little closer, I said, 'Seven—if I may call you by your first name—tell me . . .' "

Paul walked quickly over to the couch. Sally's head was buried deep in a pillow, and her bright hair spilled over it. "What's wrong, pal?" he asked.

Sally rolled over and looked at him accusingly. "Paul, if you knew anything at all about women you would know there are times when being silly is no help at all."

He looked at her carefully. "You mean—?"

"I mean I didn't get that part in the picture today. I'm sorry if I'm a poor loser, but I feel rotten about it and I want to act the way I feel. This isn't a burlesque of a movie script, either. This is real. This is us. So let's have a little respectful sadness around the place, if you don't mind." She turned her face into the pillow.

PAUL ran a hand through his close-cropped hair. "Yeah," he said softly. He watched her for a moment. A little sadness? Sure, he could provide that too. In fact, maybe that was just what Sally needed to cheer her up.

Paul nodded his head slowly. "Listen," he said softly, "listen, Sally." She stirred. "If you want to feel really bad, listen to this, Sally."

"Whuff tha'?" she asked from the depths of the pillow.

"I'm out of work. Through at the studio come Saturday. What do you think of that?" he said. He looked almost pleased with himself as he sat down on a chair next to the couch.

Sally sat up slowly. "No. Paul, you're not."

He bobbed his head. Sally was at his side, her arms around his head. "Oh, darling, what a rotten break for you."

"But why am I telling you all this?" he asked, shrugging. "A girl I picked up on the street, and here I am telling you all my hopes, my dreams."

"Paul, you mustn't feel too bad." She ran a hand over his hair. "Oh, darling, and after they brought you all the way out here."

"Well," Paul said lightly, "you can't win them all. Why are you looking at me like that?"

Sally continued to look at him steadily. "You knew," she said with emphasis. "You knew all the time I had missed that part. You were trying to cheer me up, and I was so mean. Oh, Paul."

Her arms were around his neck. Paul raised his head. "I heard about it this afternoon at our studio. Bailey's going to get the part. The fix is in. Cornell herself couldn't get it with a letter of recommendation from the Theatre Guild. You didn't have a chance, baby."

"I don't care," said Sally. "What's a part? There'll be lots of other jobs. For both of us."

He pulled her down on his knees and kissed her. She smiled bravely at him.

"I'll get us some dinner, and then we'll go down to our neighborhood movie house and boo Bailey," she said. She got up from his lap and walked with brisk purpose to the kitchen.

Paul leaned back and hooked his thumbs into his belt and watched his wife as she walked to the kitchen, her head held high. She was undoubtedly a very pretty girl. She was also a girl with a good spirit, something not all girls with nice legs had. Paul sighed deeply and reached for the bag with the apples. He took one and brushed it once against his jacket and bit deeply. Out in the kitchen, Sally was humming a nameless little song. He was a very fortunate man.

For instance, it had been sheer luck—and an inspiration—that he'd thought to tell Sally about losing his job, because she was right. He didn't know much about women. But he was learning. After all, he couldn't be expected to know all there was in three weeks of married life.

He took another bite of the apple. But a few more master strokes like this, and he could be regarded as better than a green hand. All Sally had needed to lift her out of her disappointment was to know that he needed her. Now she felt almost happy again.

And tomorrow would be soon enough to tell her that the reason he was through at his studio was that he was going to a better job. That would make her *really* happy. ▲▲▲

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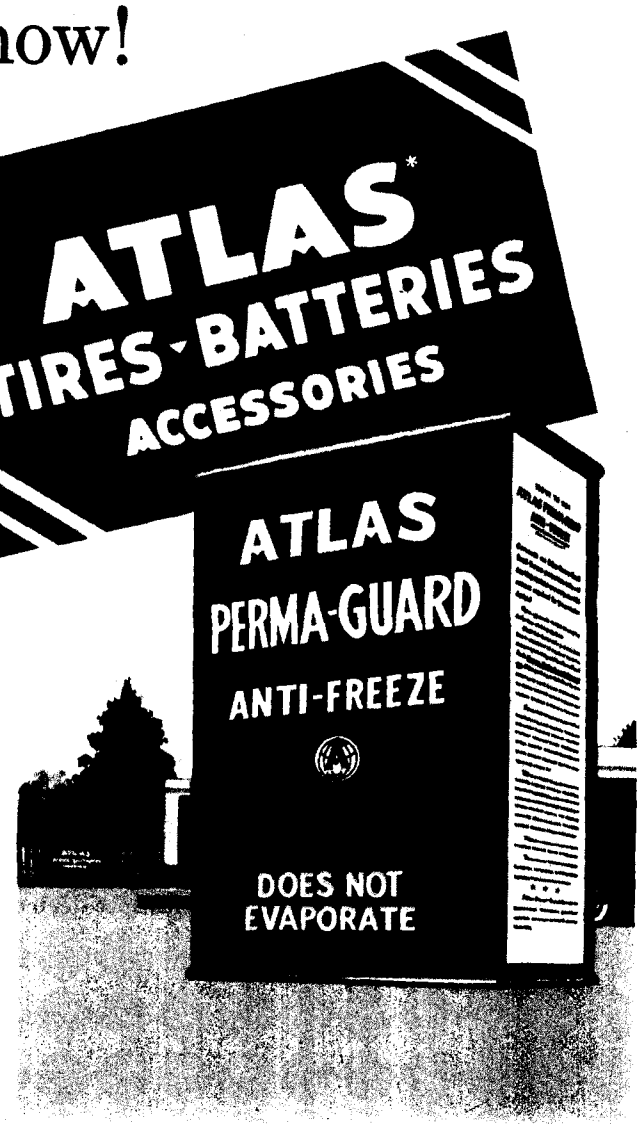

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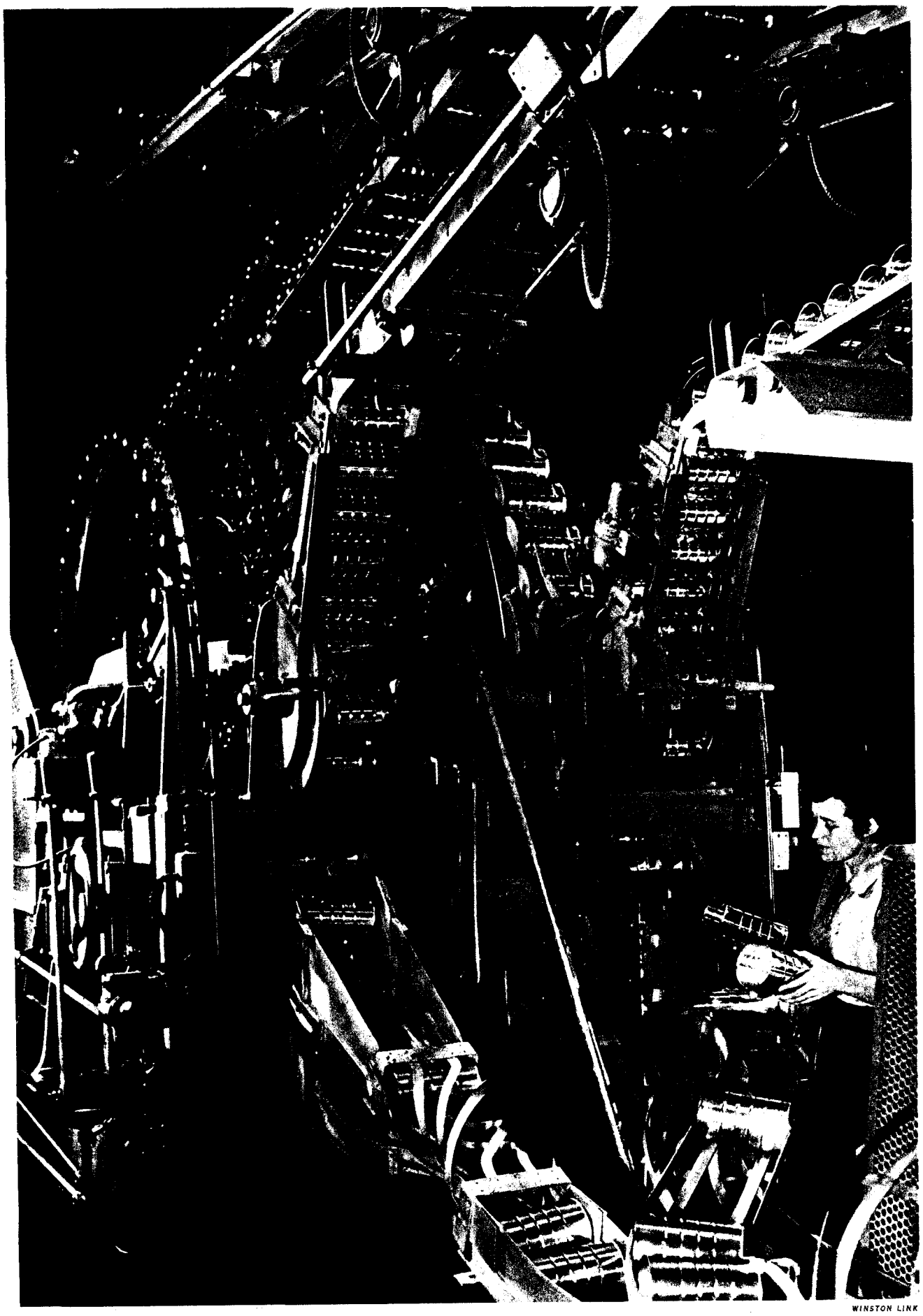
WE CAN—AND THE

A humble item, the can. But with it our people and soldiers eat and fight better



WINSTON LINK

Cans undergo high-pressure test after winding through long series of intricate operations. Faulty cans are automatically rejected, others come off lines at rate of over 400 a minute

AMERICA," the Soviet propagandist Ilya Ehrenburg once sneered, "is a tin-can civilization." The remark is a sour-grapes classic. For our lowly tin cans give us one of our most important advantages over the Russians. It is the tin can which makes it possible for U.S. industry to deliver to our troops or allies anywhere in the world, in perfect condition and ready for instant use, everything from pork and beans to monkey wrenches, from blood plasma to bomb fuses, from drinking water to motorcycles.

When you learn something of the ingenuity which goes into canmaking and commercial canning and of what that ingenuity has done for our standard of living, you get the full flavor of the frustration veiled in Ehrenburg's crack. Last year, U.S. manufacturers turned out an estimated 33,000,000,000 cans. A glance at your kitchen, medicine chest, closet and workshop shelves will give you an idea of how much that plenitude of cans means to you. For we are now opening them at a rate of some 200 each year for every man, woman and child in the country.

The variety of foods and other items preserved in cans in the U.S. increases every year. You can buy whipping cream so canned that all you have to do is press a button and spray it whipped to a froth on your shortcake. You can buy fishing worms canned alive and squirming. You can even buy a canned Geiger counter.

Currently more important, however, is the job cans do for a GI when he goes into front-line action in Korea. They make him the world's best-fed and best-equipped soldier. His rations—say a breakfast of fruit juice, cereals, ham and eggs, a lunch of soup, sandwich meat and candy, a dinner of meat, potatoes and gravy, vegetable and dessert—all come from cans. His ammunition reaches him in cans which keep it hermetically sealed against moisture and dirt.

If he needs a smoke screen, he opens a can which pours out a dense cloud. If he's a paratrooper making a drop, nearly all the supplies which parachute down with him are in cans, and may include a canned motorcycle ready for assembly and use within a few minutes of opening the can.

On the other side of the Korean front, according to U.S. observers, cans are rarities. As a result, the food consists chiefly of dried fish, meat, rice and millet distributed in sacks. (This unsanitary distribution method probably is one reason for the outbreaks of disease among the Communist troops, which the Kremlin has sought so absurdly to blame on germ warfare.)

None of the U.S. can manufacturers or government authorities I questioned had been able to obtain figures on the canmaking or canning industries of the Iron Curtain countries, but all available evidence indicates that they are comparatively minuscule. Even Britain, France, Italy, Holland and Germany together—all more advanced in canning than the Iron Curtain countries—produced fewer than 45,000,000 cases of all canned vegetables in 1951. The U.S. canned nearly twice as many cases of tomato products alone.

Because we have cans in such plenty, most of us take them for granted. They all seem much alike and extremely simple. The attitude pains the canmakers deeply.

"We Americans," one of them has complained, "glorify our automobiles, airplanes and such, but the poor old tin can is something we throw away while we enjoy its contents. It's just a container separating food from label."

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REDS CAN NOT

By ROBERT FROMAN

han any in the world. It's no small edge we have on the Iron Curtain countries

Actually, cans are greatly varied and often complicated. Many years of experiments and development have gone into fitting them to the thousands of different products they hold. Making cans for even plain, ordinary drinking water involved solution of complex problems in chemical engineering.

The U.S. Navy presented the canmaking industry with the drinking-water problem early in World War II. The Navy wanted the canned water for use on life rafts carried by ships and planes. Fortunately, some of the canmakers had been investigating water canning for several years. They had already learned that traces of minerals or salt would make canned water cloudy and unpalatable and that a few spores of a heat-resistant bacteria —*bacillus welchii*—could produce severe dysentery. They eliminated both problems by using only distilled water.

A special wax, lining the can, solved the problem of keeping the distilled water fresh and potable. It had to be a very special wax, though, because the cans were likely to encounter temperatures ranging all the way from 150-plus degrees in the Persian Gulf to 40 degrees below zero in high-flying bombers. To withstand the expansion of the water as it froze, the cans were given extra-strong seams, and at the top of each was created a small vacuum into which the ice could expand.

If Water Supply Is Contaminated

Finally, the cans were given a bottleneck top and closed with a bottle cap modified so that it could be easily removed and replaced to preserve the unused water. All of which worked so well that canned water now is completely dependable in an emergency, and civil defense authorities are stockpiling it in some areas for use in case regular water supplies become contaminated. Today, a vastly improved system is employed, and tap water is canned.

Considering the importance of canning in modern warfare, its origin is appropriate. In 1795, French armies were ranging all over Europe and often suffering more losses from starvation or bad food than from battle. The government offered a large prize to anyone who could find a way of preserving food for transport on campaigns.

It was an exciting offer to Nicolas Appert, a Parisian Jack-of-all-food-trades who had been chef, brewer, confectioner, vintner and pickle maker. And he had a bright, beautifully simple idea—namely, pack food in bottles like wine. As often is the case with bright ideas, there were a few details to be worked out. In fact, it took Appert 14 years to make the idea work. But in 1809 the Emperor Napoleon personally presented him a prize for his method of partially cooking food, sealing it in bottles with cork stoppers, then immersing the bottles in boiling water.

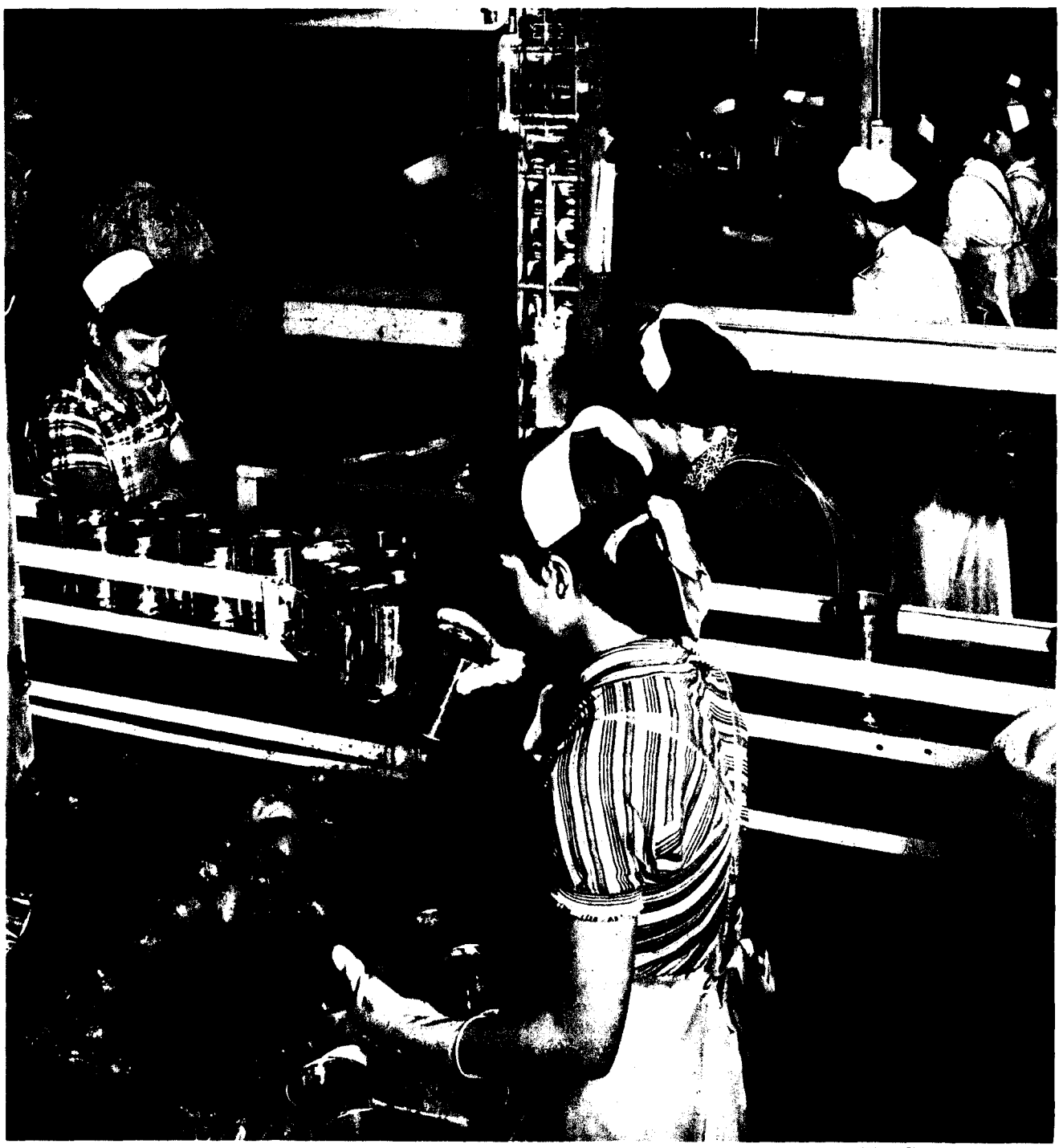
Instead of making a military secret of his discovery, Appert gave it to the world in a book, The Art of Preserving All Kinds of Animal & Vegetable Substances. An Englishman named Peter Durand went him one better by substituting, for the breakable glass bottles and less dependable cork stoppers, a tin canister, made of iron coated with tin, and with the lid soldered on. Within a few years, Americans learned the technique, shortened "canister" to "can" and started expanding the canning business at a rate which still shows no sign of diminishing.

Many of the nation's eating habits got their start as a result of simple innovations in the tin can. In 1872, for instance, a young Chicagoan was running a small slaughterhouse and trying to sell canned corn beef on the side. To get the meat into cans, he had to chop it fine. Most customers preferred their corned beef in big, sliceable chunks, so the market for the cans was small.

The Chicagoan hit on the idea of compressing the meat in the can so that it would come out in a solid piece which could be sliced. He made his cans in the shape of a pyramid with the top sawed off and poured the chopped meat in through the big end under pressure so that it was compressed by the walls of the can which tapered toward the small end. The tapered tins made canned corned beef a favorite national dish.

It took twentieth-century technology, however, to get the canning business really rolling. Early canmakers, working by hand and soldering tops and bottoms to the body of the can, could turn out only a few dozen per day at best. A complex method of crimping on the tops and bottoms, developed 50 years ago, made modern mass production possible. Tin-clad steel flows through the canmaking machines and on to the canneries in a vast, glittering flood.

Food canners have learned to fill the cans as quickly and efficiently as they are made. To see how they do it, I spent a month touring commercial canneries across the country. There are some 3,500 of them, and they are scattered over 47 states, the District of Columbia and all the territories (only



MASON WEYMOUTH

At a California plant, women select ripe, peeled tomatoes. Packing is done by hand. During most of the canning season, the peeling and canning conveyers operate about 20 hours a day

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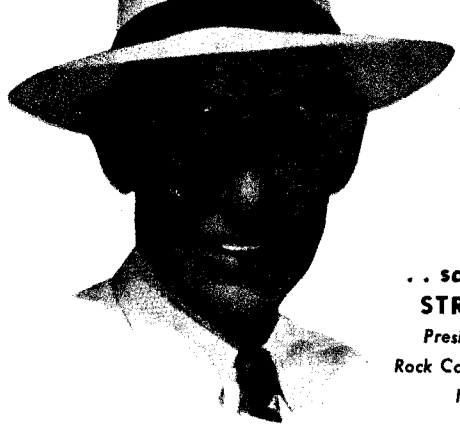
Painting above shows on-the-scene operation of Dodge "*Job-Rated*" trucks owned by Basalt Rock Company, Inc., Napa, Calif.

" 'Job-Rated' really means something to us!"



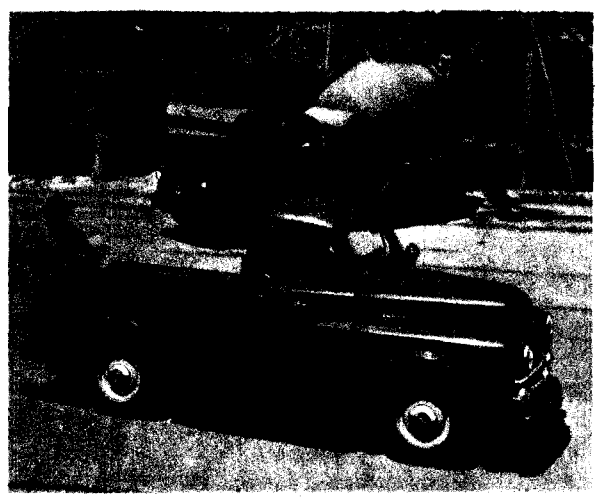
. . says A. G. STREBLOW
President, Basalt Rock Company, Inc. Napa, Calif.

"Our truck requirements are so many and varied that '*Job-Rated*' really means something to us. Our trucks must fit the job.

"Take our aggregate dumps, for instance. They each average 50,000 miles of on-and-off road use per year—and the way they perform day in and day out is reason enough why we say that our Dodges sure are dependable!

"We've been using Dodge '*Job-Rated*' trucks since 1934—and they're so dependable that we now operate a fleet of over 100 Dodges."

Owners of Dodge "*Job-Rated*" trucks all over the country echo Mr. Streblow's enthusiasm. See your friendly Dodge dealer about a truck that's engineered to fit a specific job.



"Whether it's a ½-ton pick-up truck used for light service in all of our plants or a 4-ton mixer operating out of our concrete plant—we've learned to respect the dependability of Dodge '*Job-Rated*' trucks on every job."

"The Dodge trucks which we assign on long hauls help pay their way with low cost-per-mile of operation. Like every Dodge in our fleet, they're '*Job-Rated*' with the right load-carrying and load-moving units needed for the job."

DODGE "*Job-Rated*" TRUCKS

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American know-how has canned everything from Bibles to beans—and soon, bananas

Nevada claims none). They preserve for year-round use 80 per cent of our sweet corn and tomatoes, 75 per cent of our red beets, 45 to 50 per cent of our peaches, pears and apricots, and similar portions of dozens of other crops.

"Americans," as some wit once commented, "eat what they can. And what they can't eat, they can."

Profit Is in Fast Production

The great majority of the fruit and vegetable canneries are located in small towns or countrysides as close as possible to the fields where the crops to be canned are grown, for most of them must go into cans the day they are harvested so their quality won't deteriorate. The canneries, many of them representing multimillion-dollar investments in buildings and machines, operate with incredible speed to make the investments pay.

To a layman they seem to achieve that speed almost effortlessly. At Salem, Oregon, I watched a cannery launch its annual six-week season of packing green beans. Dumped by the truckload onto endless belts, the beans flowed in a steady stream through machines which washed, graded, snipped off the unwanted tips, cut them into 1½-inch lengths, blanched them in brief baths of scalding water and poured them into cans. The cans then moved under machines where jets of live steam pushed the air off the top of the beans just before the lids were crimped on.

Finally, they slid into horizontally revolving continuous cookers which quickly heated them to the point necessary to sterilize their contents and dumped them into coolers. From there, they were sped into the warehouse. The process moved so swiftly that in a single hour 13 tons of perishables were transformed into some 31,000 cans of very nearly imperishables.

Nearly all foods for canning require mechanical genius in the commercial canner. In Plymouth, Indiana, for instance, I saw a machine which grasps an ear of corn, cuts the butt end slickly off and brushes off the silk in a final flourish. After a thorough washing, the ear races through another machine, where whirling knives separate the kernels from the cob at exactly the right depth—all at a rate of a few seconds per cob. In another city, I saw a machine which removes the stems from gooseberries. The berries fall through a series of light chains which revolve like skipping ropes and neatly pull loose the stems without bruising the fruit.

Similar ingenuity goes into the canners' efforts to tickle the public's fancy with new kinds of canned foods. The fruit-cocktail story which a San Jose, California, canner told me is typical. One evening back in the mid-twenties, the canner's wife served him a dessert consisting of several different canned fruits chopped fine and mixed together. It occurred to him that a can of such mixed tidbits of fruit would save housewives a lot of work and ought to have a good market. He started experimenting.

His chief problem was to find a way to dice the soft, slippery chunks of fruit on a mass-production basis. After dozens of failures, he solved it with a tricky device which pushes the fruit chunks into one set of parallel cutting blades and holds them there while another set of blades crosses in the opposite direction. The fruit then tumbles onto a screen which eliminates the small end-particles.

Next it turned out that such fruits as apple and melon were so strongly flavored that they dominated the others and had to be eliminated. Berries also proved unusable because their colors stained all the other fruits. But by 1930 all problems were solved, and the canner was able to launch a fruit cocktail consisting of peaches, pears, pineapple, seedless grapes and halved colored cherries. He has never regretted the years spent in developing the product. Today, the annual fruit-cocktail pack is over 200,000,000 cans.

Development of many other new canned products has resulted from basic scientific research on materials from which the cans are made. Ever since the invention of high-speed manufacturing of cans, the big canmakers like American, Continental and National have been engaged in a search for new foods, drinks and other items to can. Many products simply can't be preserved in ordinary tin-coated cans, so the canmakers had to find out why, then do something about it. The search led them into some remote byways but produced results of importance to the whole nation.

The first iron cans were coated with tin because uncoated iron quickly rusted. But, the researchers discovered, even the most carefully applied tin coating inevitably left a few pin points of iron exposed, yet somehow prevented those pin points from rusting.

Improvements in tincoating methods have made possible a sharp reduction of the amount of tin needed, which is important because no substantial deposits of tin ever have been found in North America. The only big sources are Malaya, the Belgian Congo, Indonesia and Bolivia, from all four of which we might be cut off in time of war. What's more, known reserves of unmined tin are enough to last only 40 to 50 years.

Considering the present rate of reduction in the use of tin, however, there's little need to worry. In 1940, it took 28½ pounds of tin to coat a ton of steel plate for cans. By 1950, it took only 11.7 pounds of tin per ton of steel. Last year, the average amount of tin required was cut to nearly 10 pounds. The canmakers expect to cut their requirements even further, and some think that they can eventually reduce the figure to five pounds or less.

Detailed knowledge of how tin works has made possible its complete elimination from many types of cans. Waterless products such as coffee and other foods, as well as tooth powder, paint and motor oil now go into what the manufacturers call "black iron" cans, meaning unplated steel. In most such cans plasticlike enamels take over the function of tin. Enamels, either substituted for or added to tin coatings, have made possible canning of many products for which plain tin cans won't work. Beer, for instance, becomes cloudy in the presence of as little as one part of tin per 5,000,000 parts of beer, but the invention of a special enamel-coated can has given the manufacturers a market for some 2,000,000,000 beer cans per year.

They have not, however, depended solely on scientific advances to expand their market. Sheer salesmanship has been responsible for many odd items finding their ways into cans. One of the oddest of all was a canned prayer book which had a brief fad and sold several thousand copies in the late twenties. It was dreamed up by a can salesman whose company happened to be overstocked with a large square type of can just the right size to hold the volumes.

And the story of the canned tennis ball is one of the legends of the industry. The idea of canning tennis balls was conceived by a salesman for one of the biggest canmaking companies. His firm had pioneered the vacuum can for preserving products, such as coffee, which deteriorate in the presence of air. Eagerly, he tackled a sporting-goods manufacturer with the argument that tennis balls packed in a vacuum would stay lively almost forever.

After hearing him out, the sporting-goods man led him into the plant laboratory, placed a tennis ball under a bell jar and turned on a pump which sucked air from the jar. When the jar was removed the ball promptly collapsed. So did the salesman's enthusiasm.

"But wait a minute," the man called as he started to sneak away. "Maybe if you canned them under pressure . . ."

The salesman's zeal returned. He submitted to a brief course in tennis-ball manufacture and learned that it is air pressure inside the ball which gives it its bounce. Reducing air pressure outside the ball sucks out the inside compressed air. But increasing the outside pressure preserves the inside pressure. Tennis balls canned under pressure soon became almost the only kind sold.

Today, the big can companies operate laboratories and schools for training their salesmen in the technology of products around which they want to wrap cans. Most of this work is concentrated on foods and beverages, which account for about two thirds of the nation's cans, and one of the biggest current developments is in the "high-short" method of food canning.

Among the chief reasons why many foods, such as fluid whole milk and bananas, could not be canned in the past was that the sterilizing of them in cans required such lengthy heating that their natural flavors and colors were destroyed. "High-short" is a method of heating them to a higher temperature for a much shorter period, say 350 degrees Fahrenheit for 30 seconds instead of 240 degrees for many minutes. The method sterilizes without changing flavors appreciably.

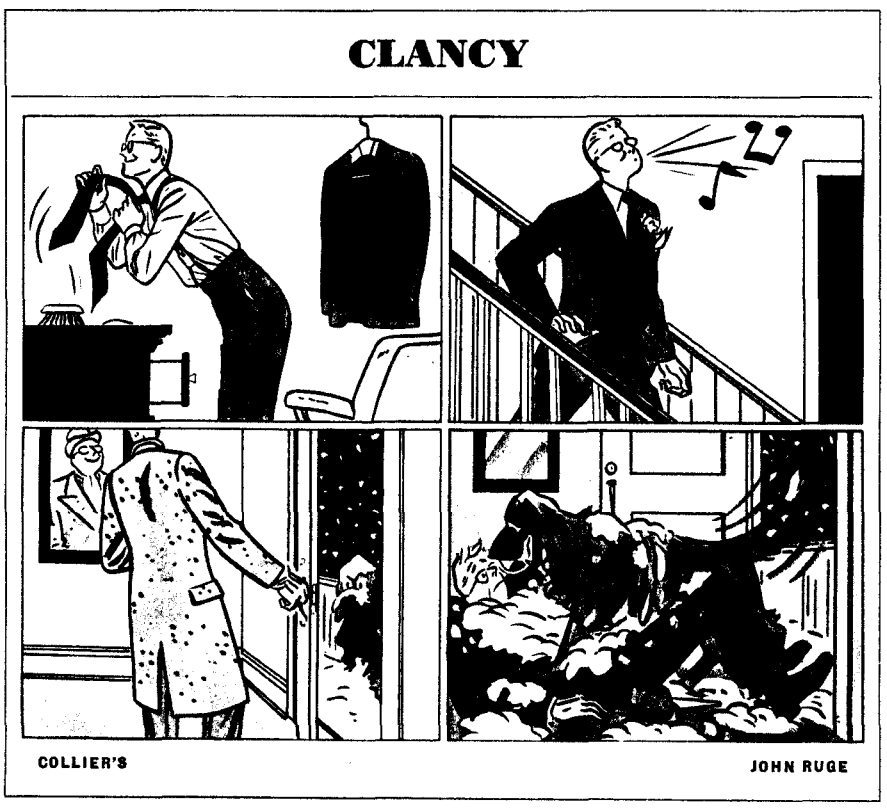
Good News for Banana Eaters

High-short canned bananas probably will be on the market by mid-1953. And big shipments of high-short canned whole fluid milk already are going to Korea, Alaska and other milk-starved areas. One milk canner claims that he already can market it profitably for as little as 33 cents a quart, which brings it close to a price competitive with that of fresh milk.

Canners think that eventually the most important result of the high-short method will be improvement of the flavor of canned foods in general. Some people say canned foods don't taste like fresh foods. Many high-short canned foods may come to be almost indistinguishable from fresh foods in flavor.

Experiments now under way on sterilization by ionizing radiation may take the food canners even further on the way toward the goal of making canned food taste like fresh food. The object is to kill all the bacteria and stop the enzyme action in canned foods, not by heating them, but by exposing them either to gamma rays from atomic-pile by-products or to mechanically produced cathode rays. Experts say it will be many years before the method becomes economically feasible.

The preserving of food is the most familiar function of canning. The most dramatic is the packaging of equipment. If a GI in Korea has to repair a machine gun or jeep, he gets the monkey wrench, screw driver, nuts, bolts and other necessary tools from a can which keeps them in perfect condition until they are needed. Perhaps Ehrenburg had this American advantage in mind when he made his sour-grapes crack that the U.S. "is a tin-can civilization." ▲▲▲



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The Silent Battle

By MICHAEL FOSTER

He had been a blockade runner during the war, a homeless adventurer since; and now he was risking his life and his ship for the sake of the proud woman who had spurned him

IN THE doomsday light of a wild North Pacific sunset, the brig came slowly up out of the southwest. Its two masts of patched and weathered sail made a lonely glimmering against great distances, with the night coming on. This sea-weary vagabond was standing in toward a land of dark low mountains—the broken, little-known western coast of Vancouver Island.

On the quarter-deck, a woman stood beside the captain. The old seaman at the wheel and the two restlessly prowling mates watched them out of the corners of their eyes. When the stern of the brig lifted and then started a slow, heavy roll, the woman's long skirts swayed out a little to one side. Captain Tom Rowan could feel their silken weight touching for a moment against his trouser legs. Harshly abrupt, he nodded toward the distant coast.

"Well, there we are," he said. "Somewhere beyond that farther headland. Whatever we find there, whatever happens—"

Mrs. McAlister silenced him by resting her finger tips on his sleeve of blue pilot cloth, and he turned his head away so that she would not be able to see his eyes.

"Yes, Tom," she said quietly. "Then we'll know."

They were approaching this dark wilderness coast upon an errand which was strange even for this turbulent year of 1868, in the aftermath of the Civil War. And as the two of them stood overlooking the shadowy main deck, Tom Rowan suddenly became conscious that from away forward his crew was watching them, too. Under the roped arch of the foresail, braced back on a port tack, all the men of both watches were standing around. Theirs were fighting faces, toughened by misfortune and by defeat. A free company of outcasts, they lived by risk; but as practical men, they were dubious of star-eyed adventure for the sake of a woman too beautiful to be a safe risk, too dramatic to be a reliable partner in a deadly enterprise.

Coming up across the world from the Malay islands and the south China coast, they were as strange a company as could be found anywhere upon the seas, this third year after the end of the Civil War. A gang of ex-Confederates, sullen and homeless after the ruin of the South and the Cause, they were loose upon the world in search of fortune.

So here on the brig Venture were lonely fighters, left over from greater times, and perhaps Tom Rowan was the only man left who could still hold them in any sort of discipline. His name meant battle and death, and winning.

But standing beside this woman of the aristocracy, he represented the South of small-town streets; of a hominy pot bubbling in the back yard in autumn; and of a stiffly respectable front door, rarely used because life came and went by the kitchen way. Mary McAlister was of the vanished South of moon-shadowed lawns; of silver and crystal and laughter in a time-dimmed dining room; of plantation-house doors flung wide open to a flood of candlelight and music, while the glittering carriages rolled up the drive.

Waiting calmly here beside him on the quarter-deck of his trading brig—the only home she had tonight—she was very near. In the deepening colors of sea and sky, her dress was pale as a night-blooming flower. It was of the stiffest China silk, with the elaborate full skirts draped up in back. In contrast to the ruffles of her expensively fashionable clothes, her brown hair was pinned straightly back; and her eyes were smoky-blue and merry . . . or sad. It was so that he had always remembered her: a woman of infinite contrasts, like the weather at sea.

"Tom, I've asked too much of you," she said. "I've asked you to gamble everything you have for me."

"After all these years I've lost, that's nothing much," he said.

"Oh, Tom, I—" She bit her lip, and for a moment her eyes were closed. It was like the first time he had ever kissed her. It had lasted a long minute (it had lasted him for the rest of his life)—and immediately afterward she had slapped him, decisively. She had been about sixteen then, and he eighteen, that afternoon of faraway sunshine.

"Never mind, never mind," Captain Rowan said briefly.

AS THEY started walking aft again, they saw that her uncle, Senator Casmont, had come up from below. The senator had a harsh, narrow face with a stiff crest of white hair brushed back from his forehead, and even at sea he wore a high standing collar with an old-fashioned stock, and a frock coat. He had been a great rakehell and duelist in his young days, but as one of the politicians of the South he had quieted down a bit, at least in his public behavior. He was standing beside the wheel, talking with the first mate and the old helmsman. The mate, Joe Lawson, had been an associate professor of literature before he went to sea in the blockade-runners. And he had come back from the war to find the buildings of his college burned-out brick shells, with weeds already growing inside. After giving it some thought, he figured his academic career was over.

The old helmsman was also chief gunner. The brig, fitted out for trade in the Malay seas, carried four ten-pound Whitworth guns, and he kept them polished with care.

"What a fierce little ship!" Mary smiled faintly

With Mary beside him, Tom was watching a duel which turned him a little sick; the senator was dealing with Cravell with a wicked rapier

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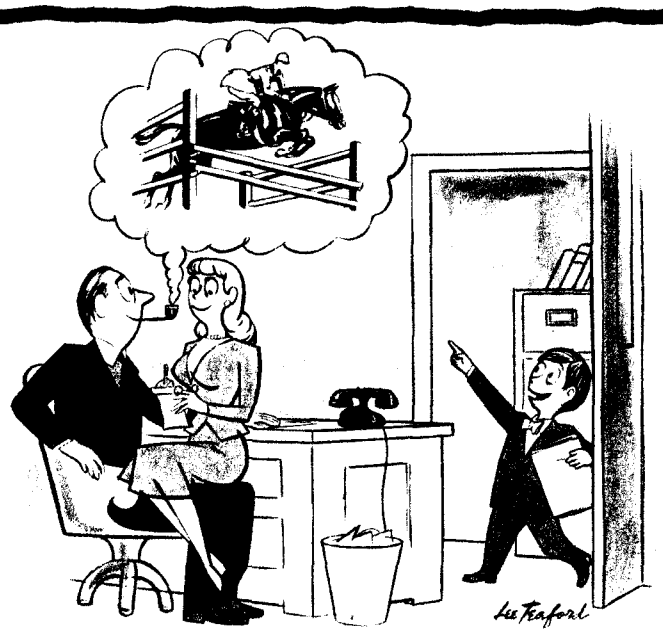

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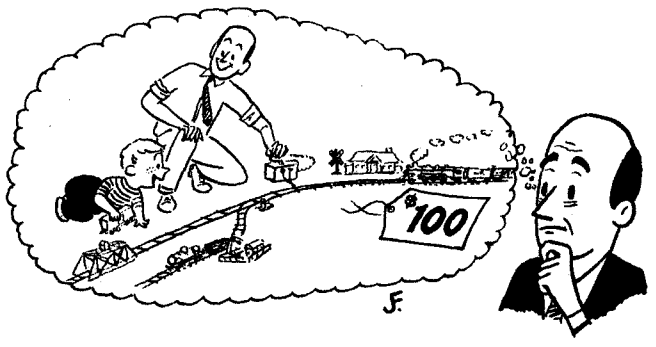

HOW WOULD YOU GET THE MONEY?

By ELWOOD THONEN

NOTHING WAS further from my thoughts a year ago than buying a railroad. But that boy was a supersalesman. "Look, daddy!" he said, plunking a big color catalog on my lap, "this electric train has *everything*. It runs on two-rail track and whistles and has choo-choo sounds and puffs smoke—just like you do, daddy," he added, watching me take a drag on my cigarette.

I soon became as enthusiastic as Bobby over having a railroad system, and we spent an hour studying the catalog and picking out what we wanted—a talking station, bridge, log loader and lots of other things.

After Bobby went to bed, I added up the prices. Then *I* whistled. The total was over $100! With income taxes what they are, how was I going to scrape that much together? Then I remembered Bobby's remark, "It puffs smoke—like you do, daddy." Suppose I quit puffing smoke—gave up cigarettes. Suddenly I had another idea. I did a little quick figuring. Yep, I could save over $100 a year just by switching from cigarettes to a pipe.

So that's how Bobby got his railroad. At the time, I thought I was making a sacrifice. But after I discovered Kentucky Club pipe tobacco, I found I get more pleasure out of smoking than ever before. Kentucky Club is one grand tobacco—mild and mellow and really satisfying.

Bobby and I have a lot of fun running our railroad. He's president and engineer—and I guess I'm best at being treasurer and puffing smoke—good old Kentucky Club smoke.

toward the three talking men. "All of us waifs and strays in the world, all of us with pasts enough to make our sleep uneasy. And now chasing like so many pirates after a sackful of diamonds and emeralds—if they are there."

Tom hoped miserably that the diamonds and emeralds would not be there. If they were not, she would have nowhere to go, no one to depend on except himself.

And then Tom Rowan and Mary McAlister looked once, and straight, into each other's eyes. Each knew what the other was remembering.

The first time he had ever really noticed her was on a muddy country road. She came riding by, a little girl on a chestnut horse. A Negro groom on a stable pony followed. Tom, a boy in faded blue jeans, was walking. She was Mary Casmont, and her family's big plantation was inland. But it's strange about a mind's awakening. At the time, he thought only about how beautiful she was, and how proud. Vaguely he wondered what it was like to be rich. His father owned an old sea-beaten coastal schooner.

The afternoon he kissed her was a long time after that. His father had a tiny yawl which he let out for hire, and Mary had got up a picnic with some other girls of neighboring plantation houses. By that time, Tom was mighty handy with boats, so the pleasure parties were generally his job. But this one—he took them down-river, all the girls in summery dresses, almost to the bar of the river, where the big swells from the sea towered up lazily, with sun and seaweed and sand in them.

The girls were chaperoned by a severe young married woman, Mrs. Vaillart, who had brilliant, impenetrable sloe-black eyes. At noon Tom landed them on a sandy island and built a fire for their picnic. Then he went off and sat down on a drift log by himself to eat his own lunch. After a while, Mary Casmont brought him a cup of coffee and sat down on the log near him, and it was the first time he had ever had a chance to hear her talk, to him. Mrs. Vaillart was watching. On the way back upriver that afternoon, Mary sat on the stern seat with him. Mrs. Vaillart watched from under the lace rim of her parasol.

IN THE shadowy old pier shed back home, with chinks of sunshine coming between the warped planks, Mary came to thank him. She held out her hand and said what a lovely trip it had been, and her face was so near, it made him oddly dizzy, and somewhere outside he could hear the other girls laughing and chattering. When he kissed Mary she drew a little gasping breath. Then her eyes closed. For a minute her lips were very soft. It was the first time either of them had ever kissed anyone. When his awkward, gentle hands fell helplessly, both he and Mary stumbled a step backward, away from each other. And then she slapped him, a good ear-ringing blow. Then she walked out. But he knew she would never tell anybody.

The next day he met her in the sun-drenched main street of the sleepy town. When she first saw him she faltered once. Then she hurried past him with downcast eyes.

In the first sickened bitterness of his life—in the fierce loneliness of the young and very poor—he walked on, thinking he could never have Mary Casmont, thinking that she was ashamed of her moment of weakness, her moment of forgetting, in the pier shed. Harshly dry-eyed with hatred and revolt against such a world as he had been born in, Tom walked down to the river front. The yawl was moored to the float below the pier shed, and there Mrs. Vaillart was waiting.

"Oh, Tom," she called to him, "I lost a brooch I was wearing yesterday. I must have lost it on the sand island. Would you take me out there to look?"

Tom helped her into the yawl and cast off. The river water was sun-sparkling, and Mrs. Vaillart talked charmingly to him, as an equal.

On the sand island they found the brooch, an ivory oval bordered with jet and pearls and thin gold. It must have been very valuable. It was wedged down almost out of sight among the roots of some scrub bushes where the girls had eaten their lunch. It was an odd place for it to be. Tom couldn't understand how it had possibly got there. And then he looked into the dark eyes of Mrs. Vaillart.

The surf on the outer bar was very loud, but not so loud as the blood which suddenly was pounding in his ears.

"I left it here, Tom," Lily Vaillart said evenly.

And like a knowledge of death, the knowledge he could never have Mary.

WHEN they left, it was sunset, but that was all right. Lily's husband was away, seeing to some property he owned in Virginia. She had Tom land her at the foot of a country road that emerged from night-black woods near the Vaillart plantation, which was away down-river from the town. "Now will you let a silly young girl flirt with you, who doesn't know anything?" Lily Vaillart whispered.

After that, she didn't pretend any more excuses about going out to the sand island. Tom would find her waiting at the foot of the dusty country road. He would haul up the yawl's centerboard and coast in for her. There would be sun and wind and the hurrying light on water, and there was quick laughter, and Lily's face so sweet, so wanton, and sometimes suddenly icy white with the dignity, the frightened proud dignity of a woman helplessly in love. Once she cried, for a long time.

When the scandal broke, it rocked the town and all the plantation countryside for counties around. An overseer on the Vaillart plantation had been walking through the woods one evening and had seen them coming back in the yawl. After that he watched regularly. And then Paul Vaillart came home.

Lily vanished overnight. It was said that she had gone to visit relatives in Maryland. As for Tom—after a terrible scene of horrified shouting in the kitchen, his father sent the sullenly silent boy to sea. But before the schooner sailed, Tom made a point of being seen openly on the streets, badly scared but duty bound to meet Paul Vaillart. He never did. Awed gossip said that Vaillart had been heard to declare that he would not have the blood of a young boy on his hands, because he knew that his wife was to blame. Besides, it was now whispered, he had suspected her before, with other men, but, loving her so, had kept his broken heart through a stormy marriage. Southern small-town gossip loved such dramatic phrases.

Months later, in Norfolk, Tom heard that Paul Vaillart had sold his plantation and all his other holdings, and disappeared toward Texas.

But to the night Tom died, he would remember Mary Casmont's wedding day. He was past twenty-one then, mate of his father's grimy old schooner, and he was just in from sea. He went to

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stand in the rain across the street from the church while she was being married. He was standing in a crowd of roustabouts and townspeople, but both sides of the street were lined with waiting carriages.

Suddenly the people began coming out of the church, and then Mary came out with her husband. Everyone was hurrying, because it was raining. She was carrying her veil over her arm, but the end of it floated free as she hurried with her husband toward the closed carriage at the curb. In the background her family stood in the church portico. Her uncle, the senator, was there. He was frowning and looking up at the wet sky with disapproval. Mary's husband was a man of about forty, somehow scholarly-looking. His name was Julian McAlister, and he was supposed to be even richer than the Casmonts. Tom didn't stay to see the carriage drive off.

IT WAS eight years before he saw her again. Then it was in London, in the spring of 1863. He would always remember the mist of new green leaves in the endless rows of gaslights, and the slow-flowing Thames at high tide in the dusk. In fine linen, smoking a cheroot, he would be sitting inside a hansom cab, on his way to her house. His blockade-runner, Moonlight, was lying at Liverpool, and he was in London buying his return cargo—a list of grim war cargo.

Her house was brightly lighted, the long rooms aglitter with crystal chandeliers. A very young widow, and an exceedingly rich one, she had taken this house in London two years before, early in the war. Julian McAlister had died in 1859; besides his fortune, he had left an unpublished monograph on the night-flying moths of Calhoun County, South Carolina. As one of the most fashionable hostesses in England, Mary McAlister was doing the cause more good than many a commissioner from the Confederacy.

Tom Rowan was there because he was famous as the coldest daredevil of all the blockade-running captains. Four times, he had shot his way through the heavy Union blockading squadrons lying off Wilmington, North Carolina; and the grim night-talk of his little guns was already a legend ashore. Usually, though, relying on his intimate local knowledge of the miles of shoals and sea and islands which stretch between the two entrances of the Cape Fear River, he got through unseen and untouched.

Lily Vaillart was one of the gayest and richest ladies in Wilmington. Her shining carriage and pair were famous in the war-crowded streets, and a great many people were very respectful. Once or twice on a midnight party with a lot of other people around, the lean blockade-running captain and the beautiful Mrs. Vaillart touched their champagne glasses together, but in that stately house in London, Tom Rowan scarcely ever got to see Mary McAlister alone. There were always guests; and, besides, a high-nosed young aristocrat named Charles Cravell seemed to be forever in attendance. He was from Georgia, and he looked like an ancestral portrait in the making. His elegant new naval lieutenant's uniform, cut by one of the best tailors in London, set off to perfection his pale and haughty face. He was attached to one of the Confederate commissions to England, of which Mary's uncle, Senator Casmont, was a prominent member. (The ragged, thin Army of Northern Virginia was moving toward Chancellorsville, where the thickets so soon were to be splattered with blood.) Charles Cravell distantly recognized the existence of Captain Rowan, the blockade-runner. Senator Casmont, however, was laboriously polite for political reasons when he met Tom in the drawing room.

ONE evening, during a party at her house, Tom Rowan found Mary alone, for once, in a corner of the conservatory. Her evening dress was of blue silk, which moved with pale gleams. "Before I sail," he said, "I'm going to talk to you, Mary."

"Yes, Tom?" she said quietly.

"I've loved you all my life, Mary. In spite of—of everything."

"D'you know, I think you're telling the truth," she said. "I saw you on my wedding day. I saw your face."

"Didn't it mean anything to you?"

"Look, Steedman, if you want to keep in condition, you've got to give up those baby-sitting jobs!"

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"To me? Then?"

"Now, you're *not* telling the truth, Mary," he said, "but as long as we're talking about old times, I'm going to remind you of an afternoon long ago. In a pier shed. The way I kissed you, we —were innocent."

Laughing, she picked up her skirts as if to hurry past him. And then she stopped and faced him. "All right. You may remind me," she said, "but very lightly."

HER eyes didn't close this time. They were serenely amused, and her lips were cool as petals. It occurred to him that maybe, for her, this was erasing the memory of their first kiss, reducing it to its proper place, making it something lightly childish and merely charming. He turned away.

"Thank you, Tom," she said. "I just wanted to make sure. That it's hopeless." And then suddenly she dropped all pretense of fashionable lightness. "You could have had *me*," she said in passionate bitterness. "I'd have thrown the world away, to marry you."

For a dazed second he stared at her. Then he stammered, "But—after we found each other in the pier shed that afternoon—the next day I met you on the street, and you wouldn't even look at me!"

"I couldn't look at you," she said simply. "I loved you so. And I was so frightened. I was waiting for you, Tom. You said we were innocent. I was," she added, "as only a very young girl could be, in those days, brought up as I had been. I was hardly more than a child, and I was in love, and I was frightened. I didn't know what to do next or what to say. I thought you would."

"I was innocent, too. Then." He said it grimly, because the appalling irony was biting in. From there, in a boy's bitterness of heart, thinking that the girl of the aristocrats had haughtily ignored him, he had walked down to the river front and found Lily Vaillart waiting.

"So when I heard about you," Mary said, "—that you really were—and Mrs. Vaillart . . ." Her voice trailed off in weariness. "I suppose," she said indifferently, "that the worst part, to me, was the sand island that everyone was talking about—the place where I first thought I loved you, when I brought you a cup of coffee that day of the picnic. It's silly, and it doesn't matter now—it can't ever matter more—but to me that sand island could always have been a —a sacred place. That's the way a girl's mind works," she said. And she laughed.

Still staring at her, Tom saw starkly and clearly the bitterest obstacles that can stand between man and woman—the hurt pride of a woman and her contempt for herself as well as for the man who has hurt her.

"So it drove you into a safe marriage," he said in dulled horror.

"Yes. And when I marry again, I will know even better," she said. "But it will still be to a man I can believe in. A man I can trust."

"Mary!" he said, and desperately took her in his arms once more. She was utterly indifferent; she did not even try to draw back. But her back remained very straight. He let his hands fall away. He really knew, then.

On his way out through the crowded rooms, he passed Charles Cravell, who drew himself up, black-browed, as Tom nodded good night. Then Tom walked out of that elegant crowd and out of the house.

He did not see her again until the ruinous years after the war. He had organized in New Orleans his joint-stock company of ex-rebel adventurers; and, sailing out to Far Eastern waters, he thought he was leaving the past and the South forever behind him with his fading sea track.

He thought so for nearly two years, until one day, in a shipping agent's office at Singapore, he was handed a note from Mary McAlister. She had seen his name, master of the brig Venture, in the shipping news. It was lucky, because he rarely brought the brig into Singapore; his trading was through the remoter parts of the Malay seas. He met her on the veranda of a hotel. They had tea. In the long, gathering twilight, her beauty burned like a shaded lamp. At first they talked only of impersonal things—of London, and you could hear the slow, laced singing of violins; of the war, but he could hear the rolling of gunfire and the sighing crash of seas. And then she told him:

At the end of the war she had had a little more than half a million dollars in gold left in the Bank of England. Most of it was her own money, but some of it belonged to the now-extinct Confederate States of America—expense funds which had been sent to help her in her war mission.

In the confusion and vindictiveness of those first months after the war, she was afraid that all such Confederate-tainted money would be confiscated if she took it back to the South, and afraid that if she left the money where it was it might be tied up in international litigation. She had decided in a perfectly feminine way to make it all entirely safe. Keeping out only a few thousands of her own money in the form of a letter of credit, she sent Charles Cravell to Amsterdam, the jewel-cutting center of the world, to turn all the rest into diamonds and emeralds. He was to bring them and meet her in Singapore. That was far enough away.

"Going to marry him?" Tom asked brusquely.

"I don't know," she said in a toneless voice.

THE trouble was, she had been waiting in Singapore all the time, since the spring of 1866. And Charles Cravell had never arrived.

Whatever she may have felt, she continued to live as a fashionable exile. She might as well—the McAlister plantation had been burned to the ground. After about a year and a half, Senator Casmont suddenly appeared in Singapore. He knew where Cravell was, or at least where he planned to be next April. And the senator, she said, was after the Confederacy's share of the jewels. He would resell them abroad, and a secret committee would use the proceeds to help soldiers' families in the starving horrors of the Reconstruction. But her letter-of-credit money was nearly gone. Her uncle was appalled. He had counted on her to finance the hunt for Cravell. The senator was very poor. With one small trunk and a valise, he was living in a hotel kept by a Chinese. Mary cut down her own expenses. It looked like the end of the string for them both—a poverty-stricken return to the South—when Tom and the brig came into port.

Cravell, with his bag of diamonds and emeralds, could not go to any of the capitals of Europe or South America. The fiercely disillusioned tough veterans of the Confederacy were scattered over the world, some engaging their restless swords as officers in foreign armies. And from the secret committee, the word had gone out about Cravell and the fortune—belonging partly to a lady of the Cause, and partly to the South—which he must have been carrying with him. If he should show up in Paris or Vienna or any of the gay cities of the world, a reckoning would be swift and merciless.

On the veranda of the hotel in Singapore, Mary put down her teacup with unsteady fingers. "If I could just find him, and talk to him, I . . ."

"Give it up, Mary. He isn't worth it." Tom tried to keep the triumph out of his voice. "Let the money go, along with him. I can take care of you. And I've waited. I've waited, Mary."

"No," she said. "But you are

NEXT WEEK

INSIDE AMERICA'S WORST PRISON

At one state penitentiary, conditions have long been so bad that they constitute a *scandal of national significance.* Investigators found favors peddled for cash . . . sexual perversion . . . open gambling . . . government by buckshot, leather strap and rubber hose . . . The shocking story is detailed in the next Collier's

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going to help me in your brig. That's why I sent you a note."

And then she told him. Cravell had taken to the sea. A steward whom he had kicked off his decks, apparently for petty thievery, had approached the Casmont family, offering to sell information about the missing fortune. Cravell had gone into partnership with a onetime whaling captain, in a barkentine called the Antarctic. With a throat-slitting, scraggly crew of Liverpool wharf rats, Portuguese and Polynesians, they had established a shady trade on the wild northwest coast, with the Haida Indians, the dreaded remnants of a tall race of sea warriors whose enormous totemic-carved canoes ranged hundreds of miles of open sea from their rain-shrouded islands, the Queen Charlottes.

Cravell, with his Yankee partner, was trading with them for sealskins, but more especially for the fabulous robes of the sea otter, the world's most luxurious fur. The barkentine's trade with the Haidas was at least partly in illicit arms and ammunition. And in a deep inlet on the outer coast of Vancouver Island, Cravell and his people in the barkentine were to meet a big party of Haidas in early April, in the month of the spring salmon.

So here was the brig coming up from Singapore to keep that rendezvous too. The brig and its company were to receive a 15-per-cent share of all that was recovered.

The twilight was deepening, and stars were glimmering above the dark headland. Joe Lawson, the mate, began pacing back and forth behind the helmsman. Tom saw that Mary's hand, resting on the salt-roughened white rail, was clenched.

The brig crept in past the headland. Tom left Mary abruptly and went to stand beside the helmsman, to take the brig on a long slant up the wide waters of the inlet. They passed a high cliff; the hills fell away to reveal a deep bay. There were big Indian fires along the beach, and in black tracery against those rosy smokes, they saw the masts and spars of a barkentine at anchor.

A SMALL boat, painted white, came shooting out from the shadows under the nearer shore. It was being rowed man-of-war style, the long oars biting clean. A fresh young voice hailed, in a clipped British accent:

"What brig is that?"

"Brig Venture, cleared from Singapore for general trading," Tom said quietly. The small boat had come under the brig's counter. "Who are you?"

"From Her Majesty's sloop of war Diana. We're behind that long wooded point, there beyond the bay. Anchor where you are, and the lieutenant will board you in the morning for a look at your papers. The Admiralty has ordered a patrol of these waters. Authority is getting very sticky about Americans making free along this coast."

This was something they hadn't looked for. It would complicate things quite a lot.

After a long pause, Tom said, "What's that barkentine just over yonder?"

"Barkentine Antarctic, Shanghai. Another trader. Good night, sir," Her Majesty's midshipman piped. "Men! Give way, all!" The oar blades dipped and swirled, and he was gone.

"Let go the anchor, Joe," Tom said. "Brail up the sails—but loosely, so you can let 'em go again in a hurry."

They waited to make sure the midshipman had gone back to the gunboat. Through his brass telescope, Tom finally saw the dancing little white blur rounding the point. The gunboat's riding lights were out of sight behind that long, outthrust ridge of timber, more than a mile away. By now only a scant cable's length off, the stern windows of the barkentine were lighted.

Mary McAlister said suddenly, "I'm going over there and see Charles. I'm going to get this over with."

The angular, spare figure of the senator, with gleaming white shirt front, came out of the darkness to stand beside her. "I too," he said.

Resignedly, Tom ordered a boat out, with four men. Sitting in the stern, Tom noticed that the senator was carrying under his arm a long, thin bundle wrapped in oiled silk. Tom hitched up his own belt a little, where it was sagging from the weight of the pistol he had slipped into his hip pocket.

AS THEY came under the salt-roughened black side of the barkentine, they were hailed from the deck, and Tom answered. A rope pilot ladder came clattering and uncoiling down the side, and Tom went up quickly. The swarthy mate at the gangway gaped as a finely dressed lady followed Tom, managing her long skirts, and after her a distinguished-looking old man.

"We're friends of Mr. Cravell," Mary said sweetly. The swarthy mate gestured toward the after quarters.

The barkentine, being a big packet and old-fashioned, had a door that opened from the main deck, under the break of the poop. The three of them walked down a long corridor of stateroom doors toward the lighted main cabin at the far end. And there Cravell was waiting with a revolver pointed at the door—at them—as they came in.

Beside him stood his Yankee partner, a long-nosed seafaring man with a fringe of white whiskers under his shaven, sharp chin. His steely eyes never left them. However, in the painful silence, he finally seemed to feel that some amenity should be observed, with a lady present. Awkwardly, he coughed once and muttered, "Name's McCaleb."

Charles Cravell being what he was, his eyes betrayed him by a quick, involuntary flicker toward one of the dingy teak panels of the cabin. Tom thought: So that's where the loot is. Behind that panel.

In a breathless, curiously shy voice, Mary said, "Charles."

But it was into the old eyes of the senator, not glittering any more but terribly flat and colorless, that Cravell was staring. And Cravell's face was getting whiter and whiter. "So you've come," he whispered.

His revolver was pointing directly at the senator now, and they saw the trigger finger tighten. Mary started forward in horror, but Tom Rowan was ahead of her, because, at her first quick step, the revolver had switched to *her*. Tom walked straight up to the table and let the round O of Cravell's revolver muzzle point squarely between his eyes.

Tom Rowan said softly, "I'll take the shot, Cravell. Make the most of it. You haven't got time for many. One shot will bring my brig down on top of you. Go ahead, you bilge scum. Pull the trigger."

Suddenly, behind Cravell, he saw a face in the darkness outside one of the stern windows, and faintly shining in the cabin light. It was the face of one of his boat's crew, squint-eyed with surprise. Tom judged that this man was standing on the shoulders of another in

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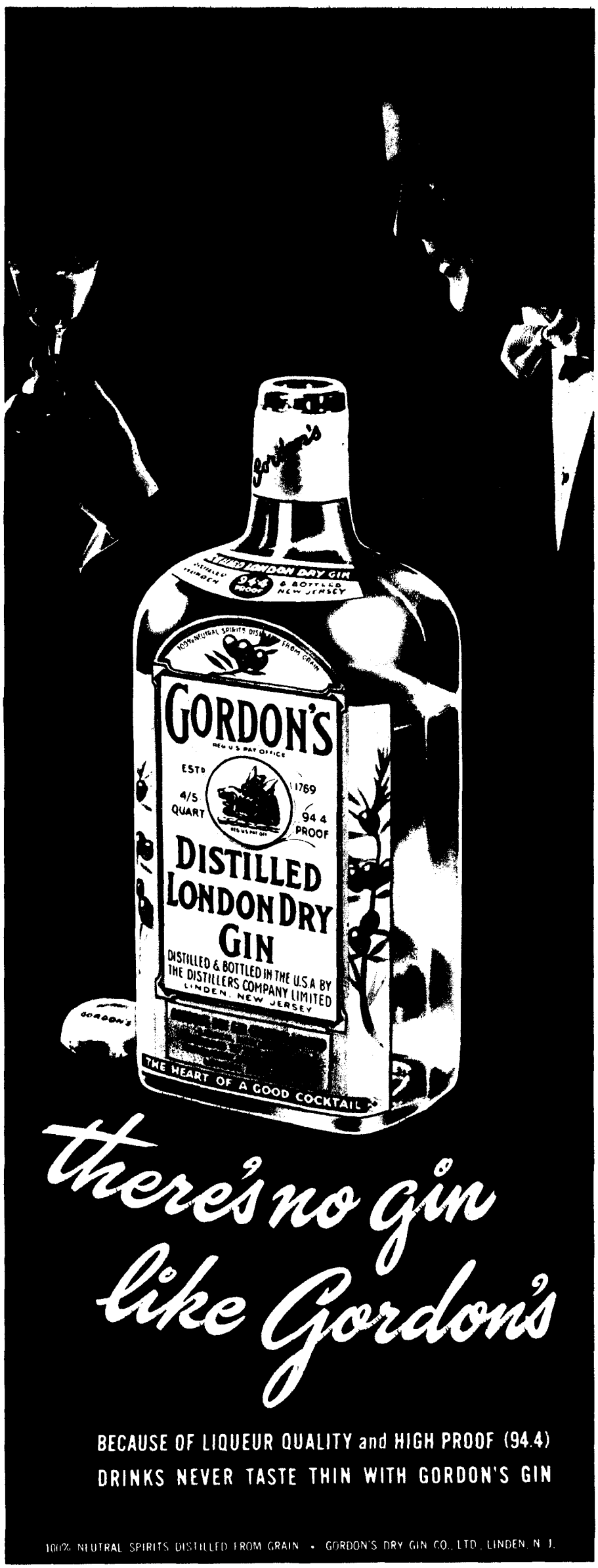
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the boat, to see how things were going.

The face disappeared, and with a crisp rustle of her silken skirts, Mary was standing beside Tom at the table.

"Tom, I will not let you trade your life for me. Stand back. This is my business. Charles, you know why I'm here. This is the showdown. I've thought I loved you," she said with a pitiful break in her voice, "but this is the showdown, Charles."

The Yankee skipper McCaleb clucked his tongue piously, but now there was a pistol in his hand too.

Cravell's brows twitched once. In the long, long pause while these two once-gay people gazed at each other, the color drained out of Mary's face, leaving it so white that Tom stirred uneasily.

"Mary!" Cravell said. "I— Let me talk to you. Alone. I—"

"You could have, in Singapore," she said. "I was waiting. You could have talked to me alone, and I'd have believed you. But it's too late now, by two terrible years. I thought maybe if I found you— But I've seen you now, and I know you now."

YOU could hear her swallow, and the Yankee skipper clucked his tongue disapprovingly again. Only Tom was listening to another sound, as of an ax hurriedly chopping through a hemp anchor cable, at the bitts.

Mary said, "You weren't sure you had me, Charles, and you did have the money."

She turned and buried her face in her hands. But Tom, standing beside her, sensed with surprise that she wasn't really crying. Puzzled, he suddenly realized that she was playing desperately for time, for his life. With death standing among them, there was a waiting silence. Cravell's gun never wavered.

After what seemed a long time, Mary said, her face still hidden behind her hands, "I guess you were my particular folly, Charles. I think that I—I even understand Lily Vaillart a little better now. Except," she said firmly, "I never made such a complete fool of myself."

Tom turned from the revolver's muzzle to stare at her.

"Lily Vaillart?" Cravell said. "Who's she? I don't understand. Stop that silly weeping, Mary. I'll talk to you tomorrow. I can explain. And now, get off this ship. All of you. I've had enough of this."

"All right, Charles. All right," Mary said wearily. "You can keep the money —my part of it."

And Tom, with a wild hope dawning behind his expressionless face, realized that Mary was trying to tell him something—obliquely, the only way she could.

Slowly and distinctly, Mary said to Cravell, "You're welcome to my money, Charles." So she would have nowhere else to go, except the brig. No one else to depend on. "Keep it, Charles—and good-by," she said.

"Not at all!" Senator Casmont's vicious, thin voice came from behind them. "I have something to say about that, and I—"

There was a tremendous impact, and the whole barkentine gave a sickening lurch to starboard, so that they were all thrown sidewise, off balance. Tom steadied Mary with an arm around her waist. That first crash continued in a long, rending, splintering grind. The brig had come—was alongside—and the two hulls were crushing massively together.

They heard the brig's grappling hooks slung onto the barkentine, and through an open porthole they heard, in the confused darkness outside, came Joe Lawson's quiet, scholarly drawl: "Boarders away." That war-ruined company of ex-Confederate fighters came swarming over, boarding in deadly silence. (Racing beside Joe Lawson to lead the boarders over the rail, the old helmsman looked lovingly, regretfully at his little guns. They had sunk two prahus of screaming pirates in the Malay seas, but they couldn't be used here, because here, in this fight, there must not be any noise.)

Below in the main cabin, they heard the rush of feet as the barkentine's mixed crew came pouring out of the forecastle to join the battle. And the Yankee skipper McCaleb, with one awful oath, was on his way. He was running for the deck.

It was probably the only sea battle in the world ever fought in desperate silence, in strangled whispers, in curdled, muffled moans of agony—fought with knives, with fists, with murderous tight lips, in a darkness made lurid by the flaming driftwood fires of the Haidas on the beach. Both sides knew it had to be a silent battle. The ex-Confederates were performing an act of piracy in boarding another vessel. The men of the barkentine dared not make any noise because of the hidden arms and ammunition they had for trade. And the sounds of battle would bring Her Majesty's gunboat upon them both, which would mean hanging for some and gray British prison for everybody else. They were fighting in British waters.

Tom Rowan stayed beside Mary in the lamplit main cabin, leaving the fight on deck to Joe Lawson. With Mary at last leaning against him, limp, Tom was watching a duel which turned even him a little sick; for in that staggering off-balance moment when the brig had laid alongside, the senator had deftly unrolled the slim, queerly shaped oiled-silk bundle he had been carrying under his arm, and now he was dealing with Cravell with a beautiful and wicked old dueling rapier.

CRAVELL had been caught with his revolver down, as, brilliant-eyed in horror, he clutched the edge of the table with both hands to steady himself against the continued violent lurching of the barkentine. And so now, every time his pistol hand tried to come up again, the rapier, like a long, colorless flame, licked out to his forearm. His sleeve was already cut in three places and was dark with pouring blood. A lock of Cravell's hair had fallen over his white, wet forehead.

He tried to get the revolver up one time more, and the blade of the rapier was there again. Tom Rowan, with his own pistol long since in his free hand, watched carefully. Keeping an ear on the muffled sounds of the desperate deck battle, he glanced once at Mary's face beside his shoulder. She was watching the rapier blade with wide but steady eyes.

And then instantly, so swiftly that you could see only a flicker of its light, the rapier's point was at Cravell's throat, forcing him step by step backward toward the panel at which he had glanced when they first came in, forcing him, at a curt gesture from the senator, to slide the panel back. The point of the rapier moved caressingly to the side of his neck, under his ear, and Charles Cravell was kneeling. With shaking fingers, he was working the knob of a black steel safe. When the small heavy door swung open, he reluctantly lifted out a chamois bag.

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"All of it," the senator said. "Everything in there. I'll take charge, Mary."

Cravell reached in again and hauled out two heavy canvas sacks. At another gesture from the senator, he carried them all in his arms and dumped them on the table. The canvas sacks had the ponderous, soft chink of gold pieces; but the chamois bag came open as, in fury, he flung it down on the table, and out of it came a little stream of flashing white and green lights. On the dirty tablecloth the spilled diamonds and emeralds lay scattered—a shining fortune. Tom thought there were probably not as many stones as there had been.

FOR an instant they were all looking at the table. Even the senator's opaque old eyes glanced once. And in that instant Charles Cravell knocked the rapier blade aside with one hand, and with the other punched his revolver straight into the senator's white shirt front.

"So you came for your share," Cravell said.

"Be still, you damned puppy!" the senator snarled.

"I suppose you meant to get away with it all, this time," Cravell said. "Since it was your idea in the first place to steal it from Mary."

That vicious recrimination of the weak and the damned was enough for Tom Rowan. Coldly and methodically, he shot. The slug from his .45 cracked against the cylinder of Cravell's revolver at the senator's shirt front and sent the gun, shattered and whirling, to bang against the bulkhead.

"The rapier will be next," Tom said pleasantly, "unless you lay it on the table, Senator." The senator delayed for a long moment before he put the sword on the tablecloth; and Tom thought he would remember that ravaged, old face in his nightmares forever. "Mary, my dear, throw this sword out a porthole, please," Tom said.

Walking dazedly, Mary did.

"Now," Tom said, "talk, Cravell. And talk straight. Please understand me. I want to kill you anyway."

"Well, that's it," Cravell mumbled sullenly. "You remember the old man was on the Southern commission I was attached to in London. So when we lost the war and Mary sent me to Amsterdam to turn the money into stones—it was his idea for me to keep on going. It was his idea! He was ruined, and I—I lost my head. He was going to meet me in Stamboul. I know he went there and waited, and I hope he had a nice wait there, before he went home to the South."

Tom Rowan said gently, "And you made a double betrayal. You stole from Mary, and then you betrayed the senator, your accomplice. Is that it? You still kept on going—alone."

Cravell didn't say anything. Mary sighed—one of the smallest, most profoundly forlorn sounds Tom had ever heard in his life.

"And our friend the senator," Tom said, "helping to steal from Mary—betraying the secret committee in the South—trying to get hold of the loot again."

Cravell burst out: "Somewhere or other—in Singapore or wherever—he'd have given you the slip and got away with all this. He used to talk to me about South Africa."

"All right," Tom said, "that will do." So that was the reason for the senator's dealings with the secret committee. Those honorable, ruined men had raised enough money to send the senator as far as Singapore to find Mary; she was their only hope of getting him to Vancouver Island to collar Cravell, since the committee could not buy and outfit a ship for the recovery of the Confederate gold. "So everybody decent has been swindled," Tom said, and added softly, "except Mary, now." But Mary, turning away from the suddenly decaying old face of her uncle, buried her face in her hands. Casmont had been a proud name. The senator, not quite hurriedly, shuffled a step or two away.

JOE LAWSON had strolled into the cabin, with a wet cutlass in his hand. "Heard a shot, sir. Everything is satisfactory on deck," he said. "We've driven them below hatches. A few exceptions, of course."

"Very well, Joe. Gather up this stuff on the table. Only the stones—not the gold. No time for accounting. We're shoving off," Tom said. He turned back to the senator and Cravell. "I'll leave you two here together. Argue it out between yourselves after we're gone. Can't think of a better punishment, offhand."

He touched Mary's shoulder, and she turned to him. With Joe Lawson walking ahead of them carrying the chamois bag, they went out, and Tom closed the door behind them.

On the main deck, by the light of the Haidas' beach fires, they saw a few huddled, motionless figures, but most of the brig's crew was lounging tiredly about. A fight was a fight, and it was over.

Tom said, "Bring our dead aboard the brig. Cast off the grappling hooks. Get sail on her, Joe. We're standing out to sea."

As he helped Mary over the locked rails of the two vessels, she whispered, "I tried to tell you, Tom. There, while the minutes were counting. I'll try again tomorrow."

For a moment in the shadows on his own deck, her tears were as bitter to his lips as the lonely taste of the sea—the sea which can wash away most things human, even the proud follies, even the years, and perhaps most easily of all, the signs of human battle. ▲▲▲

"Fred? Finally got one for ya! Yeah, had just about given up hope for someone for *that* job!"

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Only the hot dogs and soda pop remain the same. Football fans of an older year, like the pair shown above, bundled up in cumbersome clothes to watch the big game. But they were certainly no warmer, and not nearly as comfortable, as today's well-dressed couple on the right

Debonair and Warmer

By BERT BACHARACH

Clothes that give the wearer mobility as well as warmth keynote men's cold-weather fashions

IF THERE has been one cold-weather problem that clothes designers have aimed to conquer in recent years, it's been how to keep men both warm and mobile at the same time. To realize the extent of the challenge, think back a few decades to what the male spectator wore to a football game on a chilly day. He not only bundled himself up like an overstuffed mattress to combat the weather, but the layers of woolens he had on were so heavy they stooped the straightest shoulders and bent the broadest back.

Modern technical developments in textiles, finishes, processing and construction have now come along to make it possible for men to walk instead of waddle despite the coldest weather. Practical experiments conducted during the Byrd polar expeditions and by the Army Quartermaster Corps during and since World War II uncovered the surprising fact that certain lightweight fabrics keep out the cold better than heavy, bulky cloths. And scientists also found chemical processes which, when applied to the materials, made them even more resistant to wind and cold. The recent introduction of a lining material called "Milium" is a case in point. It consists of coating lightweight fabrics with metallic particles to reflect and maintain body warmth. Topcoats with the new linings are warm enough for almost the coldest days.

All of the other articles of men's apparel are following the lighterweight trend set in outerwear. Winter suits, for example, weigh less than ever, and many are no heavier than the ones once worn in summer. The trend to less bulk is particularly true in formal clothes, which now are sold for winter wear in so-called "tropical" weights. And hats, shirts, wool underwear, socks and shoes also are much lighter than they used to be.

These developments have added new styling and comfort to winter apparel. Gone forever is the era when the male hibernated from fall to spring in bulky, shapeless clothes. Now he can look as trim, feel as casual and be as comfortable in the winter as during the rest of the year. And, most important, he's just as warm as he would be in long flannel drawers and a stocking cap. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PETER DIMITRI

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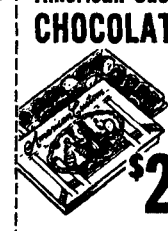

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She saw his cold anger grow to a strange, wild fury. "Won't you ever learn that money don't grow on trees?" he shouted

Gallagher's Wife

He didn't have loving ways, but a woman has a way of knowing when her man is ready to celebrate

By DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

IRONING blue work shirts with the skill of long practice, Winky Gallagher preferred not to face the fact that the eleventh day of November was her wedding anniversary. For part of the morning, involved in the children's plans, she had been able to avoid it.

Franny went off in a dramatic flurry on a hiking trip with the Girl Scouts. Eileen left with her bicycle and five sandwiches, and a parting reminder that she was double-dating for supper and a dance at the Moose Hall.

After Mickey had set out on his latest solemn project, catching grasshoppers to put in bottles, Winky stopped evading her memories and thought about her wedding day. She had been eighteen—and how smart you were at eighteen, with all your big ideas! Her ambition then was to save up enough for a fur coat, but she had never got more than five dollars together all at once.

Gallagher was four years older, dark-haired, with no expression on his face if he could help it. There had been about Gallagher, at twenty-two, a young sternness that twenty years later was close to grimness. He'd had a look of mystery.

Winky had assumed that, once they were married, his mind and heart would be open to her so that she would understand the mystery, but she still didn't. Gallagher seldom confided his troubles and was casual about his triumphs. He disliked emotional displays.

In twenty years, she had learned a lot about him, but she still couldn't be sure what he was thinking about.

Gallagher had not changed, but Winky had. Ironing his shirts, she winced, remembering how painful that changing had been.

A voice at the door said, "Yoo-hoo," and she jumped, although the voice was familiar enough. Petal Dorris—and a silly name *that* was—usually strolled over during the morning. Winky was a nickname, but Petal—Heaven help the girl—was what her neighbor had been christened.

"Coffee's in the pot," Winky said, without turning around. Petal filled a cup.

"I'm going uptown to pay bills," Petal said. "Not that Bill's pay check will do it. Want to come?" Petal still had the complacency of a young wife who thinks she's going to get the world with a fence around it, on the installment plan.

"I've got work to do," Winky said.

"You never do pay bills, do you?" Petal hinted. "Gallagher must like to handle the money himself."

"He doesn't like to, but he's willing," Winky told her coolly. And how we handle money is *our* business, she wanted to add. Paying household bills was a woman's job, but Gallagher could toss

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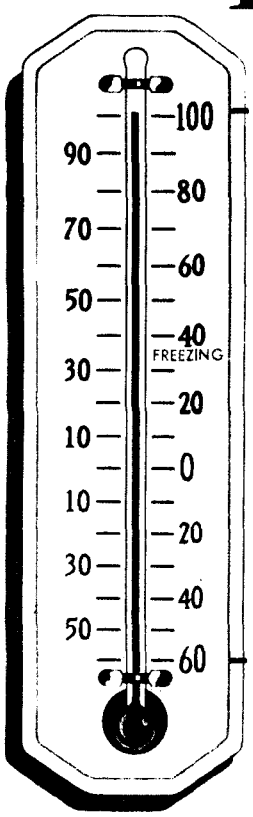

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money on a grocery counter with the swagger of a man buying a new car.

I've only got forty cents in my pocketbook, she recalled. But Gallagher and I understand each other.

It hurt her to remember how they had come to that understanding through the rocky years.

Petal sipped coffee and yawned. "Say, isn't this your and Gallagher's anniversary?"

Winky set the iron down hard. This day was nobody's affair but hers—and Gallagher's if he wanted to make something of it.

"What makes you think so?" she hedged.

"Why, we were moving in just a year ago, and I remember he had a corsage delivered."

"Yes, I believe he did," Winky agreed. It was the only corsage she'd ever had in her life.

It's just as well, she thought, that you don't know about the other years when there was no present at all, when he stormed and I cried. Go ahead and think this is a sweet occasion and we coo at each other! Gallagher is a stranger to me still. I never know what he's going to do.

"Don't you ever go out and celebrate?" Petal probed. "Of course, you've been married a long time."

A long time—and who else could have stuck it out with Gallagher?

"Sometimes we do," Winky told her. "I don't know what we'll do this time. I let him surprise me." That was the honest truth. What Gallagher did was often a surprise.

"He's a funny guy," Petal commented, distantly amused. "If Bill tried to keep his whole pay check, he'd hear from me! . . . Of course," she added hurriedly, "it's none of my business."

"It certainly is not," Winky agreed. "In Gallagher's house, nobody criticizes him but me. And I've got no complaints."

Petal yawned again. "I better go. Seems like I hear the baby."

"I was wondering when you would," Winky said. "Good-by."

While the bread baked—and cinnamon rolls because Gallagher liked them—she washed her hair and put it up in pin curls. There was a touch of gray in the light brown, but it didn't show when the strands were wet. Staring at herself in the bathroom mirror, with pins between her teeth, she remembered her wedding day.

TWENTY years ago they didn't have blood tests that required you to wait and gave you time to change your mind. Still, she had had a day to think. Because the night Gallagher asked her, the stores were closed, and he couldn't buy a ring.

That was a surprise, that he should be so sentimental. Gallagher gave the impression, in those days, of careless contempt for the world and all that was in it. He stared at you like an insolent prince and didn't seem to give a hang about anything.

Winky was gay and breathless, careless and laughing and sharp of tongue. They were going to get married, but they were never going to be stodgy like other people.

She was living with her married sister then, working in a café. She didn't even tell her sister they were going to be married, but hugged the secret all day at the café and got her orders mixed up as the hours dragged by.

Gallagher was driving a truck in those days. He could have stopped off to say hello, but that day he didn't. He didn't even come to take her home after work, and she felt dismay, distrust and finally panic. (In twenty years, she had almost got used to feeling panic in connection with Gallagher.)

He came to her sister's house after eight, casually, as if they were only going to the movies. He had his own car, a beat-up Model T. "Ready, kid?" he drawled, and her heart melted.

"I'm ready," she answered, and Gallagher said, "Am I surprised!"

They liked to be together, to go riding, to dance, to jeer at each other with their own biting brand of teasing. They didn't know much about marriage, except that theirs wasn't going to be like other people's.

THEY were married by a minister. Then they went to a tourist camp a mile out of town, and Winky began to wish they had done a little planning about where they would live.

By their first anniversary, they had a room they called an apartment; it had an electric plate and a cupboard made of apple boxes. Winky had lost her job because times were hard and the proprietor's wife had gone back to waiting on the counter. Winky was tired of the cramped apartment and irked at having no spending money any more. When she asked for money, Gallagher grumbled.

On that anniversary, Winky rumpled his hair and suggested, "How's about we go dancing to celebrate?"

Gallagher gave her a long, unsmiling look. "What's there to celebrate?" he inquired.

While she railed and cried, he just sat and looked at a newspaper.

Why couldn't he have said, "We can't afford it, kid?" He couldn't because he was Gallagher.

On her twentieth anniversary, Winky took the bread and cinnamon rolls out of the oven and considered stirring up a cake. But Gallagher might be better pleased if she mowed the lawn, and, besides, her hair could dry in the sun.

Pushing the lawn mower, she remembered the second anniversary with pain.

They had moved west of the mountains by that time, to this railroad town where they still lived, because Gallagher's father owned this house and they could rent it for five dollars a month. Gallagher worked in the woods, cutting cordwood, and came home when he could hitch a ride. The old Model T was a pile of junk out in the alley.

Winky was earning a little, working relief at the telephone office and in a restaurant. She had a chance to buy an almost-new washing machine for forty dollars. That wasn't frivolous, like pretty shoes or the other purchases Gallagher grouched about. She was pleased with her decision. She felt grave and responsible. She paid ten dollars down, out of her own money, and reported to Gallagher with pride.

She saw his cold anger grow to a strange, wild fury. "A wash machine!" he shouted. "Now you got to have a wash machine! Won't you ever learn that money don't grow on trees?"

Winky had never before been so hurt and angry that she couldn't talk. Gallagher went out, slamming the door.

"I'll pay for it with my own money!" she yelled after him.

But she decided not to pay for it at all. Not knowing for sure where she was going—to her sister's, maybe—she packed a suitcase. She wrote a stiff, stilted note, signed with her given name, Susan, and left it on the dresser—a farewell note to the man she had married two years before on that day.

Then she walked downtown toward the depot, but she never got there. On the street she saw the man for whom Gallagher was cutting cordwood.

He acted embarrassed as he said, "Miz Gallagher, I'm sure sorry I had to let him go. People ain't paying me for the wood, and I got no money to pay wages with, and that's the straight of it. When winter comes, they'll have to pay, and I'll have work for him again. He's a good boy."

WINKY heard herself answer, "Oh, is that what it was? He didn't tell me much about it."

How many people had seen her there on the street with the suitcase? When she turned and went back, what had they guessed?

Beside the note on the dresser was Gallagher's key ring. Had it been there before? She didn't know—and after eighteen years, she was still not sure.

She canceled the washing-machine deal and humiliated herself to get the

COLLIER'S

"Look, Mac—for the *last* time—I'm *glad!* I'm *very* glad your cousin won All America Honorable Mention in 1936!"

DAN KOERNER

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ten dollars back. The woman who owned the machine needed the money too.

The days dragged by. Where was Gallagher? She passed from hope to despair to resolution. If he stayed away fifty years, she'd still be there waiting.

At the end of five days he came home, with a stern, closed, challenging look on his face. Winky would not admit that she had suffered. The first thing she said was, "If you don't get a new handle on the ax, somebody's liable to get hurt."

He went out without a word and split up firewood for the range. He threw it in the box and stood staring at her, his lips moving as if he couldn't get words out. Then he said, with his voice cracking, "Winky—" He went down on his knees and pressed his face against her while she begged, "Don't, darling, please, please don't!"

"If you'd been gone," he said in a choked voice, "I was going to shoot myself."

He had a gun in his pocket.

NO WORD of that terrible time was ever mentioned. Gallagher promised nothing, and his wife asked nothing. She would never know, or want to know, where he had spent those five missing days.

After that, Winky put her little bit of pay in the kitchen cupboard so Gallagher could dip in when he needed tobacco. She cooked the cheapest foods, and he did not say a word in complaint. When he got work again, he put all his first pay there, and Winky never let him know that she cried when she found it.

Their third anniversary went by without celebration or even notice. Winky was taking care of Gallagher's father, who was living with them then, sick and old and cranky.

To settle up his estate, they either had to sell their half interest in the house or buy the other half from Gallagher's brother. Winky went back to work. They pooled their earnings, dividing the money into little piles on the table, always embarrassed about having to discuss it.

Winky didn't work long. By the fourth anniversary, Eileen was on the way. Winky went on economizing, got as much of their food as possible out of the garden and did an occasional bit of dressmaking.

Three weeks before their sixth anniversary, Franny was born. She was so frail that they didn't think about the date at all. But Gallagher had work as a laborer on a new highway, and they were making out all right.

He was a brakeman on the railroad when he was drafted.

"Well, I have to go be a hero," he said. "Here's your chance, kid. All that great big allotment!" He grinned sardonically.

Before Gallagher came back, something strange happened to Winky—the beginning of an enduring change. She did not know it was happening. She knew only a fierce, grim triumph in being able to get along. She did not guess that, where money was concerned, she was becoming a cripple. To spend at all became painful.

The letters she got from Gallagher didn't sound much like the effusive ones that some of her friends read aloud. He seldom said he missed her and the children, because Gallagher was not a man to state the obvious. He filled up space by mentioning where men in his outfit had come from. But he wrote.

Only once did he ask for anything—a picture of her and the little girls. Winky bought a roll of film and borrowed a camera.

Gallagher was so pleased with the pictures that he made a little joke. "I got 114 letters from you," he wrote, "although I have not got all of them any more of course. You signed them all 'Your loving wife, Winky.' How many wives do you think I got?"

After that, she signed, "Your loving and only wife," and told everybody proudly about his little joke. She was even more proud to know that he had kept track of the number of letters.

When he came back, they discovered the strange thing that had happened to Winky, the thing she had not realized herself. Gallagher rolled up his sleeves and asked, "Well, how far in debt did we go while I was seeing the world?"

"We don't owe anybody," Winky told him. "I kept up the payments on the house. The light bill only came yesterday, and I didn't have change when the man brought chicken feed, so I owe him two bits. But there's nothing owing except those."

Gallagher leaned back and stared. "You fed the kids and kept up the payments out of my allotment? Taxes—what about taxes?"

"The taxes are paid. My goodness, what's the matter?"

Gallagher was still looking suspicious. "How did you do it?" he asked.

She had somehow got on the defensive. "I just didn't waste anything, and of course I make the girls' clothes. The chickens help on the food bills, but the coop's no good—I'm not much of a carpenter. Sometimes I did baby sitting if they'd bring the baby over here, and I sewed for other people. I had three or four customers for bread last winter. What did I do that was wrong?"

He shook his head and said respectfully, "I can't figure you out."

With a touch of her old snap, Winky said, "If I'd known you wanted a pile of debts and the kids in rags, I wouldn't have gone to so much trouble."

Gallagher sighed. "You kind of scare me, kid."

A FEW days later, he announced, "We're going to eat out and go places. Get yourself a baby sitter."

That was their fourteenth anniversary, but he didn't mention it.

The thought of extravagance chilled Winky. She clutched for excuses. "I could make a cake, and we could have something special, like rib roast, and stay right here."

"We're going out," Gallagher said.

The gala evening was a nightmare.

"Is that the best dress you've got?" Gallagher demanded as she was getting ready. "I remember that old blue job from way back, and I never was one to notice much."

"You certainly weren't," she answered sharply. "This is my best dress. And remember, it wasn't my idea to go out tonight."

"It kind of hangs off you," he commented. "First thing tomorrow, you go buy a dress."

Cold with anger, Winky started to take the old blue one off, and he demanded, "Now what do you think you're doing?"

"Staying home, that's what. I'm not fancy enough to go out with you. You don't look so hot yourself. Your suit's too tight across the shoulders." Still tangled in the blue dress, Winky started to cry.

Gallagher grabbed her shoulders. "Take it off or put it on, one or the other, but stop that crying, damn it!"

She pulled the dress on. When the

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evening was over—the miserable anniversary celebration—Winky was apologetic, and apologizing was hard for her.

"It's just that I hate to let loose of a penny," she admitted. "And I didn't need a new dress, with you away."

When Gallagher got his first pay check, he cashed it and brought every cent home. He threw it on the table before her and said with a wry grin, "You handle it, kid. You can make it stretch better than I can."

Winky looked at the bills and the silver. She put her hands over it, and began to laugh and cry. Gallagher got the scare of his life. He had never encountered hysteria before.

She had been cramped for too long, and now she was crippled. She had fretted too long with her conscience, and now she had no freedom left. For the children she got whatever was necessary, and Gallagher could spend as he saw fit, but for herself she could not spend, not even for a doctor's call when she was sick.

The railroad was booming and there was plenty of work for Gallagher. They could begin to relax a little. But Winky couldn't bear to relax.

She walked the floor all one night with a toothache. Her teeth were too far gone to justify repairs, the dentist told her. She worried more about the cost of getting false teeth than about having her teeth pulled, and Gallagher blew up.

By the next anniversary, she had false teeth—she was thirty-three—and a new baby, Mickey. And a custom had been established: Gallagher handled all the money and paid all the bills. Winky didn't see five dollars in cash from one payday to the next, and she liked the system very well. Since Gallagher paid the bills, it was never apparent that she was crippled when it came to money.

They did not discuss the system. It simply developed.

SHE did not move a finger to plan a celebration of their twentieth anniversary, but she thought she saw Gallagher's silent ingenuity in the plans the two girls had made. He had said at first that Franny couldn't go hiking and then had suddenly changed his mind. Winky was sure he had something to do with Eileen's big evening. Both couples in the double date were going to eat out before the dance. Was Gallagher paying for all four of them? A waste of money, but so clever of him that his wife was filled with admiration.

She almost laughed out loud when, in the afternoon, old Mrs. Carpenter came plodding up the street, chatted with Mickey at his grasshopper-catching and came in with an elaborate story about how she just had to have him be "her boy" for the rest of the day and to stay all night.

Winky cleaned him up, burdened him with advice about how to act when he was company and sent him on his way. He was a serious child, as she thought Gallagher must have been, and she was desperately proud of them both.

GALLAGHER came in from his run and kissed her casually, inquiring with equal casualness, "Where the kids gone to?"

"Eileen's on a double date," Winky reported. "Franny's off with the Girl Scouts, and Mrs. Carpenter borrowed Mickey."

"She'll be sorry," Gallagher prophesied. "What you got for supper?"

"Veal birds. I could start supper if you're hungry."

Gallagher scowled. "Them rolled-up things? I don't feel like tackling 'em."

She knew he didn't like veal birds. She had chosen them on purpose, so he would have an excuse to say what he was going to say. He said it:

"Come on, old lady, put some powder on and comb your hair. With the kids out from under, we can eat out for once."

He would like it better if he had to argue a little, so Winky looked doubtful. "My goodness, I've got everything ready to get supper."

"You heard me!" he growled.

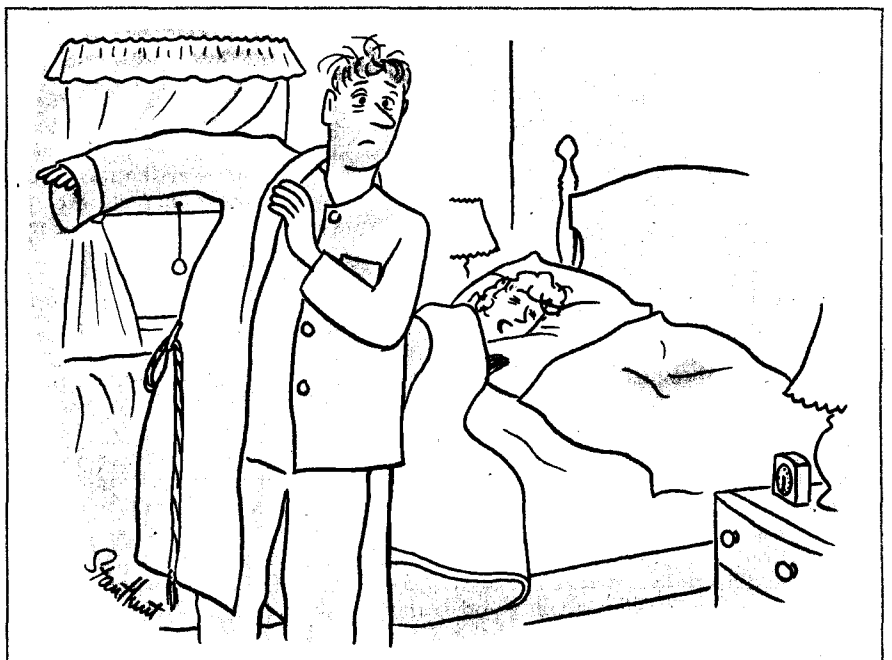
She sniffed. "Would you be tired of my cooking, maybe?"

"I would," he said frankly. "Your hair don't look bad. What'd you do to it?"

"Boiled it in champagne, of course. Anybody'd think I never washed my hair, the way you go on."

He gave her a friendly pat. "Get out the glad rags, kid. We're gonna eat downtown."

She kept him on edge with objections while she was dressing. She was edgy herself, because Gallagher could be



"Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h! Thank goodness, I don't have to get up at this ungodly hour and get my own breakfast and go whomping off to work . . ."

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

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rash. To forestall a purchase that she suspected he was planning, she commented, as she put on unaccustomed lipstick, "I sure like this dress. It fits fine, too, now that I've gained five pounds."

"It'll do," he agreed. "You could take on ten more pounds, and it wouldn't hurt you."

Well, that was Gallagher for you.

They chatted with the waitress while she brought silverware and two well-thumbed copies of the menu. Any other couple would have mentioned the anniversary, but Gallagher and Winky didn't admit it even to each other. Gallagher took the menu out of her hand and gave it back to the girl.

"She ain't allowed to see the prices," he explained. "She'd order all the high-priced stuff."

"I'm not hungry, I just want a sandwich," Winky said. It was true; the thought of the expense had ruined her appetite.

"She wants a sandwich!" jeered Gallagher. "She ain't going to get it. Porterhouse steaks for two."

"Do you want to divide one?" the waitress suggested. "Most people do. They're plenty big."

"Divide nothing!" Gallagher barked. "We want two full orders, one apiece. Do I make myself clear?"

"Boy, the boss'll raise my wages," the waitress said, and giggled. "Sure, you make yourself perfectly clear."

When she had gone to the kitchen, Winky said timidly, "Honest, I couldn't eat a great big steak. Please, Gallagher, tell her you changed your mind."

"I'll tell her nothing."

They ate their steaks in friendly silence, but Winky looked sadly at the remains of hers—more than half of it left, and she couldn't swallow another bite. The waitress noticed and said, "Say, I'll bring you a paper sack and you can take the rest home for the dog. It's a shame to waste all that."

Gallagher scowled and began to simmer, but Winky agreed joyfully. They didn't have any dog, but neither did lots of other people who took home the rest of a steak after a gala dinner at the Bluebell Café.

She shivered when Gallagher flung down a five-dollar bill by the cash register; there wouldn't be any change. But she was comforted by the thought of the cold steak, well wrapped in paper napkins.

THERE were, she thought, a lot of things they might have talked about if they had been some other couple and not Gallagher and Gallagher's wife. They might have reminded each other with satisfaction that the house was paid for and painted, that the car was almost paid for and that Gallagher had bought lumber so he could add a room on for Mickey. They were over the hump of the bad times—cross your fingers!—with lots to be thankful for. And they would go on together as long as they lived. But those were things that Gallagher and Winky did not talk about.

He had not said a word about the anniversary.

"Let's go look at the show," he commanded. They crossed the street and looked at the signs in front of the Orpheum. "Might be all right," Gallagher decided.

It was too early for the second show, though; they had half an hour to kill.

"Might as well look in store windows," Gallagher announced.

She had been afraid of that. He saw a dress in Sally's Smart Shop and pulled her in by the elbow. "It won't be the right size," she protested, "and I've got this one for best and you ought to like it, you picked it out yourself."

"No law against having two, is there?" he snorted.

The salesgirl, who was new there, looked a little upset about the scene they were making.

"I don't want to muss my hair!" Winky objected.

"You can comb it, can't you?" Gallagher demanded.

The dress was, fortunately, too big, and besides Winky got a look at the price tag—$22.95, for pity's sake! To pacify Gallagher, she admired a dress that fitted better and cost five dollars less. The salesgirl was in a dither, what with Winky complaining and Gallagher striding around as if he didn't trust the management.

"I suppose you want me to wear it home, price tags and all!" Winky challenged.

"No, save it for some other guy," he grunted. The salesgirl laughed uncertainly.

THE movie was all right. They were both well satisfied, for a wonder. They drove home in companionable silence. The house seemed empty with all the children out of it.

Gallagher took off his tie and sighed with relief. Then for the first time he admitted that this was an occasion. "Poke in that bottom drawer," he suggested, "and you might find something."

"Honest?" she said, and began to dig.

"Now how did you keep anything hidden without me finding it?" she demanded, unwrapping the package with fumbling hands. "Oh, Gallagher! You wonderful guy!"

The present was a big cup and matching saucer. The cup had Mother on it in gilt letters. She had seen it in Myrtle's Gift Shoppe for $2.50.

This was no time to say, "You shouldn't have done it." This was a time for gratitude and reassurance; Gallagher needed reassurance when he bought presents.

"Will Petal ever be jealous," Winky exulted, "when she comes over for coffee and I won't let her use this because it's my very own!"

"The twentieth anniversary," Gallagher announced, "is the china one."

Winky stared. "It is? Now how on earth did you know that?"

"I asked 'em at the gift shop. China, that's what they said."

She sighed, and with love unbounded told him, "You do such nice things!"

"You're all right yourself," he admitted. She knew how hard it was for him to say anything like that.

He went further. He said gruffly, "I used pretty good judgment when I picked you, kid."

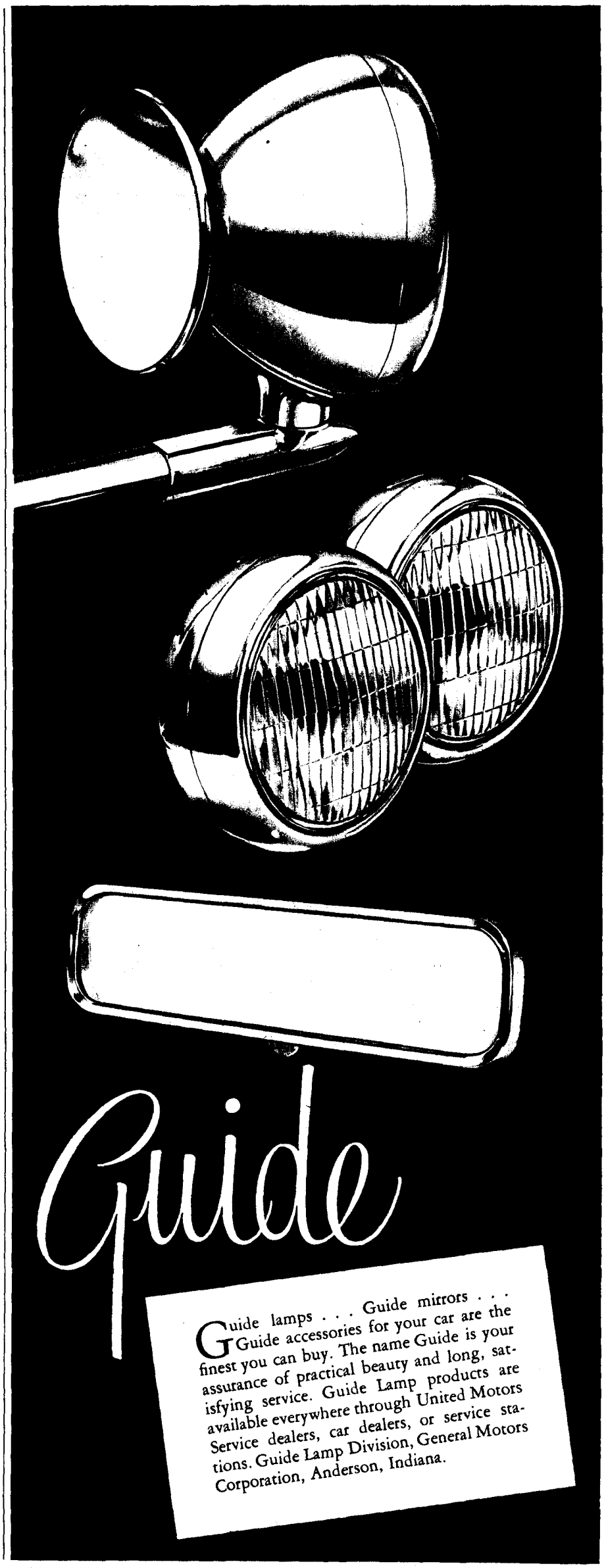
She went into his arms, crying—crippled Winky leaning against her rock—and he patted her shoulder, embarrassed.

"If I'd known what a sob sister you'd turn out to be," Gallagher said with gruff good nature, "I'd never have married you."

"Then I guess I'd have died single," Winky told him, sniffling. "There never would have been anybody else for me."

She spoke for him as well as for herself, because there are kind and loving things that must sometimes be said, and Gallagher could not say them.

She did not require from him any answer. The silent answer was in the years behind them, and all the years ahead. ▲▲▲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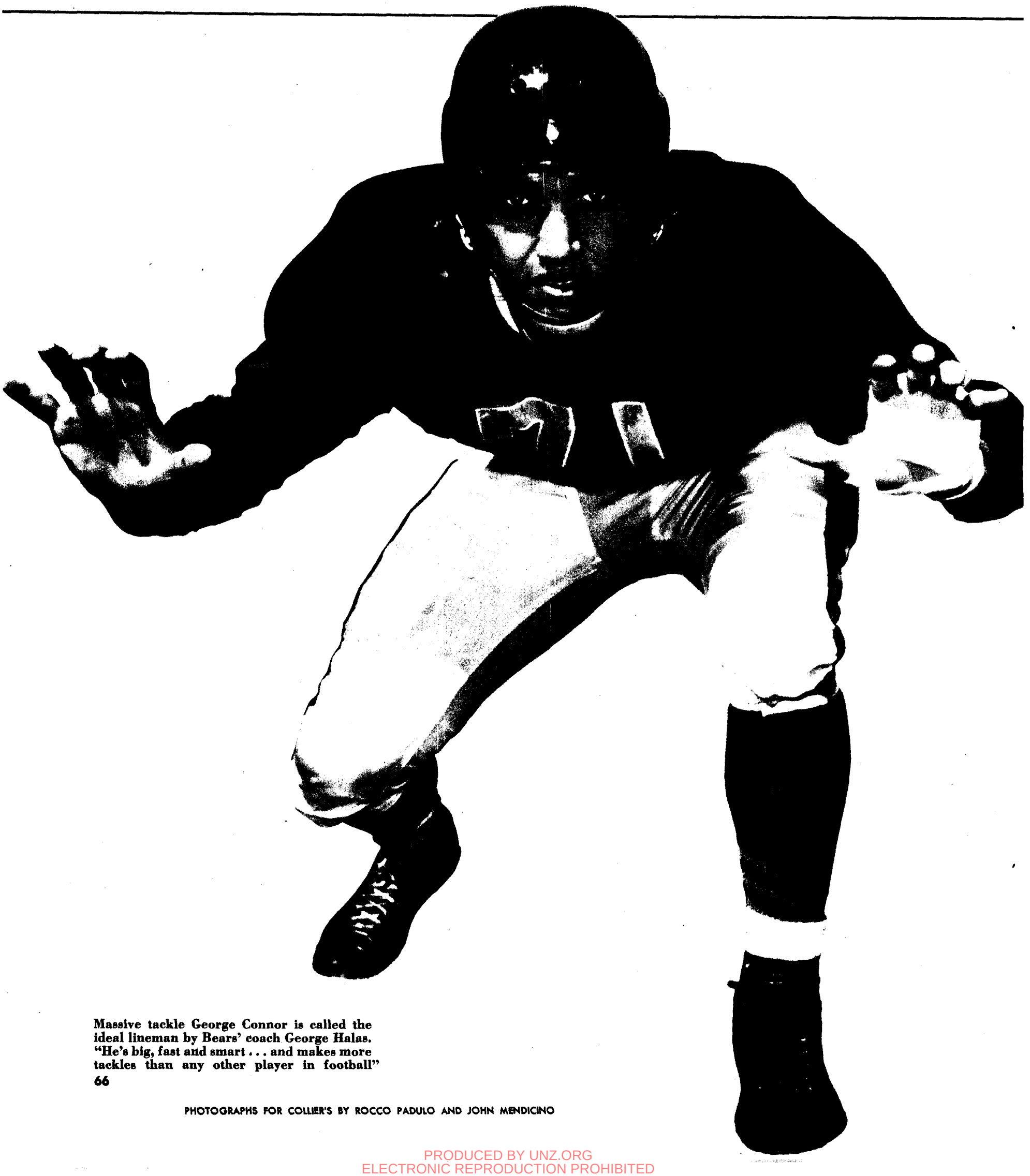
FOOTBALL'S TOUGHEST TACKLE

Uncle George and the Big



Massive tackle George Connor is called the ideal lineman by Bears' coach George Halas. "He's big, fast and smart . . . and makes more tackles than any other player in football"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROCCO PADULO AND JOHN MENDICINO

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Bad Bears

An ex-incubator baby, George Connor grew and grew. He's now a 240-pound All-Pro lineman in Chicago and a nightmare to foes

By BILL FAY

MARY JANE LUJACK, the three-year-old daughter of Johnny Lujack, now a Notre Dame backfield coach, has a favorite bedtime story. It's about her Uncle George. The way Johnny tells the story, it goes like this:

"Once upon a time there was a little boy who weighed only two and three-quarters pounds when he was born. He was so little his mother had to feed him with an eye dropper. In fact, she had to feed him once every hour—twenty-four times a day—for almost a whole year, just a few drops at a time. And you know what she fed him? It was boiled cabbage water.

"Finally, the little boy drank so much cabbage water he grew up to be one of the biggest boys in Chicago. When he went to Notre Dame with your daddy, he weighed 225 pounds and he knocked down all the Southern California players, so Daddy could throw passes without getting hurt. Pretty soon, the sports writers were calling him George Connor, the All-America tackle.

"After he made All-America, he went home to Chicago and played with Daddy on the Bears—that's when you met Uncle George—and he became the best tackle in the whole National League. Believe me, Mary Jane, none of the other players wanted to run into your Uncle George. Why, once he blocked a Chicago Cardinal player so hard—it was your Uncle Bill Fischer, who used to play with Uncle George at Notre Dame—that Uncle Bill bounced into your daddy and knocked Daddy unconscious for three minutes . . ."

That's just one story. Lujack tells Mary Jane an almost endless variety of bedtime tales about her honorary Uncle George. Which isn't surprising. After all, quarterback Lujack and tackle Connor were the key All-America figures in Notre Dame's unbeaten 1946-'47 seasons; then, they earned All-Pro recognition as teammates on the Chicago Bears for four years until Lujack's retirement broke up the combination last winter. But no matter how many different bedtime stories Lujack recalls about Uncle George, the theme never varies: something overpowering always happens, and it happens to the other guys, not to Uncle George.

Of course, the recurring theme is not entirely a coincidence. Connor—now in his fifth campaign with the Bears—stands six feet three inches and weighs 240 pounds. There are bigger linemen than Connor in pro football. Also, there are faster linemen. However, there isn't a lineman in the National Football League who is both bigger *and* faster than George Connor, the Bears' monstrous ex-incubator baby, and America's greatest living testimonial to the nutritive qualities of boiled cabbage water.

"Connor," avers coach George Halas of the Bears, "is the ideal lineman—big, fast and smart. Year after year, he makes more tackles than any other player in football."

Halas could be prejudiced. However, if there were any lingering doubts that Connor excels all contemporary linemen in the noble art of prostrating ball carriers, George personally dispelled any such suspicions by his sensational performance in the Pro Bowl game at Los Angeles last January.

In that postseason Donnybrook, pro football's greatest players—60 of them—were divided into two All-Star squads representing the National (Western) and American (Eastern) Conferences of the league. The American Stars were tutored by Paul Brown, pro football's most successful coach; they were directed by T-quarterback Otto Graham, one of pro football's most proficient pass-

WIDE WORLD

Connor stretches out one arm to nail halfback Floyd Reid of the Green Bay Packers, for no gain. The six-foot-three lineman made the All-America at Notre Dame in 1946 and 1947

On bench for short breather, Connor views game with (l. to r.) center Bob Moser, trainer Edward Rozy, and his dad, Dr. Charles Connor. George plays on both offense and defense

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ers; they were powered by fullback Eddie Price, pro football's most productive ball carrier; and, what's more, they were three-deep at every position, with offensive and defensive specialists selected from the star-packed rosters of the Cleveland Browns, New York Giants, Washington Redskins, Chicago Cardinals, Philadelphia Eagles and Pittsburgh Steelers.

Admittedly, the American Stars were loaded with touchdown talent. Yet, their combined rushing efforts produced a net gain of only 15 yards against the National Conference Stars, who walloped them 30 to 13.

Enemy Offense Is Roughed Up

What happened to the American Stars' offense? The following sequence of plays, which transpired early in the fourth quarter, offers a significant clue:

On first down, halfback Dub Jones crashed into left guard and—*Wham!*—down he went, tackled for a one-yard loss by George Connor, who was backing up the left side of the National Stars' line.

On second down, fullback Price swept wide to the right and—*Wham!*—line-backer Connor, trailing the play, bounced him out of bounds after a two-yard gain.

On third down, quarterback Graham attempted a forward pass and—*Wham!*—line-backer Connor dumped him for a 10-yard loss.

On fourth down, Graham passed again. This time, instead of rushing Graham, line-backer Connor retreated some 15 yards—leaped high near the left side line—and deflected the ball out of the hands of the American Stars' right end, Dante Lavelli.

Thus, while shattering four consecutive offensive thrusts, line-backer Connor roamed from side line to side line and covered approximately one fourth of the total area of the field. Commenting on this remarkable performance after the game, Joe Stydahar, then head coach of the Los Angeles Rams, who directed the National Stars, declared: "I've never seen any lineman dominate a game the way Connor manhandled those American Stars. George was on the ball—and I mean that literally—almost every play."

Paradoxically, Connor locates the ball by never looking for it. "If you try to follow the ball," George points out, "any slick quarterback will fake you right out of your shoes. But if you ignore the ball and instead concentrate on watching a few key offensive players—particularly the ends and tackles—they'll usually lead you straight to the ball."

Probably, that sounds complicated, but it makes sense when Connor explains his line-backer operations, step by step:

"Let's assume," George begins, "I'm backing up the left side of the Bear line. The offensive team—say the Los Angeles Rams—are in T-formation. Looking straight ahead, I can see three Ram players clearly—the right end, the right tackle and, behind them about three yards, the right halfback. Also, out of the corner of my right eye, I'm conscious of two blurs. The nearer blur is the Rams' right guard. The farther blur is their fullback.

"Now," Connor continues, "the play starts. I don't see the snapback—remember, I'm not even looking at the quarterback or the center—but I get a quick tip-off from the Rams' right end, Elroy Hirsch, who makes his move the instant the center snaps the ball back. If Hirsch starts downfield immediately, I figure a pass is coming. But if Hirsch blocks one of our front linemen, I get ready for a running play.

"But," Connor adds, "while watching Hirsch, I'm also trying to keep track of the Rams' right tackle, their right halfback, and that blur of a right guard. If Hirsch blocks, and the right tackle blocks, and the right halfback moves forward, and that blur of a right guard suddenly comes into focus—well, that's trouble. Any time that right guard comes into focus, I know he's running interference, and somebody—probably the Rams' left halfback, who hasn't

COLLIER'S

"He had two big helpings of goulash. I doubt if he'll get far"

WALTER GOLDSTEIN

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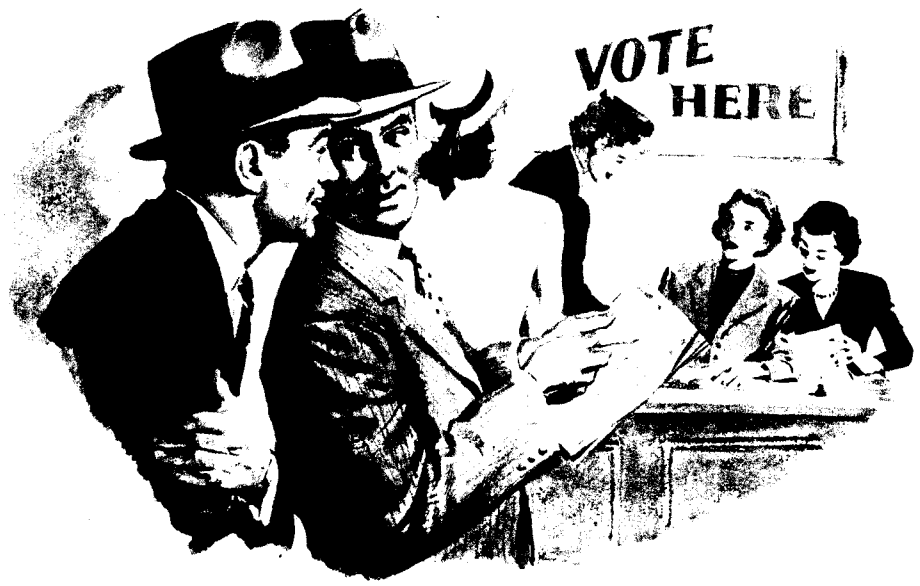

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even come into the picture yet—is headed in my direction with the ball. That's when you fasten your seat belt and hope for a soft landing!"

Occasionally, Connor's technique of ignoring the whereabouts of the football leads him into crowded and hazardous areas of conflict. For example, in 1950, when the Rams and Bears clashed in a play-off for the National Conference title, the Rams drove to the Chicagoans' six-yard line. On third down, fullback Dick Hoerner went in motion to the right. Connor—backing up the left side of the Bear line—moved out a few steps to cover Hoerner ("Just far enough to keep him a blur in my left eye").

Hirsch, the Rams' right end, sprinted straight ahead, then broke right into the end zone. Scenting a pass, Connor turned to cover the blur which was fullback Hoerner.

When He Didn't Look at Faces

"Then," Connor recalls, "something strange happened. Hoerner cut back toward me. Naturally, I waited to pick him up and suddenly—out of nowhere—two other Ram blockers popped into sight running behind Hoerner. In a spot like that, you don't look at faces, but I guess they were the Rams' right guard and left half. Anyway, they had to be running interference for somebody, so I decided to bust up the interference." Whereupon Connor plowed into Hoerner, Hoerner bounced backward into the two following interferers, and all four players crashed resoundingly to the turf. Then, Don Kindt, the Bears' safety, tackled Bob Waterfield, the Rams' quarterback, who was attempting to sneak through left tackle on an artfully concealed maneuver.

"Connor smashed that play," Halas commented later, "without ever seeing the ball or the ball carrier. What's more," Halas added, admiringly, "Connor threw himself right into the meat grinder to do it."

Boy and man, Connor has been throwing himself into the meat grinder, as Halas puts it, for a period of 13 years, encompassing some 160 high-school, college and professional games, plus perhaps a thousand practice scrimmages. Surprisingly enough, at twenty-seven, Connor exhibits few marks of his vigorous profession. Off the field, he's a downright handsome Irishman, with black curly hair, gray-green eyes, undented nose and a firm, square jaw. The thin line, resembling a skin wrinkle, under George's chin is the scar of a three-year-old cleat cut which required nine stitches.

The chin-gashing injury occurred when Connor made a flying attempt to tackle quarterback Jack Jacobs on the last play of the first half of a Bears-Packers battle at Green Bay. Picking himself up off the ground near the Chicago bench, Connor wrapped a towel around his neck, yelled for the team physician, and took off for the dressing room.

Between halves, Connor stretched out on a front-row bench. From this advantageous position, George followed Coach Halas' strategic dissertation at the blackboard, while the doctor stitched and taped his lacerated chin. In fact, George didn't even have to move his head.

Finally, when the stitching and taping were completed, Halas inquired: "How do you feel, George?"

"Pretty good, Coach."

"That's fine," said Halas, much relieved. "You can start the second half."

Connor played all but three minutes of that second half. "The chin throbbed a little," he recalls, "but it would have throbbed more if I'd been sitting on the bench. You know, the excitement of a football game acts like an anesthetic. It dulls the shock of hard blocks and tackles. Of course, if you take a good clout on the jaw or in the stomach, you notice it. But you hardly feel routine bumps on the arms and legs."

Starting the '52 season, Connor boasted an enviable four-year record for durability; he'd never missed an important game because of injury. He's been hurt, lots of times. But as Lujack

"He won some money for me at the dog show today; one of the judges gave me five dollars to get him out of the building before the newspaper photographers got there . . ."

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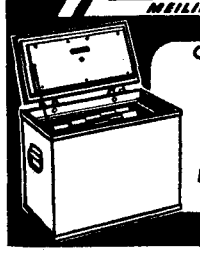

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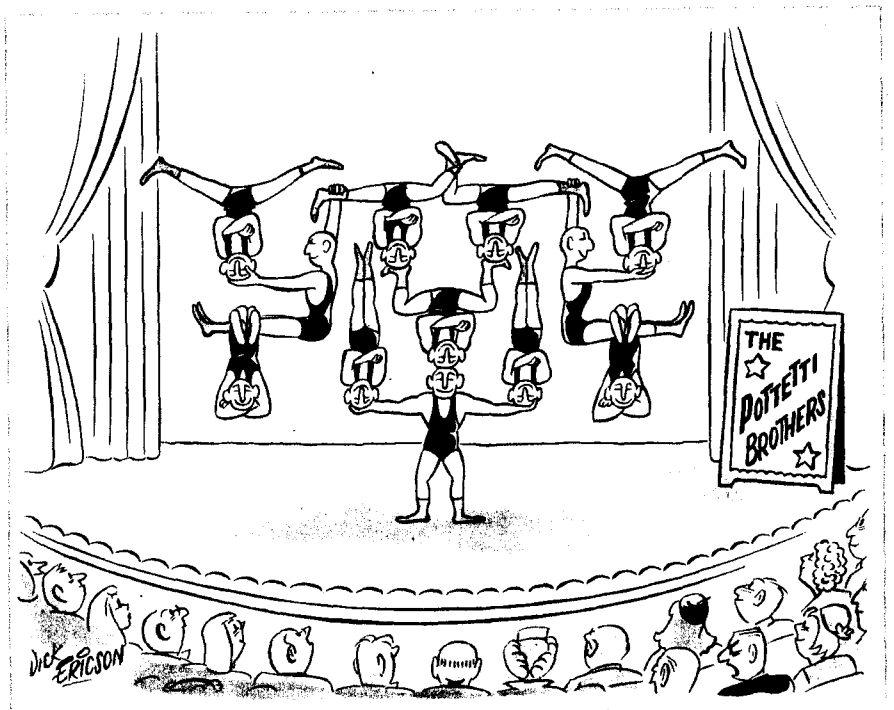

COLLIER'S

"The whole thing's a phony—they're not really brothers"

DICK ERICSON

once told little Mary Jane, "Any time Uncle George can stand up, he's ready."

The truth of this assessment is illustrated by Connor's 1950 work. Hobbled by a severe thigh bruise, which made even routine walking painful, Connor missed every practice session during the last four weeks of that season. Every morning, while the Bears worked on the field, Connor sat in the dressing room and dangled his left leg in a warm whirlpool bath. But George was in the starting line-up every Sunday afternoon. Fortified by a pain-deadening shot of novocain, he played those last four games on one good leg and in such violent fashion that he was picked on the N.F.L.'s All-Star team.

When Connor requires medical assistance after a rough game, he hustles straight home to consult his father, Dr. Charles Connor, and his mother, Esther, who was a nurse at Chicago's Mercy Hospital some 35 years ago.

Saving Her Premature Baby

"And what a nurse she was!" Dr. Connor remembers. "Why, when George was born, two months prematurely, there wasn't a doctor at Mercy —including myself—who thought he had one chance in ten to live a week. He wasn't much bigger than my fist. But Mrs. Connor took her baby home —fed him with an eye dropper every hour—slept with him in a special bedroom we kept heated above 80 degrees —and gradually nursed him through. She slept in cat naps between feedings and literally didn't go out of the house for six months. In fact, she almost forgot how to sleep. I finally had to prescribe a mild sedative to get her back onto an all-night sleeping schedule."

From the end of July, when the Bears go to training camp, until December, when the pro season ends, the Connors scarcely see their son, except for a fleeting glimpse at breakfast. On a normal football workday, George—a bachelor —gets up at 7:00 A.M., and breakfasts at 7:30 (four eggs, toast, and one-quarter pound of bacon, crisp). He reports to Wrigley Field at 8:30 in time to dress for nine-o'clock practice (tardy Bears are fined $25). He works with the team until 11:30, rushes downtown for lunch, then spends the afternoon calling on clients (he's a corrugated-box salesman). After dinner, he either attends a squad meeting (the Bears average three night-study sessions per week), or stops by his office to catch up on correspondence. He's home and in bed every night by 10:30. Understandably, there isn't room for many romantic open dates on his crowded schedule.

During the first week of the current season, Connor put in a total of 76 hours at his football chores and box selling. On the train coming back from Green Bay, after the Bears walloped the Packers 24 to 14, a reporter remarked:

"George, this pro football must be a terrible grind. What makes you fellows so eager to get in there and bump your helmets together, year after year?"

"Well," Connor explained, "there are two reasons why people play pro football. First, despite all the bumps, pro football's a lot of fun. I get just as much fun out of a game today as I ever did at high school or at Notre Dame—probably even more fun, because pro ball's a lot more interesting. You're running more complicated plays, and you're up against top players every week—fellows like Doak Walker, Bob Waterfield and Otto Graham.

"And," Connor added, "people also play pro football to make money. If pro football hurt my financial prospects, I'd have to quit—much as I like to play. Actually, I can make a lot more money by playing pro football. In addition to the salary, there's the prestige and publicity. My connection with the Bears doesn't sell boxes, but it certainly helps me to get inside a lot of offices. Then, if I can match the competition on price and service, I get my share of the business."

By combining the pleasure of playing professional football with the business of selling boxes, Connor earns about $30,000 a year. Halas, who believes big men hit their physical peak in their late twenties, expects Connor to be a top-ranking pro lineman for at least three more years, barring injuries.

By 1955, Mary Jane Lujack will be past the bedtime-story stage, and she probably won't object too strenuously if her Uncle George retires.

And meanwhile, National Football League ball carriers agree unanimously that it couldn't happen soon enough to a nicer guy. ▲▲▲

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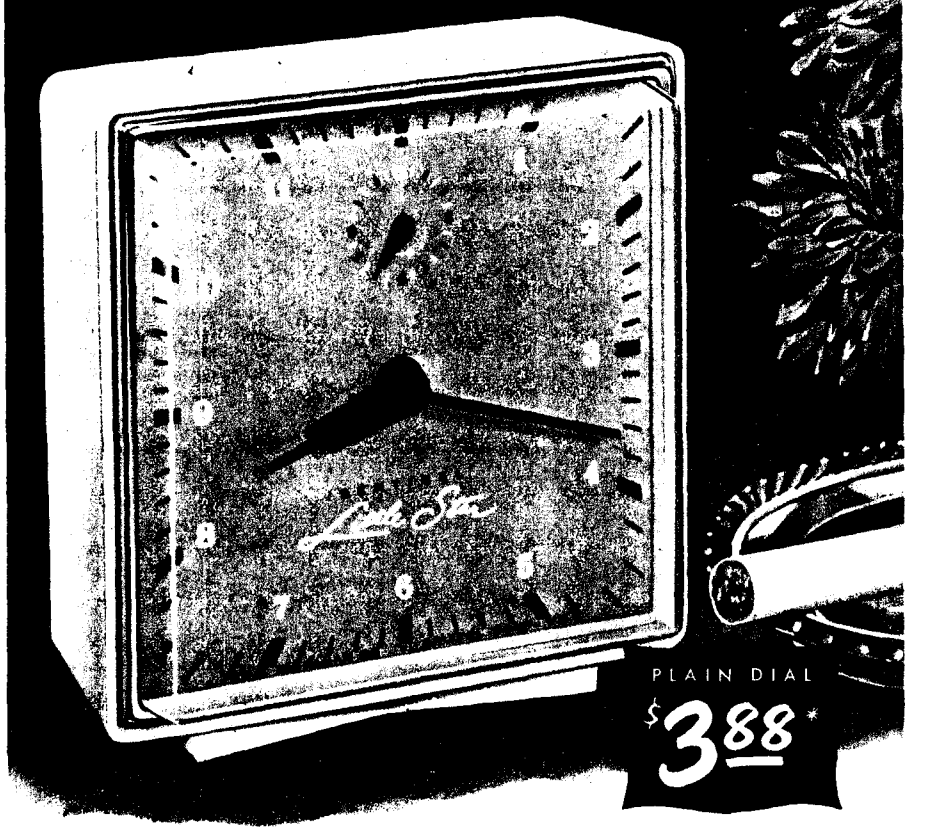

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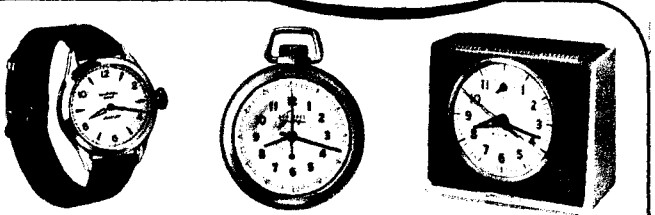

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Is Your PERSONALITY

IF THESE THINGS ARE TRUE OF YOU

Marriage Data	*Work Record*	*Income and Job Level*	*Social Relations*	*Sexual Adjustment*	*Behavior Pattern*	*Addictions and Interests*	YOU MAY BE SUSCEPTIBLE TO
High marriage rate; many children; few divorces.	A planned career. Sticks to the job; works constantly and to the top.	Highest of all groups studied; usually executives and officials.	Tends to dominate; argumentative with *men*, attentive to women.	Acts the exemplary husband and father but often indulges in secret promiscuity; concerned with sexual problems.	Works long hours and passes up vacations; grasps authority; dislikes sharing responsibility; articulate; lives for future.	Tends to take stimulants to help keep on working; little interest in *sports*; few hobbies; skeptical about religion; marked interest in philosophy.	**Coronary Disease**
Average marriage rate; *many* children; few divorces.	Tries to work to the top but constantly falls *short*; *inclined* to choose job below ability.	Generally low.	Shy, sensitive and fearful of failure; use of wine, *women* and song to compensate.	Needs to demonstrate superiority over wife; often promiscuous, insecure and frequently impotent or frigid.	Peace-loving.	Excessive use of coffee, cigarettes and alcohol; not usually interested in competitive sports; prefers golf, hunting and riding.	**Hypertensive Cardiovascular Disease**
Average marriage rate; few children; few divorces.	Sticks to one job.	High; tendency toward artistic pursuits.	Generally liked; tendency to dominate indirectly.	Similar to coronary but more anxious and insecure.	Has vivid dream and fantasy life; keenly aware of anxiety and fear; *hard-working*; dominant.	Similar to coronary.	**Angina**
Low marriage rate; few children; few divorces.	Variable.	Low; often stenographers or unskilled workers and dependents.	Interested in adventure; good storytellers; liked because of childish appeal.	Fears sex and marriage; a martyr tendency; high abortion rate.	Agreeable; talkative; vaguely ambitious, especially for social and impossible pleasure goals.	Tendency to deny oneself or overindulge in stimulants; men ride hobbies and become religious zealots.	**Rheumatic Heart Disease**
Low marriage rate; few children; few divorces.	Somewhat unstable.	Second highest of all groups studied.	Tends to be flighty; alternates between shyness and exhibitionism.	Has confusion about sex, combined with fear and repugnance.	Hysterically inconsistent; morose when alone, cheerful with *strangers*.	Excessive smoking and addiction to coffee; interested in gambling; considerably interested in religion, especially religious or moral principles.	**Cardiac Arrhythmias**
Average marriage rate; few children; relatively many divorces.	Some stick to one job; but introverts hold many jobs.	High, with occasional sudden changes.	Generally a "good fellow"; courts no favor with either sex; often in trouble with authority.	Does not tend to emphasize sexual problems.	Makes up mind definitely and quickly, with focus on immediate values rather than long-range goals.	Markedly interested in *competitive* sports, or in gambling; tends to use stimulants.	**Proneness to Accidents**
Low marriage rate; many children; few divorces.	Variable.	Generally stenographers and unskilled workers.	Shy, childish and not well liked.	Fears sex and marriage; females are tomboys; boys *incline* to be feminine.	Quiet; sensitive; poses as good sport combined with appeals for sympathy.	Often addicted to patent medicines and drugs; early *disillusioned* with religion.	**Rheumatoid Arthritis**
Many males stay unmarried; few children; few divorces, though many periods of separation.	Refuses *responsibility*; unable to take initiative or manage personal relationships.	Lower than level of education.	Superficially agreeable but self-conscious and inaccessible.	Marked by anxiety and inadequacy, with homosexual trend.	Unable to follow any consistent course of action; indecisive.	Interested in food; little interest in religion; preoccupied in innumerable odd jobs.	**Diabetes**

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Killing You?

Science has linked the emotions to many dread diseases. The kind of person you are shows the type of ailment you're liable to contract

By DICKSON HARTWELL

POSSIBLY the most startling medical discovery of this generation is the fact that your personality can literally kill you.

A second vital discovery is the hopeful news that with expert psychiatric treatment—brief and relatively inexpensive—the deadly aspects of your personality can often be rendered harmless.

Medical men have long been puzzling over the relationship of personality to disease. As far back as 50 years ago they noted evidence that emotions had an effect on asthma, stomach ulcers and tuberculosis. Only recently, however, have careful studies established that particular patterns of personality may incite one of the dread heart diseases—angina, cardiac arrhythmias or coronary; rheumatoid arthritis; diabetes or accident proneness.

Four out of five people with these ills, the studies show, have similar basic personalities.

To add to the list, research now points to the probability that a specific personality pattern speeds up the growth of some types of cancer.

These revelations are based on years of research by such authorities as Dr. Flanders Dunbar, the distinguished psychiatrist and specialist in psychosomatic medicine, who studied some 2,200 patients at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, part of the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. Out of these studies came the information on which is based the simplified chart on the opposite page—published here for laymen for the first time.

Today Dr. Dunbar reaffirms the original hypothesis: "Eighty per cent or more of the patients with these ailments have a group of personality traits practically identical with those shown by the chart."

Scores of other investigating psychiatrists have also discovered striking relationships between disease and specific personality types. Their opinion today might be summarized as follows: "Whether we agree with Dr. Dunbar's pioneer study on every detail is immaterial. There is no longer any serious doubt that specific personality traits affect certain diseases."

At the same time recent studies have shown that people who enjoy the best health also have distinct personality patterns.

When Dr. Dunbar's facts were first published in scientific literature 10 years ago, the medical profession was skeptical. But as supporting evidence has mounted, the medical recognition of the personality-disease relationship has spread widely. Leading medical schools, which once brushed off the subject in a single lecture, now require courses for all students in the treatment of emotional ills. Organizations such as the Interstate Postgraduate Medical Association of North America provide doctors in major cities with three- and four-day institutes in this new field.

To understand how your personality may be killing you, these points must be clear:

¶ 1. Your personality is as much a part of you as your heart or liver; it develops along with your body as you grow up.

¶ 2. Your personality can be seriously warped in childhood by seemingly trivial experiences—such as being left alone as an infant—*if such experiences are often repeated.*

¶ 3. A warped personality becomes constantly more dangerous with age, but an illness may break out at any period of life.

¶ 4. Your out-of-kilter personality needn't directly cause a disease; often it simply makes the body susceptible to illness.

While many medical men are aware of these facts, the disturbing truth is that today hundreds of thousands of sick people are being treated unsuccessfully by doctors who don't know how personality may affect disease. These practitioners have had no psychiatric training. Rarely can they heal an emotional sickness.

Must Seek Emotional Cause

For example, perhaps the simplest serious illness to diagnose is high blood pressure, or hypertension. A simple and reliable instrument tells the doctor of its existence in a few seconds. But finding out what induces the hypertension is another matter. Usually this illness is complicated by an emotional disturbance. Without knowledge of the personality pattern of hypertensives, most doctors would not know where to start.

This pattern shows that such patients, despite a bold front, are really Caspar Milquetoasts, too meek to answer back even when they are right, except for rare and startling outbursts. They are also extremely orderly, wanting things put away just so, and habitually following a set and elaborate daily

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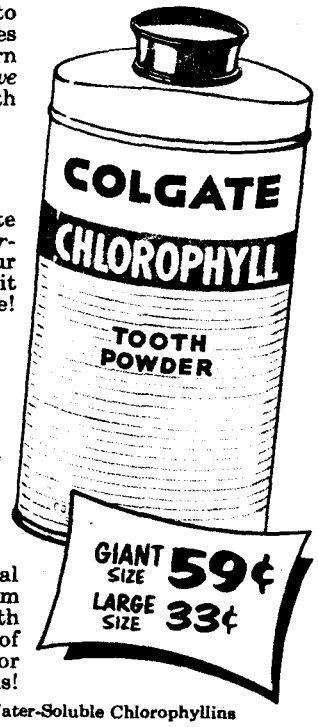

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Now treatment may be brief, inexpensiv

routine. When this orderliness is upset, they are seriously disturbed.

Suspecting that his patient may have such personality traits enables the enlightened doctor to confirm their existence by intelligent questions. He may then suggest psychiatric consultation. Very often the quickest results are achieved by physician and psychiatrist working together—the doctor providing drugs for temporary relief from acute distress, the psychiatrist meanwhile treating the emotional ills.

Many patients resist the suggestion of this treatment, technically called psychotherapy, for their emotional ills. "Do you think I'm crazy?" one anxious coronary case asked his doctor. "Is that why you want me to see a psychiatrist?"

What the doctor wanted was for a specialist to explore the patient's personality and uncover the reasons for a work compulsion that seemed certain to bring about his early death. The quest might have been completed in a half-dozen interviews. But the patient refused. Indignant because he felt his sanity had been questioned, he sought another doctor, who told him: "Quit working so hard and take life easy." That was sound advice, perhaps, but the patient soon collapsed and died. His personality would not permit him to rest. Had he been helped to understand why he drove himself, he might, like other coronaries, have learned to modify the drive, and lived and worked usefully another 20 years.

People whose personalities may make them sick are far from crazy. You see them every day, living right around you or sometimes in your own home. John B., in the next block, insists that every tool be put back exactly where it belongs the moment it is used. Frank L. never argues even when he knows he is right. Mrs. C., around the corner, never shows her feelings; when her husband left her and when her youngest baby died she remained her same, calm self. Mr. Y. loves his job, stays at his office 14 hours a day.

Do these characteristics seem like symptoms of serious illness? Certainly not; they appear to be, as they are in some people, cardinal virtues. Yet, combined with other telltale traits, each one of them can be a signal of acute personality sickness.

For example, digging into Mr. Y.'s life reveals these other facts about him: in order to keep on working, he smokes and drinks too much. He has stuck to one job for many years, working up toward the top. He thinks always for the future, and every step in his career has been planned. He is self-assertive with

"That's the trouble with checking accounts . . . one slip of the pen and your account's overdrawn"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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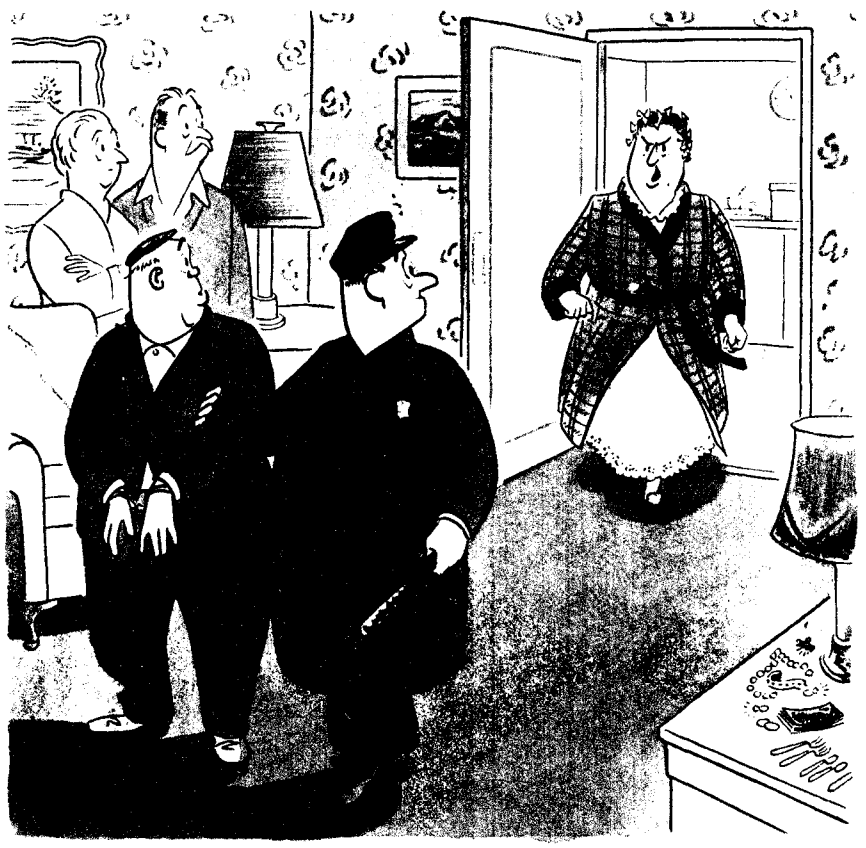
BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"Just a minute! How about the dishes he dirtied in my kitchen?"

LARRY REYNOLDS

men and enjoys a heated argument, but is gallant with women. By adding together these and other personality traits and stacking the result up against the known pattern, an alert doctor can soon discover that Mr. Y. is a real prospect for coronary disease.

Cancer-Growth Speed Studied

How many ailments does the personality affect? Nobody knows yet, but the researchers suspect far more than even psychiatrists realize. Indications that personality may play a major role in speeding up the fatal action of cancer were revealed last April by Dr. Philip M. West of the School of Medicine, University of California at Los Angeles. In 1950, working with Dr. Eugene M. Blumberg, clinical psychologist of the University of Southern California, and Dr. Frank W. Ellis, head of the tumor service of the Long Beach Veterans' Hospital in California, Dr. West began what is still a purely experimental investigation. He analyzed and compared the personalities of patients with fast- and very slow-growing cancers.

Of the first 50 studied, Dr. West says, "The results so far indicate that there are very definite personality patterns in cancer patients which can be correlated, with an accuracy of 88 per cent, with the relative rapidity or slowness of cancer progression in the individual patient." He believes that this may have a strong bearing on medical efforts to control the disease.

Among Dr. West's patients fast-killing cancers almost invariably occur in persons with marked tensions—men and women unable to blow off steam created by the day-to-day boiling up of life's problems. In easygoing cancer patients, the tumors are usually slow growing, and the patient may live years longer than the tension-ridden sufferer.

By studying a patient's personality at the beginning of a malignancy, long before the doctor can have any idea of its future course, Dr. West says, "it appears possible in many cases to predict how the patient will respond to treatment and how rapidly or slowly his tumor may grow."

Knowledge that personality may accelerate cancer is no less surprising than its apparent effect on tuberculosis. Why T.B. thrives in some people and not in others of similar background has long baffled medical researchers. About 20 years ago, in the Mundesley Sanatorium at Norfolk, England, Dr. George Day wondered why his well-fed, well-to-do patients contracted a disease usually brought on by malnutrition, bad working conditions, exposure and overcrowding. Checking into the personal history of some of his patients, he found that many younger ones had had a recent unhappy love affair. He interviewed all his patients and found that one in three had suffered an emotional shock just before "contracting" tuberculosis.

Personality studies since then show the following pattern for tuberculosis patients: they are unpredictably impulsive; they seldom enjoy a placid love life because of a compulsion to draw people toward themselves at one time, push them away at another; their outstanding unfavorable characteristic is an infantile need to receive affection without striving for it. Lack of affection during infancy is compensated for by the attention they receive as patients. Some become so obsessed in their unconscious desire for such attention that they expose themselves to reinfection, neglect prescribed rest and even try to stop treatment temporarily, to induce a relapse.

Specific personality traits that appear to bring on still other serious ills have been observed by a score of researchers working in medical schools throughout the country. It has been found that peo-

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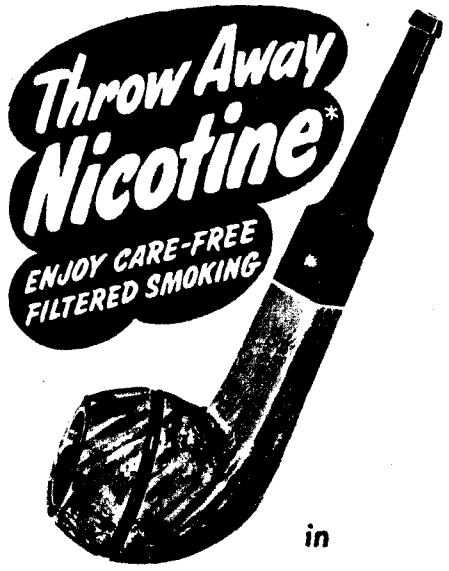

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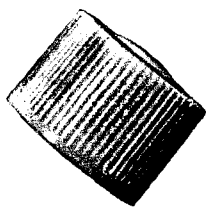

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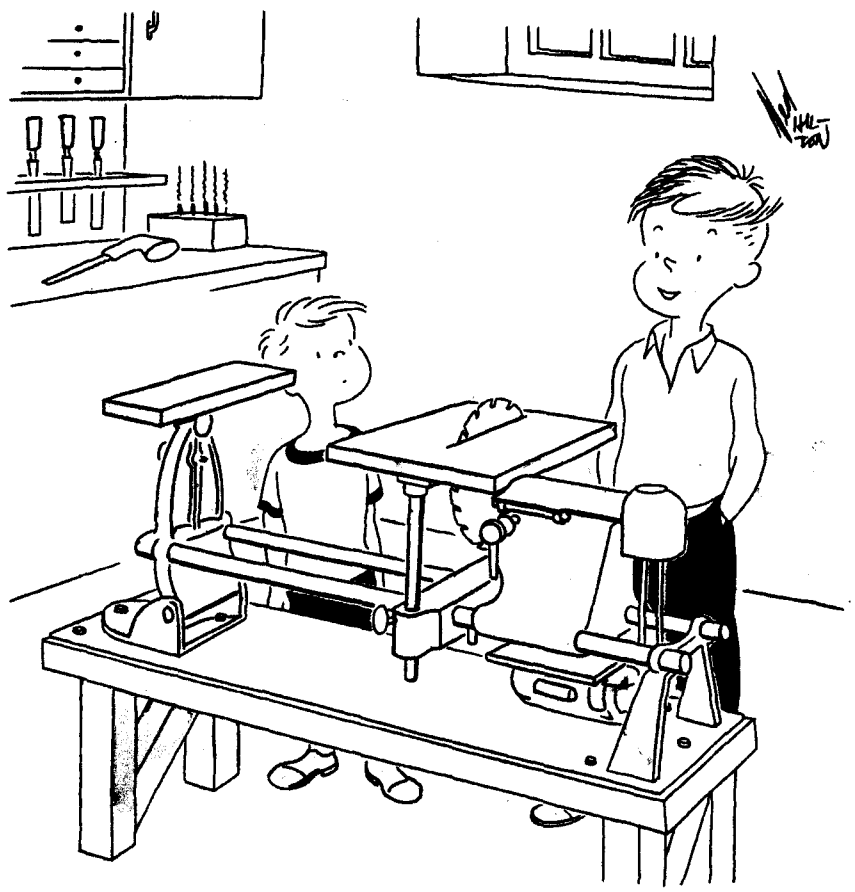

COLLIER'S

"It's a special labor-saving way for my pop to make hundreds of dollars' worth of sawdust . . ."

NED HILTON

ple subject to ulcer of the colon—ulcerative colitis—are likely to be deeply preoccupied with their own bodies, even to the extent of narcissism. They are almost immune to ordinary sex stimuli, often frail and delicate, and beset by chronic fears which severely tax their strength. They may wake up in the morning with the prospect of only minor routine duties ahead. But contemplating even simple tasks is so wearying that they literally lack the energy to work, and give up before they try.

Beset by Urge to Keep Going

Victims of hyperthyroid show a variety of personality characteristics. They may be weak and exhausted; they may have lost as much as 30 pounds, and their eyes may be obviously bulging, but they still may tell the doctor earnestly, "I'm just a little tired. A few days' rest will fix me up fine." Basal-metabolism tests on such patients may reveal an alarming rate of plus 30 (normal is plus or minus 10). But there often is no indication that the patient is aware of his bodily ills. A marked sense of responsibility, characteristic of hyperthyroids, urges him to keep going even when desperately weak.

But emotionally disturbed hyperthyroids can be even more complicated. Psychiatric histories show that as small children they have often been excessively pampered by their mother or father. Having been thus protected, as adults they find the demands on them overwhelming because they have not grown used to gradually increased responsibilities. The women fear pregnancy and childbirth, often become frigid and develop an intense underlying resentment toward men. Men, too, encounter sex difficulties with their wives which lead to infidelity. This experience in turn leaves them feeling unhappy and guilty.

The mere existence of a personality pattern is not enough to cause a disease; some circumstance in the patient's life must usually bring it on. These circumstances, however, are usually so similar they are part of the over-all pattern.

Take, for instance, the case of forty-year-old Miss S. After her father's death, she developed a hyperthyroid condition which continued for six years. She went to 14 leading hospitals and got no relief. Finally, at the Boston Psychopathic Hospital, it was found that she fitted the usual hyperthyroid pattern; she had been completely dependent on her father and never allowed to grow up.

The circumstance which touched off the hyperthyroid condition was her father's death.

Although the psychosomatic nature of allergies was discovered 2,400 years ago by Hippocrates, no definitive research has yet developed a complete personality pattern for allergy sufferers. However, a possible common denominator has been found by Dr. Franz Alexander, head of the Institute for Psychoanalysis in Chicago. After studying hundreds of cases, Dr. Alexander discovered that many asthma patients had a serious fear, starting in infancy, that they would be rejected by their mothers. All infants are quickly affected when their mothers fail to respond to their cries. This makes some babies yell louder, but it also quiets others. In some, the fear that Mother may not come when needed becomes so strong they won't call for her even in an emergency. Such repression often breaks out years later in the form of asthma and inability to breathe easily.

Specialists for Sick Egos

What can be done about these ailments? The people who treat psychosomatic ills, and do most of the research, are known as psychiatrists—doctors with special psychiatric training added to their standard M.D. degrees. Some of these specialists go a step further and by added study qualify as psychoanalysts, who try to treat complex emotional ills by reconstructing the sick personality with regular treatments over a period of years.

Happily, either a psychiatrist or a psychoanalyst may treat personality-inspired diseases. But however effective, psychoanalysis is usually a long and expensive treatment. It can last as long as two or more years with five hour-long sessions a week and can cost as much as $5,000 to $15,000. This knowledge is cold comfort to most people, and for them the really big news is that ways are being perfected to treat personality diseases successfully by brief and often inexpensive psychotherapy.

Such short-term treatment is, in fact, already under way for thousands of patients. In one Midwestern clinic alone, each year 1,800 new patients are being taken on and 8,000 return visits handled. And the cost to each patient for complete treatment is often less than the price of a major surgical operation.

COLLIER'S

"You can't go wrong on this car, sir. Just listen to that baby purr!"

IRWIN CAPLAN

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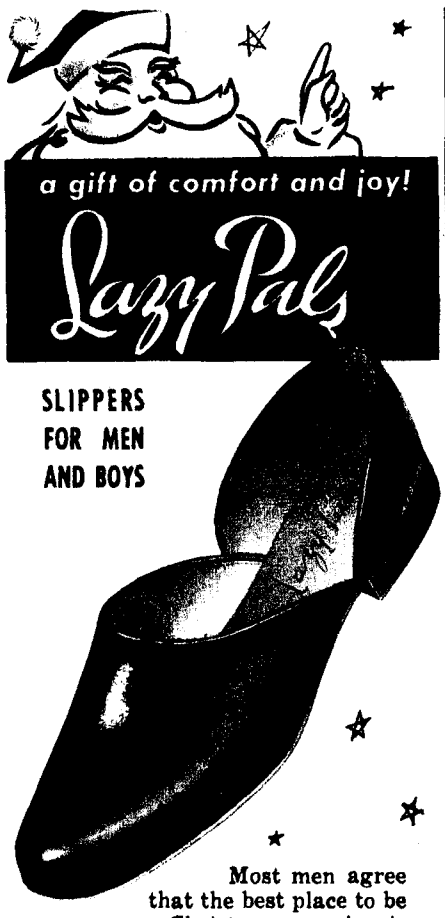

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Many groups of psychotherapists are working today as teams to provide highly skilled treatment, and outstanding work is being done both in training doctors and in treating patients at the hospitals of schools of medicine at several universities, including Yale, Chicago, Cincinnati, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Northwestern and Washington University in St. Louis.

How a team puts brief psychotherapy into practice was detailed to me in St. Louis recently by a leader in developing team therapy, Dr. Edwin F. Gildea, professor of psychiatry and head of the Department of Neuropsychiatry, Washington University School of Medicine.

"Patients come to us in acute distress," Dr. Gildea explained, "usually after they have had no relief from five or six doctors. They may have severe anginal pain, crippling blood pressure or ulcers. They may be stiff with arthritis or ill with asthma. They may be wasting away, with hands shaking and a pulse rate of 140. Whatever the case, our team takes over."

The team, headed by another psychiatrist, Dr. George Saslow, is composed of 18 people, among them psychiatrists, psychologists, specialists in internal medicine, social workers, an anthropologist and an occupational therapist. Not all patients are seen by the whole team; certain members are assigned to each patient after the team has consulted about him first.

On his arrival a typical patient is given intelligence and other tests by a psychologist and is interviewed several times by a psychiatrist, sometimes at his hospital bedside. Meanwhile, a social worker goes out to interview the family. The questions in both cases bear on the relationship of the illness to the patient's experiences in daily living: to job, family and friends. Is the patient unhappy or overworked? Is his wife argumentative, his boss dictatorial, his job too complex? Do bills worry him? Are his parents compatible? What is his attitude toward children?

A week later the team meets to discuss the patient's personality picture as revealed by such inquiries. They make their diagnosis and recommend treatment. Often this requires no more than the few minutes that an expert auto mechanic needs to discover an obvious cause of motor failure.

He Needed to Blow His Top

Results are often spectacular. George C., a dental student at Washington University, was suffering from a very real and painful ulcer. In his first interview with the psychiatrist, George indicated that he had a quick temper which he repressed. He revealed a deep resentment about which he felt he could not blow off steam. He was anxious about his forthcoming school examinations, too, but did not want anyone to know it.

Dr. Saslow's team treatment consisted largely of telling George of the harmful effects of his inhibited personality and advising him to blow off steam—to talk freely about his troubles. In all, he had seven interviews over a period of five months, for a total of four hours and five minutes. The cost of this treatment was under $125—less than the minimum fee for the operation surgeons expected to perform when George first appeared. In 19 months he had not had the slightest twinge of pain; the ulcer was healed.

In less than one in five cases of emotional ills, the patient's personality fails to fit into the usual pattern. Even so, in the case of young patients especially, brief psychotherapy often helps when the main treatment is not directed solely at the patient himself but also at a member of his family.

A sixteen-year-old boy, Henry B., who was brought to the Washington University Medical Center, had been vomiting inexplicably since birth. By the time he was fourteen, his record for various ailments included more than 50 clinic visits and hospitalizations.

The psychotherapy team went into action. A psychiatric social worker called on Henry's mother and soon had her story. Henry's father had started philandering when she went to the hospital to give birth to Henry; he had strayed intermittently thereafter. The mother's intense emotional reaction to her husband's behavior had created much home tension. Over the years each new incident of philandering by his father launched a new illness for Henry, each more serious than the last.

Mother Had Three Aversions

The social worker also discovered that Henry's mother harbored a large amount of hostility: toward doctors, because she considered them stupid; toward her now ex-husband, because he had deserted her; and toward Henry, because he caused her concern. She dressed frumpily and felt inadequate to meet life's problems.

While Henry submitted to interviews in the clinic, the social worker went to work on the mother at home, visiting her two to four times a month—a total of 34 hours in all. He built up her self-confidence and awakened her interest in her appearance, her self-respect and her self-support. Today, four years later, she appears healthy and, equally important, content.

What about Henry? With his mother's improvement, his condition cleared up and he grew so husky he joined the Marines.

Are the results of psychotherapy always spectacularly successful? The answer is a flat no. There are psychotherapists, and there are psychoquacks. Like delicate brain surgery, psychotherapy is best handled by those of high aptitude, long training and unremitting practice. This standard holds especially for the more complex disorders. Fortunately, some of the most dangerous killers, such as coronary disease, are among the easiest to treat.

A comprehensive tabulation by Dr. Gildea in the technical journal Psychosomatic Medicine reported on the success of brief therapy and lengthier psychoanalysis with certain diseases. Ulcerative colitis and hypertension have been found to be generally stubborn and to resist treatment by either method. Brief therapy is not usually effective with rheumatoid arthritis, but results with psychoanalysis have been promising. In hyperthyroid cases, brief treatment helps 90 per cent of the time; if started early enough, the therapy makes surgery unnecessary.

Brief psychotherapy's greatest success is achieved with coronary disease and peptic ulcers; psychoanalysis is rarely necessary. With bronchial asthma both methods work.

Psychosomatic ills usually respond quickly to expert treatment *if caught early enough.* With time, they become more deeply buried under thickening layers of the personality pattern until they can be treated, if at all, only by years of painstaking and expensive effort. And if they lie deep enough long enough, watch out. They can be fatal.

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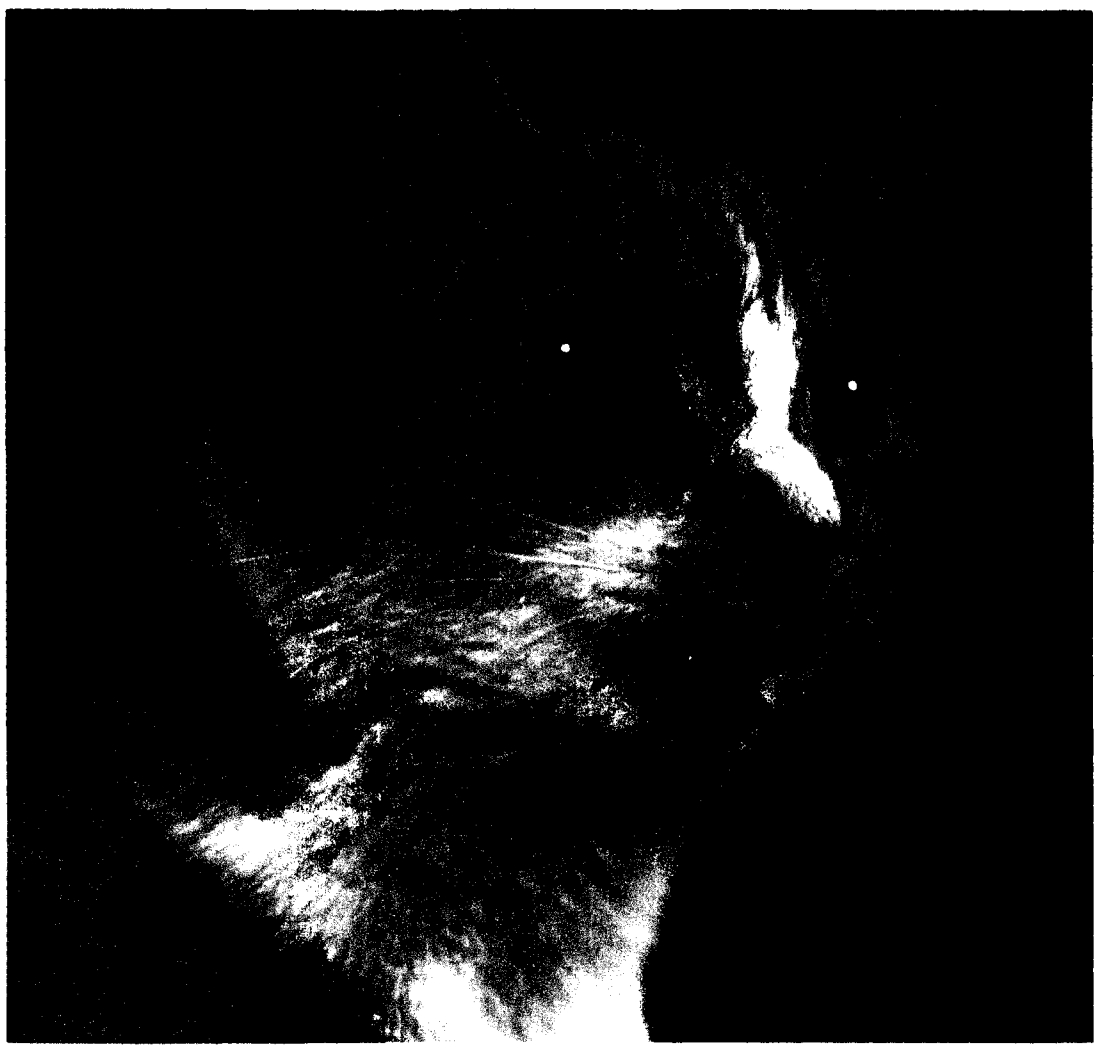

I love sardines, but why do they have to be so messy?

The Cat's

CATS, like clams, are not everybody's dish. They are vastly complicated personalities delighting some people and irritating others. Rarely does a cat lover attempt to generalize about cats, except to say that they are independent creatures, and often inscrutable. Most cats do as they please. When the mood suits her, a cat will overwhelm you with affection. She won't let you work or eat or sleep. She'll come purring back as many times as you push her away. But when the mood passes, she may suddenly become as cold as a disdainful woman, repaying your affectionate overtures with a show of her claws. She may disappear for a day or two, or sit on the best chair in the house for three days running. She's an individualist; a gourmet; an athlete; an egotist who insists on the deference due her. Every cat has her special, peculiar ways of handling people.

But there is one thing almost all cats have in common: a passion for cleanliness. And a cat cleaning herself is a ritual as fascinating to watch as a classic ballet. The limbs are fluid. The movements are delicate. The intention is clear and the purpose is beautifully serious. On these pages, in feline tribute to National Cat Week, photographer Walter Chandoha's red tabby illustrates the precise and subtle contortions of a cat washing. She makes charmingly obvious what people really mean when they praise one another for looking like the cat's whiskers. ▲▲▲

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Got to wash up. Mother always said I was finicky as a cat

It'd be a lot easier with soap

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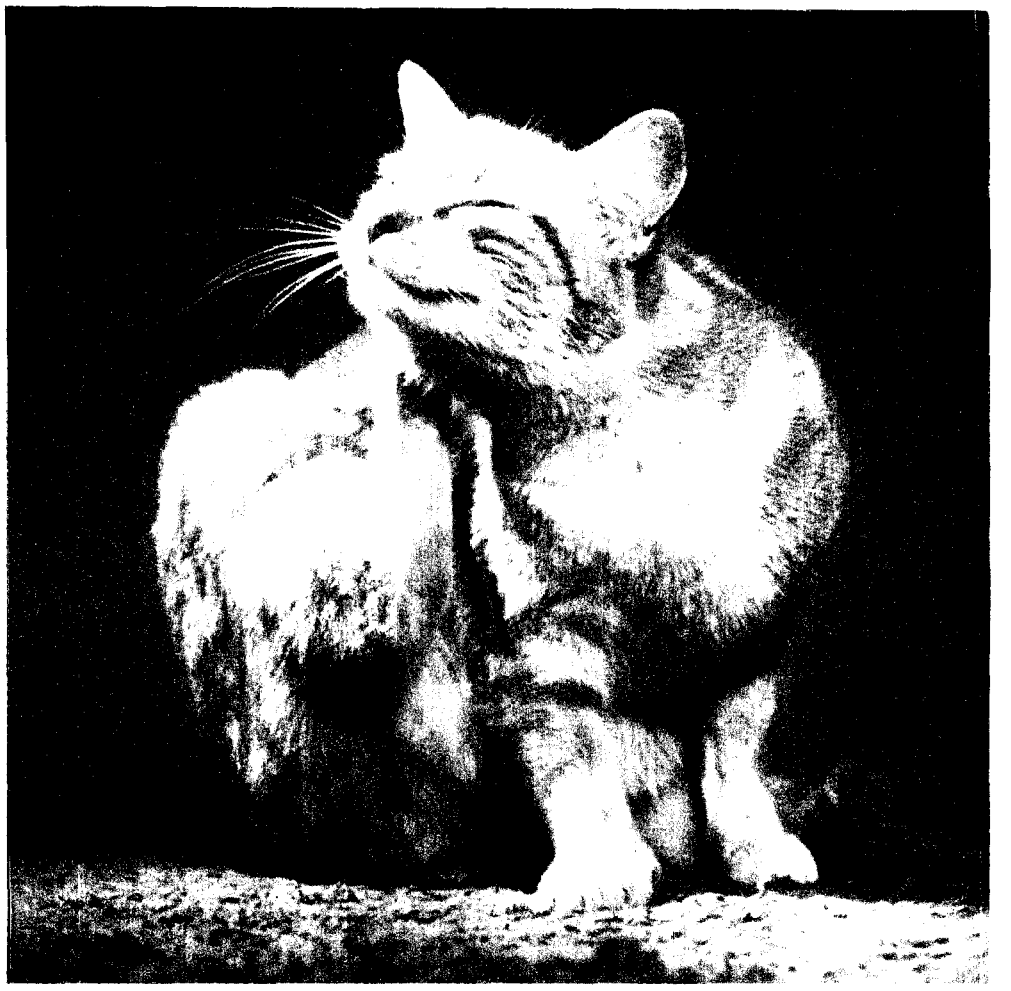
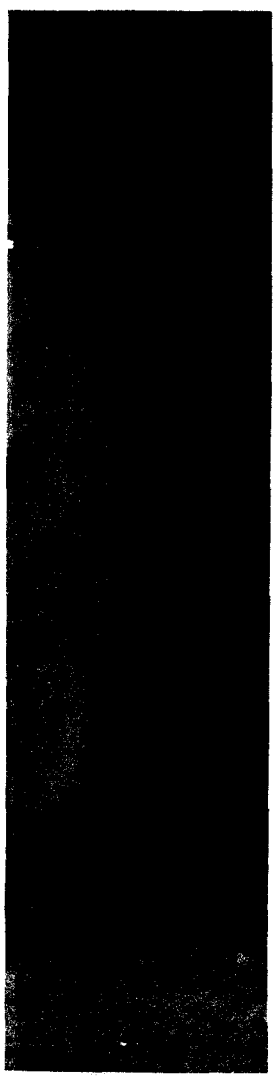
Whiskers

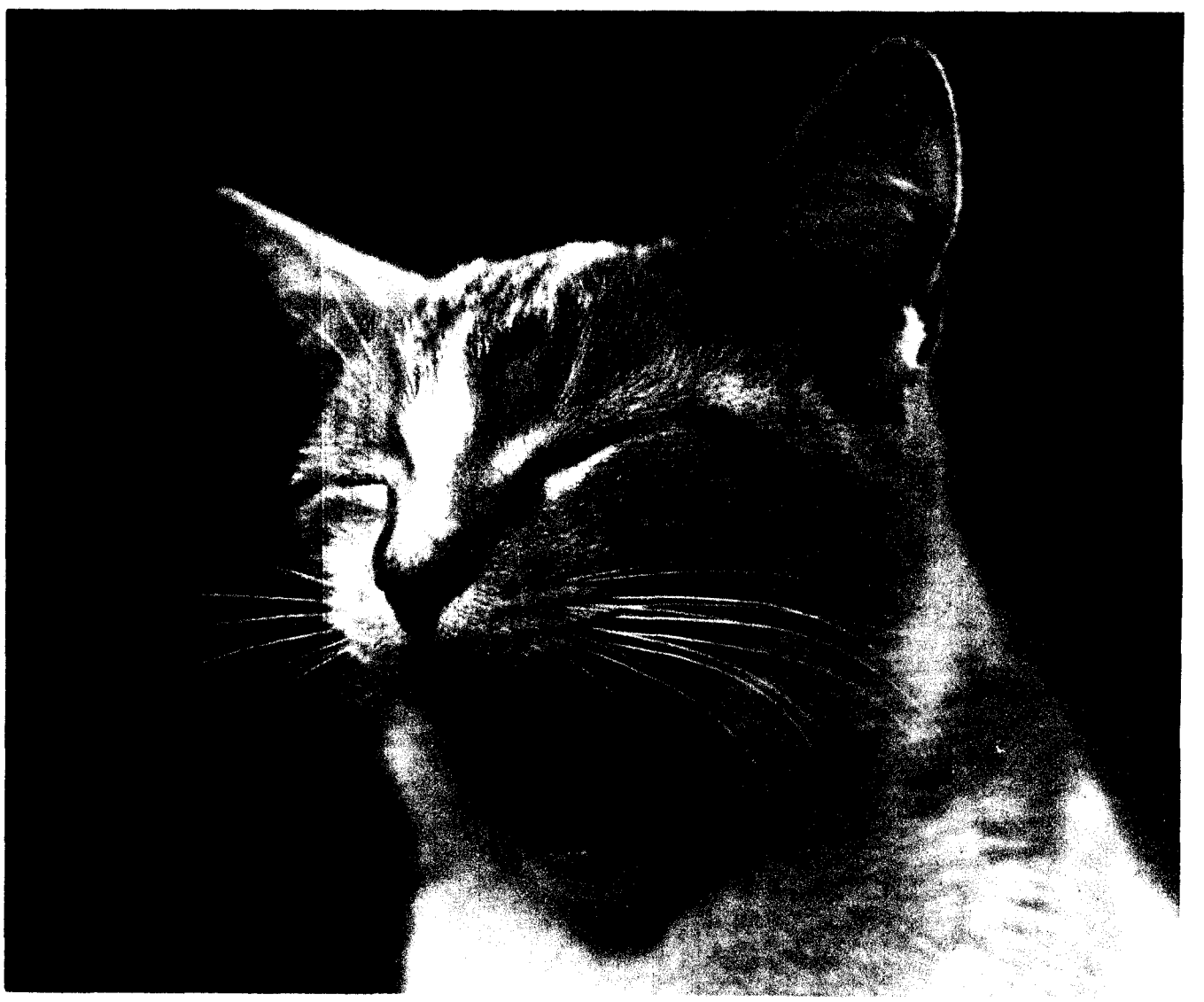
Never can keep my nails clean



Uh-uh. Feels like a double chin

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WALTER CHANDOHA





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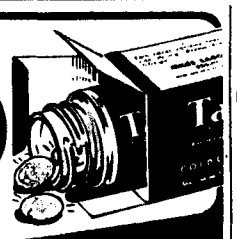

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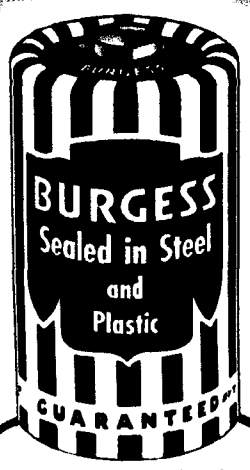

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The Greeks Have

A tough-as-nails band of raiders—experts in sudde

Athens

GREECE is the glass jaw of the Balkans. It is thrust out into the Mediterranean, almost asking to be hit. And it nestles with foreboding intimacy against Communist-dominated Bulgaria. A sneak punch that crippled Greece would leave all of Western Europe with its eastern guard down. Perhaps those most aware of Greece's strategic position in world peace—and in any eventual war—are the Greeks themselves. They are striving to build a hard-fisted military organization.

The real brass knuckles of Greece's military strength is the Greek Raiding Forces, a unit of experts schooled for sudden disaster. Patterned after the British commandos of World War II, supplied with American weapons and trained like the U.S. Ranger forces, the men of the GRF are as tough an outfit as exists in the world today.

Their motto—"Who Dares . . . Wins" —is the keynote of their training. Two basic principles are stressed: operate as a self-sufficient individual and, as an individual, destroy efficiently. At the GRF training ground in Vouliagmeni, near Athens, GRF recruits undergo 20 weeks of activities calculated to make them proficient in singlehanded warfare. They are taught sabotage, paratroop surprise tactics, laying and detecting mine fields, counterespionage and hand-to-hand combat.

Since the GRF was first organized in 1947 to deal with the Communist rebels on their own terms—guerrilla warfare —a tremendous *esprit de corps* has grown up within its ranks. At times this fierce pride reaches almost fanatical proportions. Recently a GRF unit was slated to be shipped to Korea for duty. At the last minute one recruit was disqualified for shipment on medical grounds. So great was his heartbreak at being left behind that he drowned himself.

The fever-pitched morale of the GRF is due largely to its officers. All are former members of the Greek Sacred Regiment, a famed World War II outfit composed for the most part of officers and men who had escaped occupied Greece and served with the British Eighth Army in the Middle East. The unit was disbanded at the end of the war. But in 1947 the activities of the Communists once again created a need for a tough-as-nails commando unit. The GRF was organized under the command of Lieutenant General Andrew Kalinskis.

To date, Kalinskis' rigorous course has turned out about 6,800 steely-nerved specialists in quick, efficient and silent destruction.

The success of his work is attested by a captured enemy field order signed by Communist Major General Palaiologos of the Ninth Communist Division. Dated October, 1948, it read in part: "The enemy is now using commandos with great success. We must watch our rear and our flanks and all our defenses. These commandos operate on mountainous ground which we have previously considered unaccessible to any human beings."

And then the Red leader added a mandatory word of caution, a warning that continues to apply so long as the GRF is on guard—"Look out!"

BILL STAPLETON

Raiders scale a precipitous cliff. Greece's topography demands GRF men to be crack mountain climbers, and also skilled at amphibious landings

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ι Force for It

leath—is ever alert at the gateway to the Balkans

Using judo, a Greek Raiding Forces recruit disarms a fellow commando. Typically tough drill is held on beach to reduce the high injury rate

Inch by inch, a raider snakes along a breeches buoy-type rope strung across a river chasm. Twenty-week course emphasizes self-sufficiency

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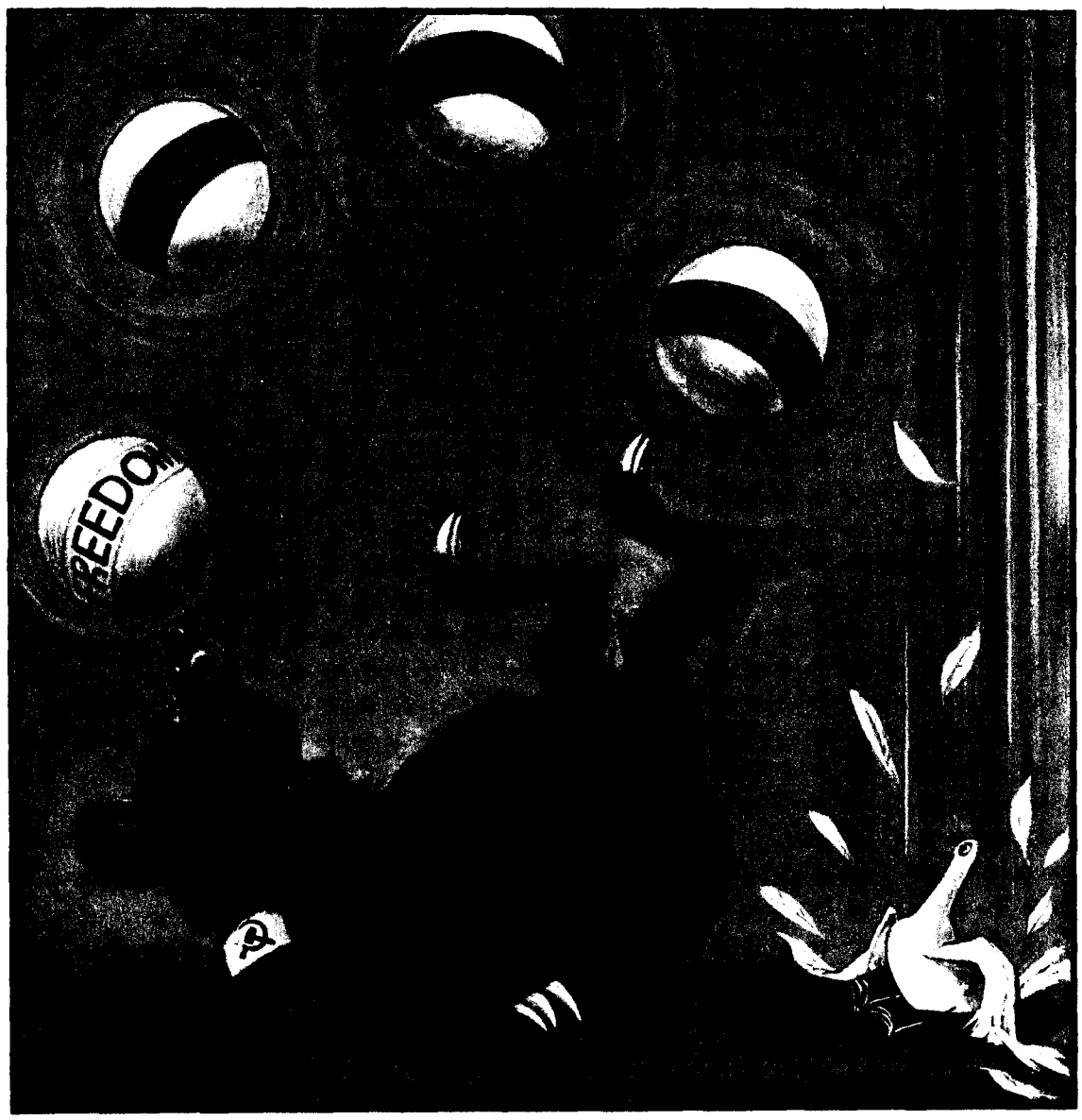

SAM BERMAN

Kickin' Those Words Around

SOVIET PROPAGANDISTS have never been noted for modesty, especially when it comes to taking credit for the Russian invention of just about everything, from the wheel to the airplane. But they've been mighty reticent about one authentic invention. That is the devising of a system of definitions which makes words mean the exact opposite of what they have meant for ages past.

This system has enabled them to perform one of the most amazing semantic juggling acts in the history of the spoken word. They have performed it tirelessly, and with considerable success. Earnest, confused, softhearted, soft-headed people all over the world have been taken in by the trick—although a great many of them have not stayed taken in.

The trick, of course, is simple and familiar. The propagandists have latched onto a few words which represent the hopes and aspirations or the treasured possessions of all mankind—words like peace, democracy, friendship, freedom, independence. Those words, in their true meaning, represent things that Communism can't offer and doesn't want to, but they make wonderful bait. And it's a little discouraging to see how many suckers the comrades have landed with that bait right here in this country.

We don't say that the Americans who have fallen for the Communist line, particularly in the three years following the war, were all innocents. But we're sure a lot of them were. (Henry Wallace was a not-so-shining example.) The Commies played their suckers rather cutely for a while, it must be admitted. After all, you couldn't be against peace, democracy, friendship, freedom and independence, could you? Heavens no, the suckers probably thought, that would be like coming out against motherhood.

Fortunately, a number of the suckers gradually regained their senses—thanks largely to the work of the much-maligned House Committee on Un-American Activities. Dozens of Red outfits were flushed out from behind their phony titles. But the comrades are still trying. This year the string-pullers of the Korean war have adopted the word peace, and are using it as if they owned it.

We remember Mr. Malik's pious proposal for a Korean truce. We also remember Admiral Joy's three articles in Collier's last August in which he told what really went on in the Korea truce tent. Yet the Communist propagandists insist that all the white doves are in their possession, and they've got a good bit of the world believing that everything would be fine if it weren't for the warmongering American imperialists.

There may be some excuse for the captive inhabitants of Russia and its satellites swallowing this bait. After all, they've only one source of news. But there is no longer any excuse for Americans to be suckers. The sad fact remains that when the Kremlin speaks reasonably it means the exact opposite of what it's saying. It remains no matter how much we may yearn for an end of tension and long for a sign of one decent instinct among the Soviet leaders. It remains however much we revere the words that the Soviet propagandists have perverted. We must remember, indefinitely, that when Stalin starts his smooth talk, that's the time to hang onto your watch.

Better Handle It At Home

WE SEE WHERE the American Prison Association, in convention assembled, took a whack at Congress for not following up the Kefauver Committee's exposures and recommendations with legislation. The members called for laws that will "effectively control the operation of gangsters and racketeers in all of their nefarious activities."

Well, since we are bravely against crime and sin in general, we applaud the convention's stand. And we trust that Congress will do the necessary legislating if it seems probable that law enforcement will be improved by bringing rackets within the realm of federal jurisdiction. But, in the meantime, the crimes that are usually lumped under the headings of gangsterism and racketeering are against the law, we would presume, in just about every one of the 48 states.

There's no need for Congressional action to enforce existing laws. There is need for honest and effective state and local government, from the state Capitols and city halls down to the cops on the beat. And this in turn requires more alert and responsible citizenship.

If federal laws and federal enforcement will help stamp out crime, fine. But the tendency to run to Washington with every problem can be overdone. It seems to us that crime control begins at home.

Here's One Solution

THERE ARE MANY PEOPLE in our land of prosperity and high living standards who know the uneasy feeling of living in a town that has no doctor. We sympathize with them. And we would like to call to their attention the example of one community that did something about the situation.

Not long ago we read that the citizens of a small Virginia town had taken up a collection to provide and equip a doctor's office. Then they got in touch with a young man who was just finishing his medical education, offered him the office, and agreed to supplement his income so that he could live comfortably while he was building up his practice. The young man, in turn, agreed to remain in the town for five years.

This, we realize, is a rather makeshift solution. It doesn't lower the high cost of medical education. It doesn't do anything about providing money for badly needed expansion of medical schools, which is the only real solution for this country's serious shortage of physicians and surgeons. But at least it got one town a doctor. And it offers an idea to the people of many other towns who are now helpless in the event of sudden and serious illness or accident.

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